

STONES FOR THE SAVORY



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Songs for the Sanctuary:

OR,

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

Christian Worship.

SELECTED BY

RÉV. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D. D.

CHAPEL EDITION.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW-YORK.

HYMN AND TUNE BOOKS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

REV. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D. D.

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PREFACE.

THE SONGS FOR THE SANCTUARY first came before the public in 1865. Of the seven years which have passed since, the compiler has spent the larger portion in Christian work out of his own country. On his return, he found that the Hymn and Tune Book he had issued so inconspicuously had received surprising favor among the Churches. He has been compelled to renew the worn-out electrotype plates at once.

Two thousand Congregations are already employing this Collection in their Sabbath worship. Nearly a quarter of a million copies have been purchased. For such unmistakable signs of welcome and success, he is humbly grateful to God and to his people.

The call has more than once been made for a Manual of more portable size, and of a somewhat more familiar and less stately character, for use in the Lecture and Prayer-meeting. The opportunity has been chosen, while the new edition was passing through the press, to select these pages now offered. And there have been added a number of the popular pieces, which introduce choruses and refrains.

He hopes that this Volume may be useful, and may be employed with the other. The advantage of a Collection which shall present the same general adaptations and arrangements for the Chapel as for the Church, must be apparent to all.

CHAS. S. ROBINSON.

MEMORIAL CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY, }
September 25th, 1872.

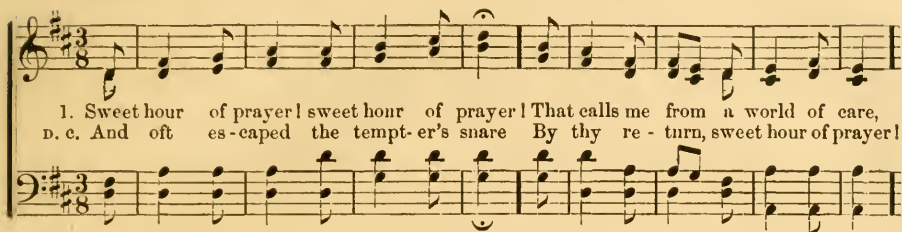
TABLE OF CONTENTS.

I.—PUBLIC WORSHIP:	HYMN		
1. OPENING OF SERVICE.....	1—	84	
2. GENERAL PRAISE.....	85—	97	
3. CLOSE OF SERVICE.....	98—	132	
II.—THE SCRIPTURES.....	133—	139	
III.—GOD: BEING, ATTRIBUTES.....	140—	153	
IV.—JESUS CHRIST:			
1. ADVENT AT BIRTH.....	154—	160	
2. LIFE AND CHARACTER.....	161—	167	
3. SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.....	168—	173	
4. RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.....	174—	179	
5. ADORATION.....	180—	188	
V.—THE HOLY SPIRIT.....	189—	199	
VI.—THE WAY OF SALVATION:			
1. LOST STATE OF MAN.....	200—	205	
2. ATONEMENT AND PARDON.....	206—	212	
3. INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL.....	213—	244	
4. REPENTANCE AND RECEPTION OF CHRIST.....	245—	257	
VII.—THE CHRISTIAN:			
1. CONFLICT WITH SIN.....	258—	290	
2. ENCOURAGEMENTS.....	291—	323	
3. LOVE FOR THE SAVIOUR.....	324—	364	
4. GRACES.....	365—	391	
5. FELLOWSHIP.....	392—	397	
6. PRIVILEGES.....	398—	411	
			HYMN
	7. DUTIES.....	412—	426
	8. AFFLICTIONS.....	427—	430
VIII.—THE CHURCH:			
1. INSTITUTIONS.....	440—	443	
2. ORDINANCES.....	444—	507	
3. PROGRESS AND MISSIONS.....	508—	546	
IX.—DEATH... ..	547—	557	
X.—THE JUDGMENT.....	558—	562	
XI.—HEAVEN.....	563—	593	
XII.—MISCELLANEOUS.....	594—	607	
XIII.—DOXOLOGIES.....			PAGE
			207
XIV.—INDEX OF TUNES.....			208
XV.—INDEX OF SUBJECTS.....			210
XVI.—INDEX OF FIRST LINES.....			213

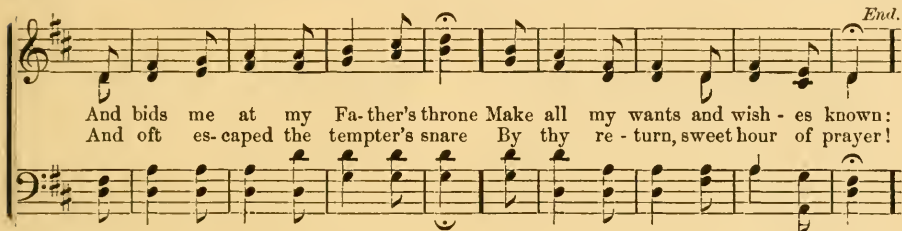
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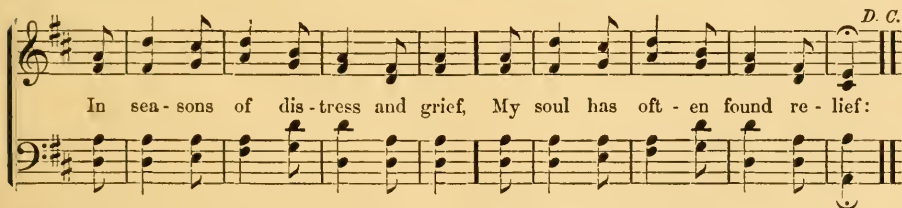
SWEET HOUR. L. M. D.



1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
D. c. And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!



And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known:
And oft es-caped the tempter's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer! *End.*



In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief: *D. C.*

I

Dan. 9 : 21.

CROSBY.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:

And, since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

May I thy consolations share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,

Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

SPOHR. L. M.

1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a no - bler rest a - bove;
To that our long - ing souls as - pire, With cheer - ful hope and strong de - sire.

2

Heb. 4 : 9.

DODDRIDGE.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin !
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

3

Eph. 3 : 19.

WATTS.

COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and
length
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

4

Ps. 5 : 3.

ANON.

My opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day ;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 Oh, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away ;
Nor let me feel one vain desire—
One sinful thought through all the day.

3 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

5

Phil. 4 : 7.

EDMESTON.

SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there ;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 The time how lovely and how still ;
Peace shines and smiles on all below ;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

3 Season of rest ! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love ;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long ;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod ;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

MIGDOL. L. M.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

6 *Ps. 92.* WATTS.
SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

7 *Ps. 84.* WATTS.
How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints who sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

8 *Ps. 116: 7.* STENNETT.
ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul! enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blessed.

2 Oh, that our tho'ts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

LOWRY. L. M.

1. A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

9

Ps. 5.

WATTS.

- AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.
- 3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

I O

Ps. 84.

WATTS.

- GREAT God! attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore!

I I

Ps. 57.

WRANGHAM.

- ETERNAL God, celestial King!
Exalted be thy glorious name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.
- 2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God!
I rest my hope on thee alone;
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,
To all mankind thy love make known.
- 3 Awake, my tongue! awake, my lyre!
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
Let songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.
- 4 With those who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
While every land, the earth around,
Shall hear, and in thy name rejoice.

RETREAT. L. M.

1. From ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell-ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'T is found be-neath the mer - cy - seat.

I 2 *Ex. 25: 22.*

STOWELL.

- FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!
- 5 Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

I 3 *Heb. 4: 15, 16.*

LOGAN.

- WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,—
The Guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains

A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

- 4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

- 5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

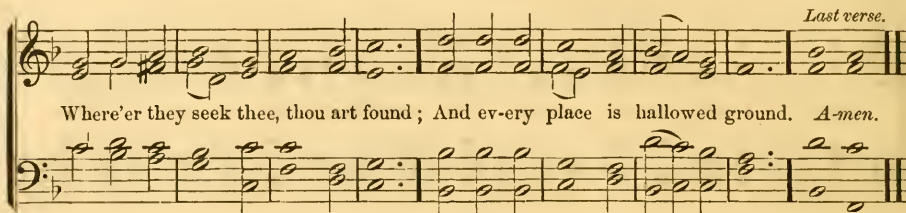
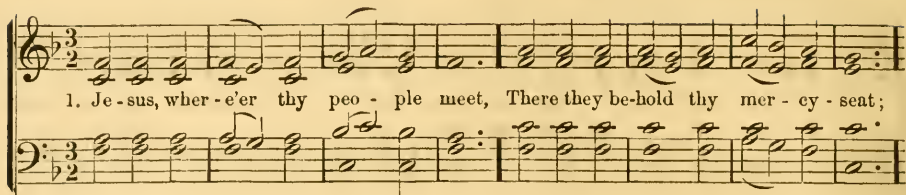
I 4

Matt. 21: 22.

NEWTON.

- AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour:
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.
- 2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of thine image let me bear:
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.
- 3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength:
Oh! be thy boundless love revealed
In all its height and breadth and length.
- 4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign:
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

HURSLEY. L. M.



- 15** *John 4 : 21.* COWPER.
 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat;
 Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;
 And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2** For thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind;
 Such ever bring thee where they come,
 And going, take thee to their home.
- 3** Great Shepherd of thy chosen few!
 Thy former mercies here renew;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 16** *Matt. 18 : 20.* STENNETT.
 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise;—
- 2** There will the gracious Saviour be,
 To bless the little company;
 There, to unvail his smiling face,
 And bid his glories fill the place.
- 3** We meet at thy command, O Lord!
 Relying on thy faithful word;
 Now send the Spirit from above,
 And fill our hearts with heavenly love.
- 17** *Gen. 28 : 17.* KELLY.
 How sweet to leave the world awhile,
 And seek the presence of our Lord!
 Dear Saviour! on thy people smile,
 And come, according to thy word.
- 2** From busy scenes we now retreat,
 That we may here converse with thee:
 Ah! Lord! behold us at thy feet;
 Let this the "gate of heaven" be.
- 3** "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
 That we by faith may see thy face:
 Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear,
 And let thy presence fill this place.
- 18** *1 Pet. 3 : 7.* COWPER.
 WHAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat!
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
 But wishes to be often there?
- 2** Prayer makes the darkened clouds with-
 draw;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3** Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armor
 bright;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4** Have you no words? ah! think again;
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill a fellow-creature's ear
 With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5** Were half the breath thus vainly spent
 To heaven in supplication sent,
 Our cheerful song would oftener be,
 "Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

CHURCH. C. M.

1. My soul, how love - ly is the place, To which thy God re - sorts!

Tis heaven to see his smil - ing face, Tho' in his earth - ly courts.

19 *Ps. 84.* WATTS.

My soul, how lovely is the place,
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts, the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

20 *Ps. 31 : 20.* COWPER.

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode;
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She then communes with God.

4 Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet Source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour!—thou art mine!

- 5 What thanks I owe thee, and what love—
A boundless, endless store—
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

21 *Lev. 19 : 30.* BROWNE.

FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!

- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;—
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine;—
- 5 Where we in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range the ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

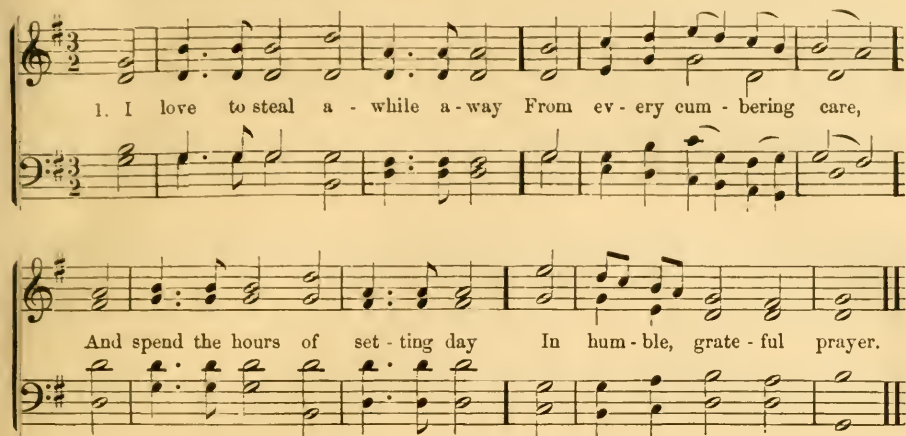
SOUTHPORT. C. M.

1. Hail, tran-quiet hour of clos - ing day! Be - gone, dis-turb - ing care!

And look, my soul, from earth a - way, To him who hear - eth prayer.

- 22 *Ps. 104 : 34.* BACON. 3 How bright the assurance! gracious Lord,
HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone, disturbing care!
And look, my soul, from earth away,
To him who heareth prayer.
- 2 How sweet the tear of penitence,
Before his throne of grace,
While, to the contrite spirit's sense,
He shows his smiling face.
- 3 How sweet, thro' long-remembered years,
His mercies to recall;
And, pressed with wants, and griefs, and
fears,
To trust his love for all.
- 4 How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high.
- 5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul, in life's last even
Retire to glorious rest.
- 23 *Matt. 18 : 20.* HASTINGS. 4 How bright the assurance! gracious Lord,
WHEREVER two or three may meet,
To worship in thy name,
Bending beneath thy mercy-seat,
This promise they may claim :—
- 2 Jesus in love will condescend
To bless the hallowed place;
The Saviour will himself attend,
And show his smiling face.
- 24 *Ps. 68 : 6.* H. K. WHITE. 3 How bright the assurance! gracious Lord,
O LORD, another day is flown;
And we, a lowly band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.
- 2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.
- 3 Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
All evil far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thy everlasting love.
- 4 Thus hastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.
- 5 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.



1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cum - bering care,
And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.

25 Luke 10: 38-42. BROWN.

- I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows east
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

26 1 John 5: 14. ANON.

- THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

- 3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.
- 4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.
- 5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down!

27 Ps. 145: 18. STEELE.

- DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'T is here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.
- 2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.
- 3 My great Protector, and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.
- 4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

BYEFIELD. C. M.



28

Ps. 65 : 2.

MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air :
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry—"Behold he prays !"

6 O thou, by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
Lord ! teach us how to pray.

29

Mark 13 : 33.

HASTINGS.

THE Saviour bids thee watch and pray
Through life's momentous hour ;
And grants the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife ;
O Christian ! hear his voice to-day :
Obedience is thy life.

3 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come
That calls thee from the earth away
To thy eternal home.

4 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
Oh, hearken to his voice,
And follow where he leads the way,
To heaven's eternal joys !

30

1 Sam. 1 : 12, 13.

BEDDOME.

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came ;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast ;
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear ;
To him there's music in a sigh,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

BEMERTON. C. M.

1. Lord, when we bend be - fore thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,
Oh, may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore.

- 3 I *Ps. 66 : 18.* CARLYLE. LORD ! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Oh, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see ;
True penitence impart :
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
Nor let a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.
- 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies ;
And teach our heart 't is goodness still
That grants it or denies.
- 3 2 *Acts 2 : 3.* HEBER. SPIRIT of truth ! on this thy day,
To thee for help we ery,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.
- 2 We ask not, Lord, the eloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long thy praises to proclaim,
With fervor in our own.
- 3 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystie dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.
- 4 When tongues shall cease, and power
decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay,
With faith, and hope, and love.
- 3 3 *Rev. 5 : 13.* WATTS. COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son ;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.
- 3 4 *Luke 24 : 29.* ANON. God of the sun-light hours, how sad
Would evening shadows be,
Or night, in deeper sable clad,—
If aught were dark to thee !
- 2 How mournfully that golden gleam
Would touch the thoughtful heart,
If, with its soft, retiring beam,
We saw thy love depart.
- 3 But, tho' the gathering gloom may hide
Those gentle rays awhile,
Yet they who in thy house abide,
Shall ever share thy smile.
- 4 Then let creation's volume close,
Though every page be bright ;
On thine, still open, we repose
With more intense delight.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing:

Je - ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

35

Ps. 95.

WATTS.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

- 2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

36

Ps. 48.

WATTS.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion, God is known,
A refuge in distress:
How bright hath his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

- 4 Oft have our fathers told,—
Our eyes have often seen,—
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

- 5 In every new distress,
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

37

Ps. 63.

WATTS.

MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

- 2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

- 3 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

- 4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

- 5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

STATE STREET. S. M.

1. Now let our voi - ces join To raise a sa - cred song;

Ye pil-grims! in Je - ho - vah's ways, With mu - sic pass a - long.

38 *Ps. 76 : 2.* DODDRIDGE.

40 *1 John 4 : 8.* JERVIS.

- Now let our voices join
To raise a saered song;
Ye pilgrims! in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.
- 2 See—flowers of paradise,
In rich profusion, spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
- 3 See—Salem's golden spires,
In beauteous prospect, rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.
- 4 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way,—
To him who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

With joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

41 *Acts 17 : 24.* BULFINCH.

LORD, in this saered hour
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

39 *Isa. 6 : 6.* MONTGOMERY.

- O THOU above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear thy holy name,
And laud, and magnify!
- 2 Oh, for the living flame
From thine own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
- 3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

2 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the dust thine own
When man draws near to God.

3 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of thine eternity.

4 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

42

Jas. 5 : 13.

WATTS.

COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

43

Ps. 84.

WATTS.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

- 3 One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

44

Rev. 15 : 3, 4.

HAMMONS

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing, how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Ye pilgrims! on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
"Ye blessed children! come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.
- 5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

LISBON. S. M

1. How charming is the place Where my Re - deem - er, God,

Un - veils the beau - ty of his face, And sheds his love a - broad!

45 *Ps. 63: 2.* STENNETT.

How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauty of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit
And smile on all around.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

46 *2 Cor. 1: 21, 22.* ANON.

COME, Spirit, source of light,
Thy grace is unconfined;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The darkness of the mind.

2 Now to our eyes display
The truth thy words reveal;
Cause us to run the heavenly way,
Delighting in thy will.

3 Thy teachings make us know
The mysteries of thy love,
The vanity of things below,
The joy of things above.

4 While through this maze we stray,
Oh, spread thy beams abroad;
Disclose the dangers of the way,
And guide our steps to God.

47 *Ps. 117.* WATTS.

THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light, and evening shade,
Shall be exchanged no more.

48 *Ps. 92.* LYTE.

SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

SHIRLAND. S. M.



1. Our heaven - ly Fa - ther ealls, And Christ in - vites us near;
With both, our friend - ship shall be sweet, And our eom - mu - nion dear.

- 49 *1 John 1 : 3.* DODDRIDGE. 3 My soul ! ask what thou wilt ;
Our heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold ?
- 2 God pities all our griefs :
He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are !
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood !
- 4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care ;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart !
Here wait, my warmest love !
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.
- 50 *Heb. 4 : 16.* NEWTON. 5 I Jesus, who knows full well
BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls me near ;
Invites us, all our grief to tell,
And pray and never faint.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
To pray and never faint.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry ;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He 'll help them from on high.
- 4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer ;
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

HASTINGS. C. L. M.

1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn, That gilds the sa - cred tomb,
Where Christ the cru - ci - fied was borne, And veiled in mid - night gloom !
Oh ! weep no more the Sav-iour slain, The Lord is risen, he lives a - gain.

52

Matt. 28 : 6.

HASTINGS.

How calm and beautiful the morn,
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where Christ the crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom !
Oh, weep no more the Saviour slain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place, he is not here !"
The tomb is all unbarred :
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend ;
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend :
Once by the law, your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ, ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day !
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears :
Oh, weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die !
Since he hath risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

53

Lam. 3 : 22.

ANON.

LORD of my life, whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before thy throne I bow ;
I bless thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

2 Oh, may I daily, hourly strive
In heavenly grace to grow ;
To thee, and to thy glory, live,
Dead to all else below ;
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God.

3 With prayer my humble praise I bring,
For mercies day by day ;
Lord, teach my heart thy love to sing,
Lord, teach me how to pray ;
All that I have—I am—to thee
I offer through eternity !

HENDON. 7s.

1. Lord, we come be- fore thee now, At thy feet we hum- bly bow ; Oh, do not our
suit dis- dain ! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ? Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

54

Gen. 32 : 26.

HAMMOND.

- LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
Oh, do not our suit disdain !
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee ; here we stay ;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Comfort those who weep and mourn ;
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind ;
Heal the sick ; the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

55

Ps. 23.

MERRICK.

- To thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard—and that my guide.
- 4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend ;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.
- 56
- Ps. 29 : 2.* MONTGOMERY.
- To thy temple we repair—
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the veil we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.
- 2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue ;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.
- 3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend ;
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads—
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.
- 5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn ;
That at evening we may say—
'We have walked with God to-day.'

HORTON. 7s.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare, Je-sus loves to an-swer prayer;
He him-self has bid thee pray, There-fore will not say thee nay.

57 *Matt. 7 : 7.* NEWTON.

- COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 With my burden I begin :—
Lord ! remove this load of sin ;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord ! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There, thy sovereign right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.
- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

- 3 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen ;
Yet have been upheld till now ;
Who could hold me up but thou ?
- 4 Thou hast helped in every need—
This emboldens me to plead ;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last ?
- 5 No—I must maintain my hold ;
'T is thy goodness makes me bold ;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

59 *Col. 4 : 2.* ANON

HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored !
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !

- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

58 *Gen. 32 : 26.* NEWTON.

- LORD ! I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;
Mercy heard and set him free—
Lord ! that mercy came to me.

- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.
- 4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain ;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

HALLE. 7s. 6 lines.

1. { Now from la - bor and from care Eve - ning shades have set me free ; }
 { In the work of praise and prayer, Lord, I would con - verse with thee : }

Oh, be - hold me from a - bove, Fill me with a Sav - iour's love.

60

Ps. 141 : 2.

HASTINGS.

Now, from labor and from care,
 Evening shades have set me free ;
 In the work of praise and prayer,
 Lord ! I would converse with thee :
 Oh ! behold me from above,
 Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
 Wither all my earthly joys ;
 Naught can charm me here below,
 But my Saviour's melting voice ;
 Lord ! forgive—thy grace restore,
 Make me thine forevermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
 For the mercies of this hour,
 For the gospel's cheering ray,
 For the Spirit's quickening power,—
 Grateful notes to thee I raise ;
 Oh ! accept my song of praise.

61

Gen. 2 : 3.

ELLIOTT.

HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
 Risen with gladness in thy beams !
 Light, which not of earth is born,
 From thy dawn in glory streams ;
 Airs of heaven are breathed around,
 And each place is holy ground.

2 Great Creator ! who this day
 From thy perfect work didst rest ;
 By the souls that own thy sway
 Hallowed be its hours and blest ;
 Cares of earth aside be thrown,
 This day given to heaven alone !

3 Saviour ! who this day didst break
 The dark prison of the tomb ;
 Bid my slumbering soul awake,
 Shine through all its sin and gloom :
 Let me, from my bonds set free,
 Rise from sin, and live to thee.

4 Blesséd Spirit ! Comforter !
 Sent this day from Christ on high ;
 Lord, on me thy gifts confer,
 Cleanse, illumine, sanctify !
 All thine influence shed abroad,
 Fill me with the peace of God.

62

2 Pet. 1 : 19.

TOPLADY.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
 Day-spring from on high, be near,
 Day-star in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 If thy light is hid from me ;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
 Till they inward light impart,
 Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine ;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill me, radiant Sun divine !
 Scatter all my unbelief ;
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

ALETTA. 7s.

1. They who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in ev-ery place;

If we live a life of prayer, God is pre-sent ev-ery-where.

63

Eph. 6 : 7s.

ANON.

THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

- 2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

64

Isa. 56 : 7.

HASTINGS.

SOFT and holy is the place,
Where the light that beams from
heaven
Shows the Saviour's smiling face,
With the joy of sin forgiven.

- 2 There, with one accord we meet,
All the words of life to hear;
Bending low at Jesus' feet,
Worshiping with godly fear.
- 3 Let the world and all its cares
Now retire from every breast;
Let the tempter and his snares
Cease to hinder or molest.

- 4 Precious Sabbath of the Lord,
Fairest type of heaven above!
Purest joy thy scenes afford
To the heart that's tuned to love.

65

Acts 16 : 13.

EDMESTON.

HEAVENLY Spirit! may each heart
Through these sacred hours be thine;
May we from the world depart,
Breathing after things divine.

- 2 Lead us forth with joy and peace,
To thy temple, in thy ways;
And when this sweet day shall cease,
May its sun go down with praise.

66

Acts 10 : 33.

RAY PALMER.

STEALING from the world away,
We are come to seek thy face;
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,
Grant us thy reviving grace.

- 2 Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light;
We, unless thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.
- 3 Sun of Righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears;
May thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.
- 4 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with thy perfect love.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Mighty God! while angels bless thee, May a mortal lisp thy name? Lord of men, as well as angels!
D.S. Sounded thro' the wide creation,

Fine. Thou art every creature's theme; Lord of ev-'ry land and na-tion! Ancient of e-ternal days!
Be thy just and awful praise.

67 *Heb. 1 : 3.* ROBINSON.

MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,

May a mortal lisp thy name?

Lord of men, as well as angels!

Thou art every creature's theme

Lord of every land and nation!

Ancient of eternal days!

Sounded through the wide creation,

Be thy just and awful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand, beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness
wrought;

For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blesséd be thy gentle reign.

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, tho' veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue! such guilty silence,
Singing the Lord who came to die:—

4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives!—
Flow, my praise, forever flow:

Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!

Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign forever;—

Be the kingdom all thine own!

68 *Matt. 21 : 9.* GOOD.

CROWN his head with endless blessing,

Who, in God the Father's name,

With compassions never ceasing,

Comes salvation to proclaim.

Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,

Who within his gates are found;

Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,

Let his courts with praise resound.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee;
Thee our Saviour! thee our God!
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
In his word his light arises,
Brightest beams of truth and grace;
Bind, oh, bind your sacrifices,
In his courts your offerings place.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne;
Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his merey, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows forevermore.

STATE STREET. S. M.

1. How sweet the melt - ing lay Which breaks up - on the ear,

When at the hour of ris - ing day, Chris - tians u - nite in prayer.

69

Matt. 14 : 28.

MRS. BROWN.

- How sweet the melting lay
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day
Christians unite in prayer.
- 2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends his blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light—
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.
- 4 So Jesus still doth pray
Before the morning bright,
On heavenly mountains far away,
While we toil here in night.
- 5 Leave, Lord, thy vigil there,
Descend upon life's wave;
Come to the bark through midnight air,
The storm shall cease to rave.

70

Psa. 137.

DWIGHT.

- I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

71

1 Tim. 2 : 8.

ANON.

- COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.
- 2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In weary heat of day.
- 3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s.

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, } { O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright; } On thee, the high and lowly,

Bend-ing be-fore the throne, Sing, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the Great Three in One.

72

Isa. 58 : 13, 14. WORDSWORTH.

- O DAY of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright;
 On thee, the high and lowly,
 Bending before the throne,
 Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
 To the Great Three in One.
- 2 On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth :
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth ;
 On thee, our Lord, victorious,
 The Spirit sent from Heaven,
 And thus on thee, most glorious,
 A triple light was given.
- 3 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls ;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.
- 4 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son ;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest Three in One.

73

Ps. 100 : 4. RAY PALMER.

- THINE holy day's returning,
 Our hearts exult to see ;
 And with devotion burning,
 Ascend, O God, to thee !
 To-day with purest pleasure,
 Our thoughts from earth withdraw ;
 We search for heavenly treasure,
 We learn thy holy law.
- 2 We join to sing thy praises,
 Lord of the Sabbath day ;
 Each voice in gladness raises
 Its loudest, sweetest lay !
 Thy richest mercies sharing,
 Inspire us with thy love,
 By grace our souls preparing
 For nobler praise above.

74

Heb. 4 : 9.

DAVIS.

- FROM every earthly pleasure,
 From every transient joy,
 From every mortal treasure
 That soon will fade and die ;
 No longer these desiring,
 Upward our wishes tend,
 To nobler bliss aspiring,
 And joys that never end.
- 2 What though we are but strangers
 And sojourners below,
 And countless snares and dangers
 Surround the path we go ?
 Though painful and distressing,
 Yet there's a rest above ;
 And onward still we're pressing,
 To reach that land of love.

NELSON. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. God Al - migh - ty and All - see - ing! Ho - ly One, in whom we all

Live, and move, and have our be - ing, Hear us when on thee we call;

Fa - ther, hear us, Fa - ther, hear us, As be - fore thy throne we fall.

75

Jas. 1 : 17.

PIERPONT.

God Almighty and All-seeing!
Holy One, in whom we all
Live, and move, and have our being,
Hear us when on thee we call;
Father, hear us,
As before thy throne we fall.

2

Of all good art thou the Giver;
Weak and wandering ones are we;
Then forever, yea, forever,
In thy presenee would we be;
Oh, be near us,
That we wander not from thee.

76

Heb. 12 : 1.

KELLY.

In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2

While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3

There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment,
Full and pure forevermore.

77

Heb. 10 : 25.

ANON.

WELCOME, days of solemn meeting;
Welcome, days of praise and prayer;
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share;
Sacred seasons,
In your blessings we would share.

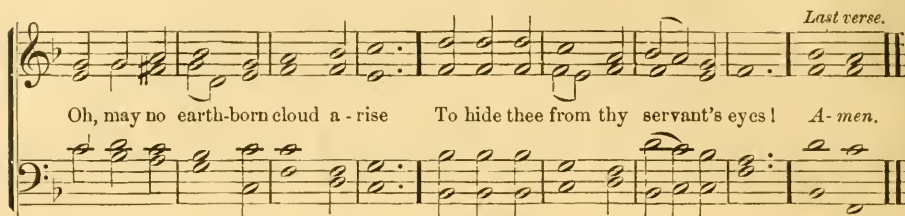
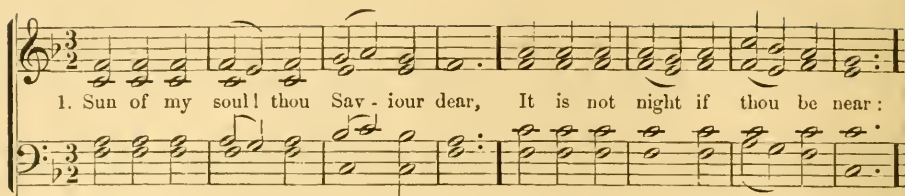
2

Be thou near us, blessed Saviour,
Still at morn and eve the same;
Give us faith that cannot waver;
Kindle in us heaven's own flame;
Blesséd Saviour
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

3

When the fervent heart is glowing,
Holy Spirit, hear that prayer:
When the song of praise is flowing,
Let that song thine impress bear;
Holy Spirit,
Let that song thine impress bear.

HURSLEY. L. M.



78

Luke 24 : 29.

KEBLE.

SUN of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near :
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

79

Ps. 104 : 34.

C. ELLIOTT.

My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

2 Blest is the tranquil break of morn,
And blest the hush of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer up-borne,
This fair, but transient, world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beautiful hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want, I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind!

5 Lord, till I reach the blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful, filial prayer to thee!

80

Luke 21 : 37.

RAY PALMER.

Thou, Saviour, from thy throne on high,
Enrobed in light and girt with power,
Dost note the thought, the prayer, the sigh,
Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

2 Oft thou thyself didst steal away,
At eventide, from labor done,
In some still, peaceful shade to pray
Till morning watches were begun.

3 Thou hast not, dearest Lord, forgot
Thy wrestlings on Judea's hills;
And still thou lov'st the quiet spot
Where praise the lowly spirit fills.

4 Now to our souls, withdrawn awhile
From earth's rude noise, thy face reveal;
And as we worship, kindly smile,
And for thine own our spirits seal.

5 To thee we bring each grief and care,
To thee we fly while tempests lower;
Thou wilt the weary burdens bear
Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

DWIGHT. L. M.

1. O Love Di-vine ! that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-terest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near.

81 *Ps. 119 : 151.* HOLMES.

O LOVE Divine ! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear ;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near !

82 *2 Cor. 12 : 19.* WATTS.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day ;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things—or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there ;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me ;
When I am weak, then am I strong ;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

83 *John 12 : 21.* WATTS.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world,
begone !

Let my religious hours alone :
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see—
I wait a visit, Lord ! from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire :
Come, my dear Jesus ! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour ! what delicious fare—
How sweet thine entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

84 *John 6 : 51.* RAY PALMER.

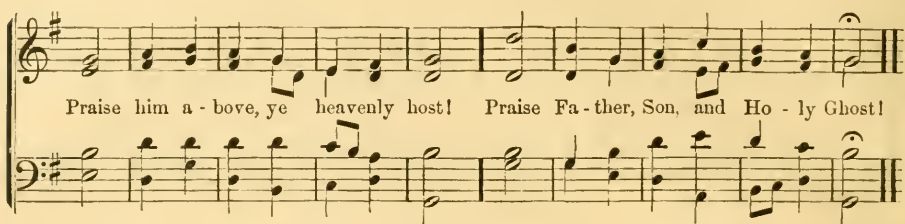
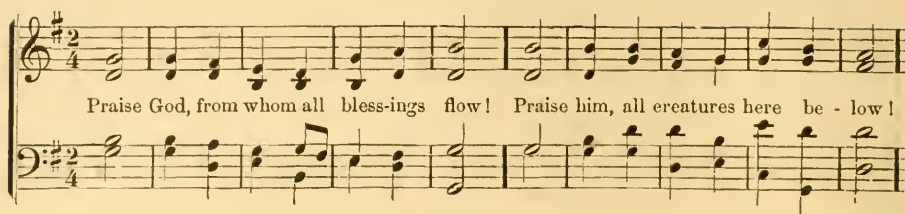
AWAY from earth my spirit turns,
Away from every transient good ;
With strong desire my bosom burns,
To feast on heaven's immortal food.

2 Thou, Saviour, art the living bread ;
Thou wilt my every want supply :
By thee sustained, and cheered, and led,
I'll press through dangers to the sky.

3 What though temptations oft distress,
And sin assails and breaks my peace ;
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless,
And bid the storms of passion cease.

4 Then let me take thy gracious hand,
And walk beside thee onward still ;
Till my glad feet shall safely stand,
Forever firm on Zion's hill.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



85

Ps. 100.

WATTS.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God—'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give:
We are his work—and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good—the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace—his mercy sure;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

86

Ps. 39.

WATTS.

JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
Yet love reveals a smiling face,
And truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join,
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

87

Ps. 117.

WATTS.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

88

Ps. 100.

KETHE.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 Oh, enter, then, his gates with praise;
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, land, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

WARE. L. M.

1. Now to the Lord a no-ble song! A-wake, my soul! a - wake, my tongue!

Ho-san-na to th'e-ter-nal name, And all his boundless love pro-claim.

89

Heb. 1 : 2.

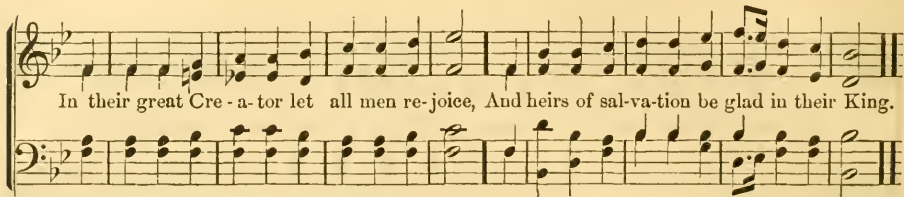
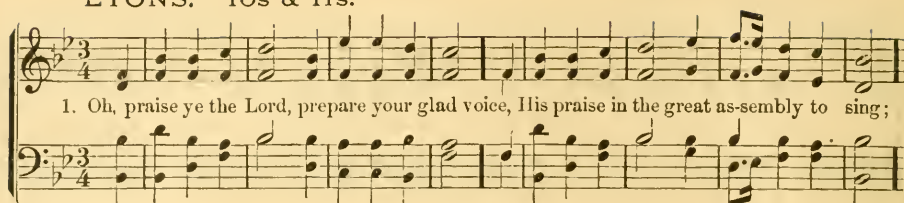
WATTS.

- Now to the Lord a noble song!
 Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
 Hosanna to the eternal name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
 The brightest image of his grace!
 God, in the person of his Son,
 Hath all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Grace!—'t is a sweet, a charming theme:
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
 Ye angels! dwell upon the sound:
 Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.
- 4 Oh! may I reach that happy place,
 Where he unveils his lovely face,
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold.
- 90 *Ps. 96.* WATTS.
- HIGH in the heavens, eternal God!
 Thy goodness in full glory shines;
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud
 That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep:
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 My God, how excellent thy grace!
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
 The sons of Adam, in distress,
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

- 4 From the provisions of thy house
 We shall be fed with sweet repast;
 There, merey like a river flows,
 And brings salvation to our taste.
- 5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of my Lord;
 And in thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promised in thy word.
- 91 "Te Deum." ANON.
- LORD God of Hosts, by all adored!
 Thy name we praise with one accord;
 The earth and heavens are full of thee,
 Thy light, thy love, thy majesty.

- 2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name
 Angels and seraphim proclaim;
 Eternal praise to thee is given
 By all the powers and thrones in heaven.
- 3 The apostles join the glorious throng,
 The prophets aid to swell the song,
 The noble and triumphant host
 Of martyrs make of thee their boast.
- 4 The holy church in every place
 Throughout the world exalts thy praise;
 Both heaven and earth do worship thee,
 Thou Father of eternity!
- 5 From day to day, O Lord, do we
 Highly exalt and honor thee;
 Thy name we worship and adore,
 World without end, forevermore.

LYONS. 10s & 11s.



92

Ps. 111.

TATE & BRADY.

Oh, praise ye the Lord; prepare your
glad voice

His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their
King.

2 Let them his great name devoutly adore;
In loud-swelling strains his praises ex-
press,

Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and his children
to bless.

3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to him, their
great King,
Through earth shall be sounded, and
reach to the skies.

93

Ps. 18 : 11.

GRANT.

Oh, worship the King all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient
of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with
praise.

2 Oh, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy
space;

His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of
the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can re-
cite?

It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to
the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the
rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to
the end!

Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and
Friend.

94

Rev. 7 : 10.

C. WESLEY.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is high—his presence we
have;

The great congregation his triumph shall
sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship
the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and
might;

All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

1. Come, thou al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise :
 Father! all-glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.

95

1 John 5 : 7.

MADAN.

- COME, thou almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise :
 Father! all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days!
- 2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword;
 Our prayer attend;
 Come, and thy people bless,
 And give thy word success:
 Spirit of holiness!
 On us descend.
- 3 Come, holy Comforter!
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour:
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power!
- 4 To the great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore!
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

Acts 17 : 28.

HASTINGS.

GOD of the morning ray,
 God of the rising day,
 Glorious in power!

In thee we live and move,
 And thus we daily prove
 Thy condescending love
 Each passing hour.

- 2 God of our feeble race,
 God of redeeming grace,
 Spirit all-blest!
 Our own eternal Friend,
 Thy guardian influence lend,
 From every snare defend—
 In thee we rest.

97

Ps. 150.

GOODE.

- PRAISE ye Jehovah's name;
 Praise through his courts proclaim;
 Rise and adore;
 High o'er the heavens above,
 Sound his great acts of love,
 While his rich grace we prove,
 Vast as his power.
- 2 Now let the trumpet raise
 Sounds of triumphant praise,
 Wide as his fame;
 There let the harp be found;
 Organs, with solemn sound,
 Roll your deep notes around,
 Filled with his name.
- 3 While his high praise you sing,
 Shake every sounding string;
 Sweet the accord!
 He vital breath bestows;
 Let every breath that flows,
 His noblest fame disclose;
 Praise ye the Lord.

96

HEBRON. L. M.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his pow'r pro - longs my days;
And ev - 'ry eve - ning shall make known Some fresh me - mo - rial of his grace.

98

Ps. 4 : 8.

WATTS

Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

99

Eph. 5 : 19.

HEBER.

LORD, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us, our few remaining days,
To work thy will and spread thy praise.

2 Teach us in life and death to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteous-
ness;

Grant that we all may meet above,
Where we shall better sing thy love.

3 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

100

Jer. 3 : 15.

HART.

Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

101

Ps. 19 : 14.

ANON.

WHILE now upon this Sabbath eve,
Thy house, Almighty God, we leave,
'Tis sweet, as sinks the setting sun,
To think on all our duties done.

2 Oh! evermore may all our bliss
Be peaceful, pure, divine like this;
And may each Sabbath, as it flies,
Fit us for joys beyond the skies.

102

Jas. 1 : 27.

ANON.

ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

2 May the great truths we here have heard,
The lessons of thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

3 Oh! may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as a constant guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light:

Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings! Be-neath thine own al - mighty wings.

103

Ps. 17 : 8.

KEN.

- GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings !
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.
- 4 Oh, let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close !
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous
make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Be thou my guardian, while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep ;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.
- 6 Lord, let my soul forever share,
The bliss of thy paternal care :
'T is heaven on earth, 't is heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love !

104

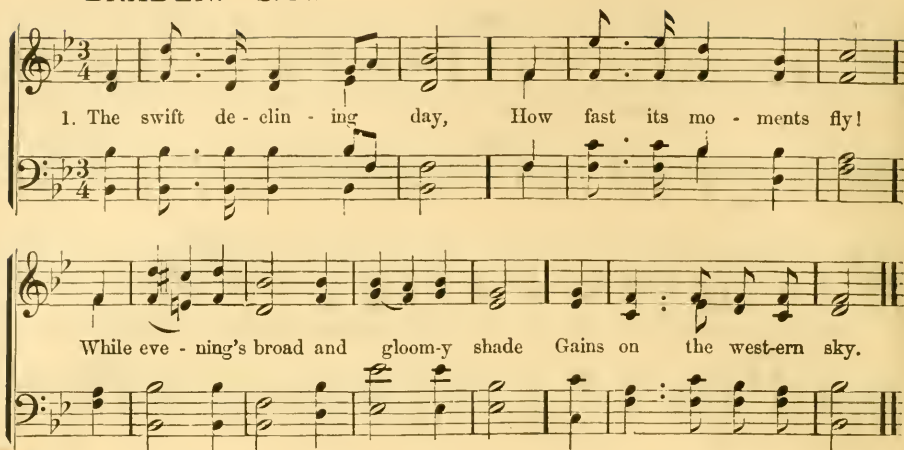
Phil. 4 : 7.

NEWTON.

- 2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here !
- 3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
- 105 *Ps. 35 : 18.* MONTGOMERY.
- MILLIONS within thy courts have met,
Millions, this day, before thee bowed ;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to thee they vowed.
- 2 Soon as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath, all round the world, to keep.
- 3 From east to west, the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs ;
And still, when evening stretched her
shade,
The stars came out to hear their songs.
- 4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain ;
To those in trouble thou wert nigh :
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.
- 5 Yet one prayer more !—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord :
Fulfill thy promise to thy Son ;
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord !

THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts !

BRADEN. S. M.



1. The swift de - clin - ing day, How fast its mo - ments fly!
While eve - ning's broad and gloom-y shade Gains on the west-ern sky.

106

Ecc. 9 : 10.

DODDRIDGE.

THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know, its Maker can command
At once eternal night.

3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

107

Jude 24, 25.

WATTS.

To God the only wise,
Who keeps us by his word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

2 Hosanna to the Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
And ever bless his name.

3 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

108

Luke 24 : 29.

NEALE.

THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore!

109

Rom. 16 : 27.

E. T. FITCH.

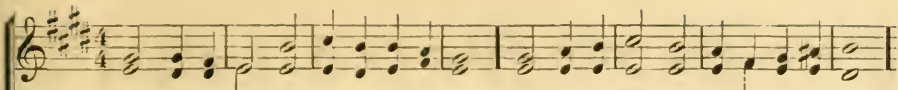
LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

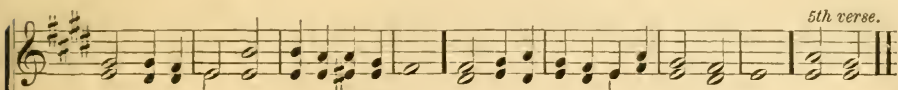
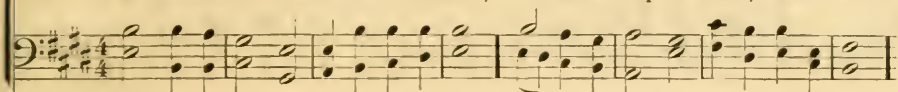
3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the only wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

EVENTIDE. 10s.

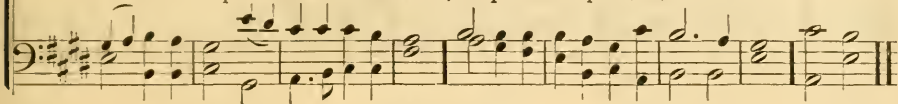


1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide; The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!



5th verse.

When other helpers fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!—Amen.



I I O

Luke 24 : 29.

LYTE.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me
abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift toits elose ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away;

Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who ehangest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour,
What but thy grace can foil the tempt-
er's power?

Who, like thyself, my guide and stay
can be?

Through eloud and sunshine, oh, abide
with me!

4 Not a brief glance I long, a passing word;
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples,
Lord,

Familiar, eondeseending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

5 Hold thou thy cross before my elosing
eyes;

Shine through the gloom, and point me
to the skies;

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee!

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

I I I

Luke 7 : 50.

ELLERTON.

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of
praise;

We rise to bless thee ere our worship
cease,

And, now departing, wait thy word of
peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward
way;

With thee began, with thee shall end the
day;

Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts
from shame,

That in this house have ealled upon thy
name.

3 Grant us thy peaece, Lord, through the
coming night,

Turn thou for us its darkness into light:
From harm and danger keep thy chil-
dren free,

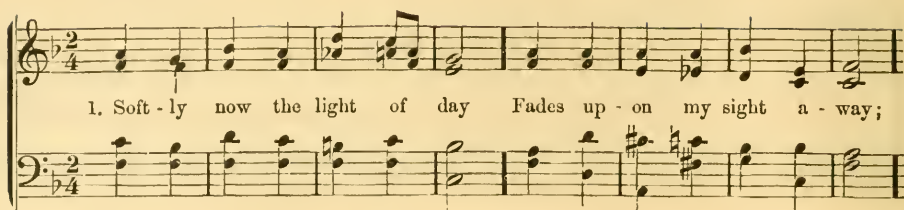
For dark and light are both alike to
thee.

4 Grant us thy peaece throughout our earth-
ly life,

Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our con-
flict cease,

Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

SEYMOUR. 7s.



I I 2

Ps. 4 : 8.

DOANE.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.
- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

I I 3

Isa. 26 : 3.

NEWTON.

For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

- 2 Jesus! hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 Then if thou thy help afford,
Joyful songs to thee shall rise,
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who regards our humble cries.

I I 4

Ps. 121 : 4.

ANON.

Thou, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere,
Thou, who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.

- 2 Father, fill our hearts with love,
Love unfailing, full and free;
Love that no alarm can move,
Love that ever rests on thee.
- 3 Heavenly Father! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do thy will.

I I 5

1 Cor. 2 : 4.

KELLY

FATHER, bless thy word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove;
Oh, may sinners hear thy call,
Let thy people grow in love.

- 2 Thine own gracious message bless,
Follow it with power divine:
Give the gospel great success,
Thine the work, the glory thine.
- 3 Father, bid the world rejoice,
Send, oh, send thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear thy voice,
Hear it and return to God.
- 4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HOLLEY. 7s.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day ;

Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun, When the Christian's course is run.

I 16 *Phil. 4 : 7.* S. F. SMITH.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day ;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

- 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades ;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.
- 3 Peace is on the world abroad ;
'Tis the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.
- 4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.
- 5 Saviour ! may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

I 17 *Ps. 36 : 9.* ANON.

FATHER of our spirits ! hear
Faith's effectual, fervent prayer ;
Hear, and our petitions seal ;
Let us now the answer feel.

- 2 Life of all that lives below !
Let thy Spirit in us flow ;
Let us all thy life receive,
From thee, in thee, ever live.

I 18 *Heb. 13 : 20.* NEWTON.

Now may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our king and head,
All our souls in safety keep.

- 2 May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight ;
Make us perfect in his will,
And preserve us day and night !
- 3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

I 19 *Heb. 13 : 14, 15.* MONTGOMERY.

For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven !

- 2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin :
But thou canst and wilt forgive ;
By thy grace alone we live.
- 3 While this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead ;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.
- 4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above ;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.



1. Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
D. C. Oh, re - fresh us, Oh, re - fresh us, Traveling through this wil - der - ness.



Let us each, thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace: D. C.

I 20

Phil. 1 : 11.

SHIRLEY.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

I 2 I

1 Cor. 3 : 6.

EVANS.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed!
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

I 22

2 Pet. 3 : 11.

KELLY.

GOD of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, oh, bless us, ere we go!
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow:
Saviour, keep us—
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our best and lasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

I 23

Psa. 18 : 35.

HASTINGS

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Thro' the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,—
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

SEGUR. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land;
I am weak, but thou art might - y; Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

I 24 *Ex. 14: 19.* W. WILLIAMS.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's Destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.I 25 *1 Cor. 3: 21.* EDMESTON.

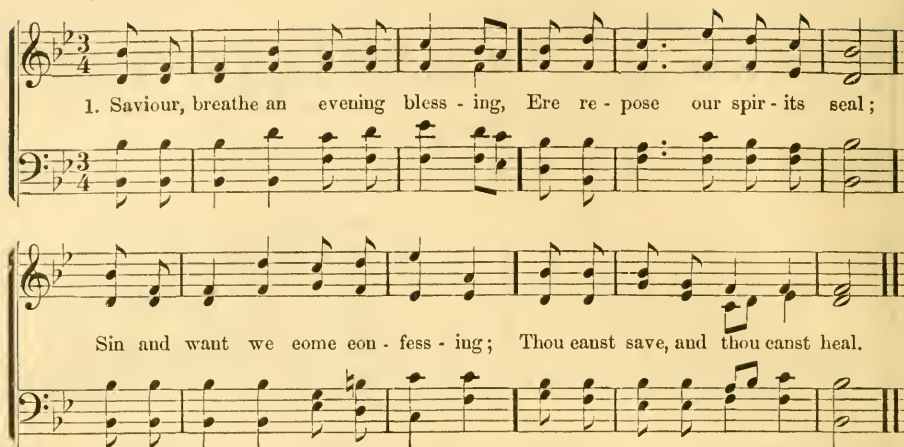
LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, feed us, keep us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.I 26 *Ps. 91: 11.* ANON.

Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us ever:
Vain our hope, if left by thee;
We are thine; oh, leave us never,
Till thy glorious face we see;
Then to praise thee
Through a bright eternity.

2 Precious is thy word of promise,
Precious to thy people here;
Never take thy presence from us,
Jesus, Saviour, still be near:
Living, dying,
May thy name our spirits cheer.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.



1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

I 27

Ps. 4: 8.

EDMESTON.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

I 28

Jer. 3: 15.

SMYTH.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.

- 2 Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.
- 3 Praise the Father, earth and heaven;
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

I 29

Ps. 23: 2.

BICKERSTETH.

HEAVENLY Shepherd, guide us, feed us,
Through our pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead us,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.

- 2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly bending, we implore;
We have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

I 30

2 Cor. 13: 14.

NEWTON.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!

- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

I 31

Ps. 139: 12.

ROBBINS.

Lo, the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun which ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light!

- 2 While, thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, grant thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath thy wing!

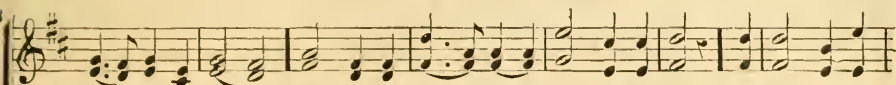
LAST BEAM. P. M.

HYMN 132

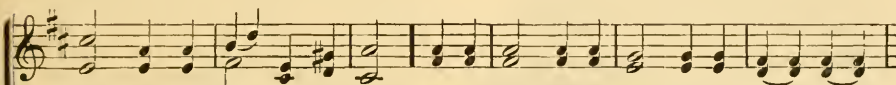
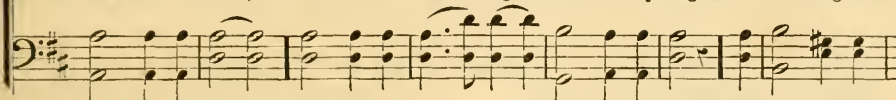
ANON.



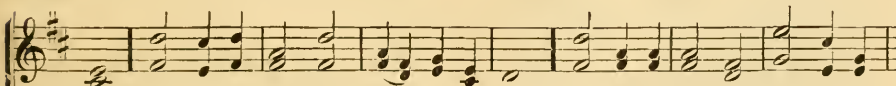
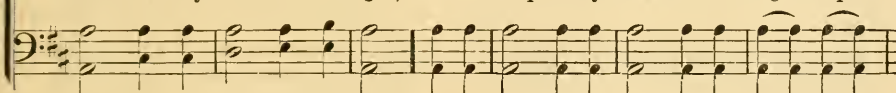
1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last beam is shining; Fa - ther in heav - en! the
 2. Fa - ther in heav - en! oh, hear when we call, Hear, for Christ's sake, who is



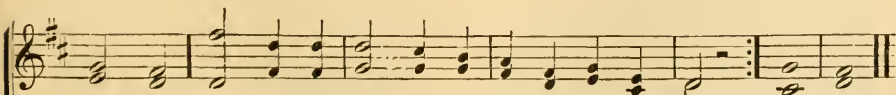
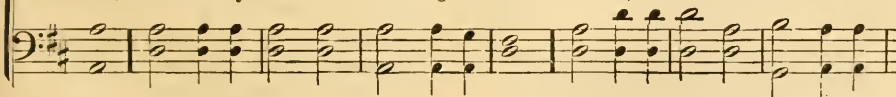
day is de - clining, Safe - ty and in - no - eence fly with the light, Tempta - tion and
 Sav - iour of all; Fee - ble and faint - ing we trust in thy might, In doubting and



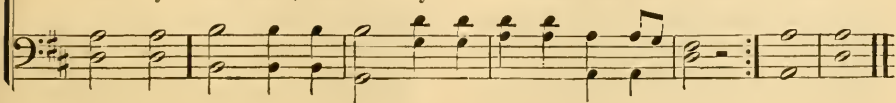
dan - ger walk forth with the night; From the fall of the shade till the morning bells
 dark - ness thy love be our light; Let us sleep on thy breast while the night ta - per



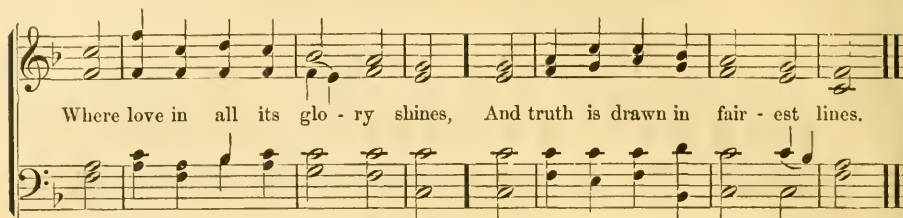
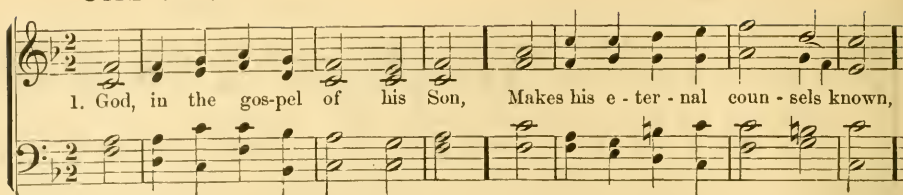
chime, Shield me from dan - ger, save me from crime. Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have
 burns, Wake in thy arms when morn - ing re - turns. Fa - ther, &c.



mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord. A - men.



UXBRIDGE. L. M.



I 33

2 Cor. 4 : 3.

BEDDOME.

God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known,
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here, sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name ;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 Here, faith reveals, to mortal eyes,
A brighter world beyond the skies ;
Here, shines the light which guides our
way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 Oh ! grant us grace, almighty Lord !
To read and mark thy holy word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

I 34

Ps. 19.

WATTS.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord !
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess,
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand :
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.

I 35

Ps. 19.

WATTS.

GREAT Sun of Righteousness, arise !
Oh, bless the world with heavenly light !
Thy gospel makes the simple wise :
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

2 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven :—
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

I 36

Ps. 19.

GRANT.

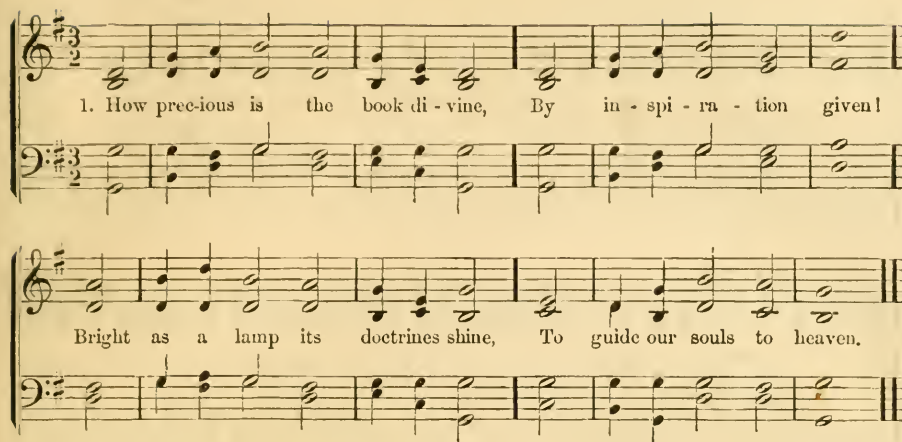
THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word.

2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

3 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky ;—

4 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved, amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

KNOX. C. M.



1. How precious is the book di-vine, By in-spi-ra-tion given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

137 *Ps. 119.* FAWCETT.

- How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.
- 3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

138 *Titus 2: 11.* STEELE.

- Thou lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word,
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

- 4 Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
Oh! come with blissful ray;
Break radiant thro' the shades of night
And chase my fears away.

- 5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

139 *Ps. 119.* WATTS.

- How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!
- 5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.

1. { While thee I seek, pro-tect-ing Power! Be my vain wish-es stilled;
And may this con-se-crat-ed hour [Omn... With
bet-ter hopes be filled. Thy love the power of tho't bestowed; To thee my tho'ts would
soar: Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flow-ed; That mer-cy I a-dore.

140

Providence.

WILLIAMS.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled!
Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

- 2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

141

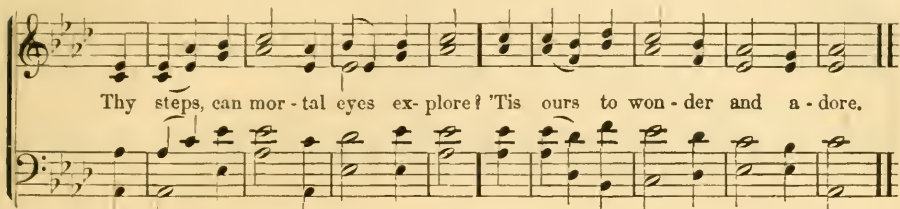
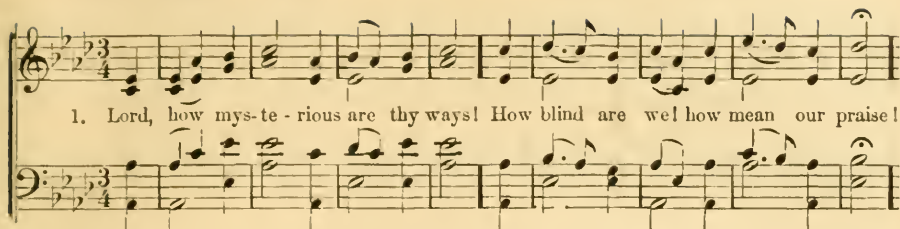
Providence.

ADDISON.

WHEN all thy mereies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

- 2 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

LOUVAN. L. M.



I 42 Incomprehensibleness. STEELE.

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we! how mean our praise!
Thy steps, can mortal eyes explore?
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

2 Great God! I would not ask to see
What in my coming life shall be;
Enough for me if love divine,
At length through every cloud shall shine.

3 Are darkness and distress my share?
Then let me trust thy guardian care;
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praise.

4 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below,
That Christ be mine;—this great request
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest!

I 43 Perfections.—Ps. 103. WATTS.

THE Lord! how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far has nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies:
Or, if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 His everlasting love is sure
To all his saints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

I 44 Omnipresence. HOLMES.

LORD of all being; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

1. The Lord, our God, is full of might, The winds o - bey his will ;

He speaks,—and, in his heaven - ly height, The roll - ing sun stands still.

I 45

Almighty Power.

H. K. WHITE.

THE Lord, our God, is full of might,
The winds obey his will ;
He speaks,—and, in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar ;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine ;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies ;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend ;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

I 46

Omnipotence.—*Isa. 12 : 4.* WATTS.

THE Lord, how fearful is his name !
How wide is his command !
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

- 2 Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe ;
While with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

- 3 A word of his almighty breath

Can swell or sink the seas ;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them as he please.

- 4 On 'angels, with unvail'd face
His glory beams above ;
On men, he looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, Love.

I 47

Providence.

WATTS.

KEEP silence, all created things !
And wait your Maker's nod ;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine ;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.
- 4 My God ! I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 5 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh ! may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

MANOAH. C. M.

1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heavenly theme, And speak some boundless thing;
The might - y works, or might - ier name, Of our e - ter - nal King.

I 48

Faithfulness.—Ps. 36 : 5. WATTS.

- BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.
- 4 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

I 49

Providence.

COWPER.

- God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

I 50

Lord of All.

H. K. WHITE.

- THE Lord our God is Lord of all;
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall;
I hear him in the wind.
- 2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.
- 3 He smiles, we live! he frowns, we die!
We hang upon his word;
He rears his mighty arm on high,
We fall before his sword.
- 4 He bids his gales the fields deform;
Then, when his thunders cease,
He paints his rainbow on the storm,
And lulls the winds to peace.

DOWNS. C. M.

1. Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And raise your thoughts a - bove:

Let ev - ery heart and voice ac - cord, To sing that "God is love."

151 Love.—1 John 4 : 8. BURDER.

- COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above :
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that "God is love."
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show that "God is love."
- 3 Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove ;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues,
To teach them—"God is love."
- 4 Oh, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove ;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that "God is love."

152 Grace.—Isa. 61 : 10. WATTS.

- AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice ;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine ;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And east it all around.

- 4 How far this heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear !
These ornaments, how bright they shine !
How white the garments are !
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,
And hope, and every grace :
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed,
By the great sacred Three !
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

153 Mercy.—Ps. 116. WATTS.

- WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown ?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid ;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-bless'd God !
How dear thy servants in thy sight—
How precious is their blood !
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !
How great thy grace to me !
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord ! I devote to thee.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King; Let
 ev - ery heart pre - pare him room, And heaven and na - ture sing, And
 And heaven and na - ture sing, And heaven and na - ture sing.

I 54

Ps. 98.

WATTS.

His new-discovered grace demands
 A new and nobler song.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
 plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
 God's own Almighty Son;
 His power the sinking world sustains,
 And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;
 Joy through the earth be seen;
 Let cities shine in bright array,
 And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
 The islands of the sea;
 Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
 Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes; he comes to bless
 The nations, as their God,
 To show the world his righteousness,
 And send his truth abroad.

I 55

Ps. 96.

WATTS.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
 Ye tribes of every tongue;

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
 And bid the world draw near,
 How will the guilty nations dread
 To see their Judge appear!

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground; The an-gel
of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a-round.

I 56

Luke 2.

TATE.

- WHILE shepherds watched their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground;
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;—
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

I 57

Isa. 35.

LOGAN.

MESSIAH! at thy glad approach
The howling winds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

- 2 Renewed, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter Sun
Leads on the promised years.
- 3 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud hosanna sing;
With hallelujahs, and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King.

I 58

John 1 : 14.

STEELE.

- AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore the eternal Word.
- 2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made—
Oh, happy morn! illustrious hour!—
Was once in flesh arrayed!
- 3 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.
- 4 Adoring angels tuned their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.
- 5 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

AYRSHIRE. L. M. D.

1. When, marshaled on the night - ly plain, The glittering host be - stud the sky,

One star a - lone, of all the train, Can fix the sin - ner's wand'ring eye.
d. s. But one a - lone the Sav - iour speaks,— It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.

Hark ! hark ! to God the eho - rus breaks From ev - ery host, from ev - ery gem ;

I 59 *Matt. 2 : 9.* H. K. WHITE.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
 Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem !

3 It was my guide, my light, my all ;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease,
 And through the storm and danger's thrall
 It led me to the port of peace.
 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem !

I 60 *Luke 24 : 51.* CENNICK.

JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way till him I view.
 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment,
 The King's highway of holiness,
 I'll go, for all the paths are peace.

2 This is the way I long had sought,
 And mourned because I found it not ;
 My grief, my burden, long had been
 Because I could not cease from sin.
 The more I strove against its power,
 I sinned and stumbled but the more ;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither, soul, I am the Way !"

3 Lo ! glad I come ; and thou, dear Lamb
 Shalt take me to thee as I am :
 Nothing but sin I thee can give ;
 Yet help me, and thy praise I'll live :
 I'll tell to all poor sinners round
 What a dear Saviour I have found ;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God !"

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1. My dear Re-deem-er, and my Lord, I read my du-ty in thy word;
But in thy life the law ap-pears, Drawn out in liv-ing char-ac-ters.

161

Rom. 8 : 29.

WATTS.

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

162

Rom. 12 : 2.

STEELE.

MAKE us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee!
Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be!

- 2 To do thy heavenly Father's will
Was thy employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through thy life divinely bright.
- 3 But ah! how blind! how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

163

1 Tim. 1 : 15.

WATTS.

Nor to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live:
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

164

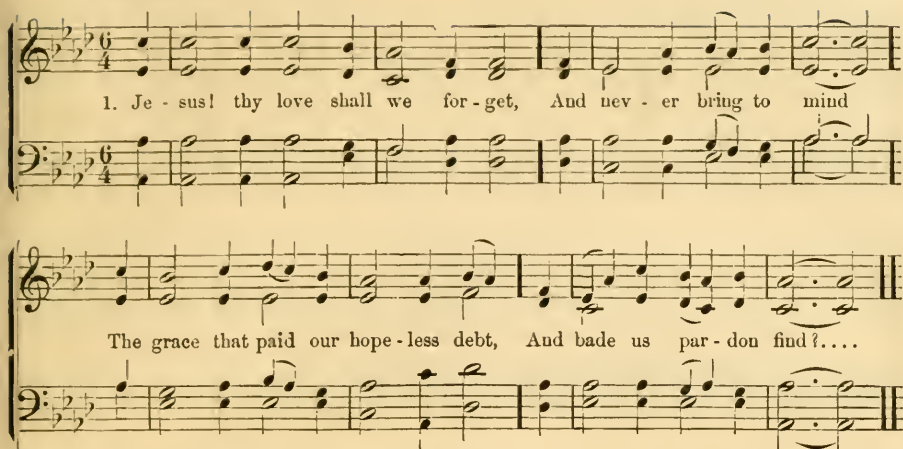
Matt. 11 : 28.

BOWRING.

How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered
round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!
- 4 Decay then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

HELENA. C. M.



165

Luke 22 : 42.

MITCHELL

JESUS ! thy love shall we forget,
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find ?

2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer ;
Thy looks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair ?

3 Gethsemane can we forget—
Thy struggling agony ;
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee ?

4 Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee, alone on thee ;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—
Thine all the glory be !

5 Life's brightest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love ;
But he who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine ;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done !"

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven !

167

John 14 : 6.

DOANE.

THOU art the Way : to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth : thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life : the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life :
Grant us to know that Way ;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

166

Luke 9 : 23.

GURNEY.

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear ;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

AVON. C. M.

1. A-las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov-ereign die?
Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?

168

Matt. 27 : 45.

WATTS.

- ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the great Creator, died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

- 3 'Tis finished! now the ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See—how he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies!

- 4 But soon he'll break death's iron chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain—
Was ever love like thine!

170

Gal. 5 : 24.

WATTS.

- On! if my soul were formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'T was for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the curséd tree,
And groaned away a dying life
For thee, my soul! for thee.
- 3 Oh! how I hate these lusts of mine
That crucified my Lord;
Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer—they shall die;
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 While with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

169

Matt. 27 : 50-53.

WESLEY.

- BHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!
- 2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's vail asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

MANOAH. C. M.

1. I saw One hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood ;
Who fixed his lan - guid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.

I 71 *Luke 22 : 61.* NEWTON.

- I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood ;
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.
- 2 Sure, never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look :
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 Alas ! I knew not what I did,—
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain !
- 4 A second look he gave, that said,
“I freely all forgive :
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
I die that thou may’st live.”
- 5 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too !

I 72 *Rom. 5 : 8.* XAVIER.

- Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace ;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace ;—
- 2 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself ; and all for one
That was thine enemy !

- 3 Then why, O blesséd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well ?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell ;—

- 4 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward ;
But as thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord !

- 5 Ev’n so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing ;
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

I 73 *Rom. 5 : 7, 8.* WATTS.

- How condescending and how kind
Was God’s eternal Son !
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne ;
There’s ne’er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.
- 3 This was compassion, like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne’er withdrew.
- 4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great ;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

CORONATION. C. M.



I 74

Phil. 2 : 10, 11.

PERRONETT.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

I 75

Rev. 5 : 6-10.

WATTS.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid!
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head!

4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

I 76

Eph. 4 : 8.

WATTS.

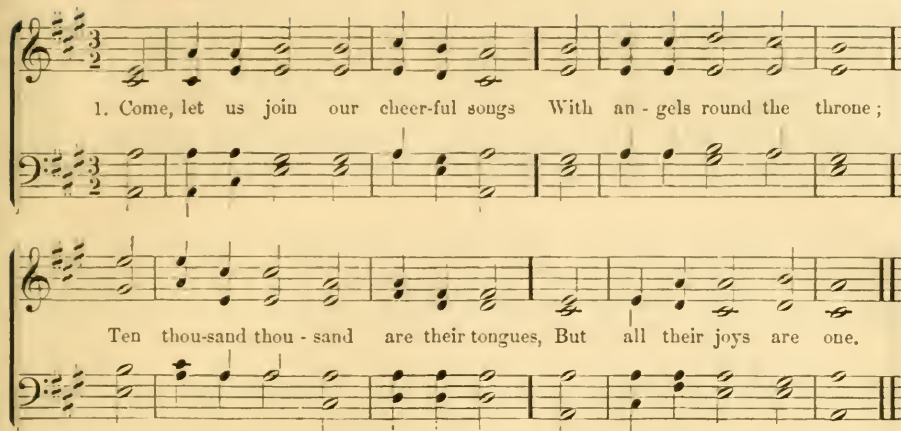
HO SANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay;
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With sears of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

3 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

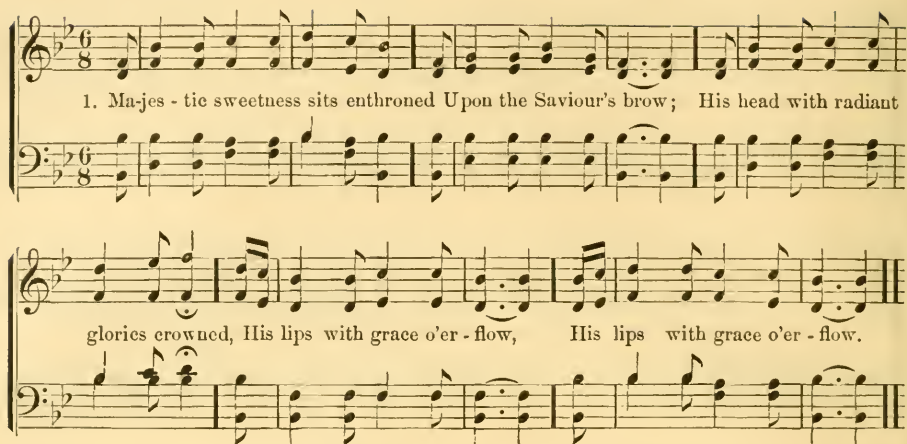
4 Bright angels! strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

DENFIELD. C. M.



- I 77** *Rev. 5 : 12.* WATTS. 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.
- COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus !"
"Worthy the Lamb !" our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."
- 4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine !
- 5 To them the cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to him ;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- I 79** *Acts 1 : 9, 10.* WATTS.
Oh ! for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King :
Let all the lands their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb !
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high ;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.
- I 78** *Heb. 2 : 9.* KELLY.
THE head that once was crowned with
thorns,
Is crowned with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honor sing ;—
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is his by sovereign right ;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright ;—
- 4 Rehearse his praise, with awe profound ;
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.



180

Cant. 5 : 10-16.

STENNETT.

- MAJESTIC sweet-ness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.
- 6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

181

1 Tim. 1 : 15.

STEELE.

THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

- 2 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes
And hailed the incarnate God.
- 3 Oh! the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.
- 4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

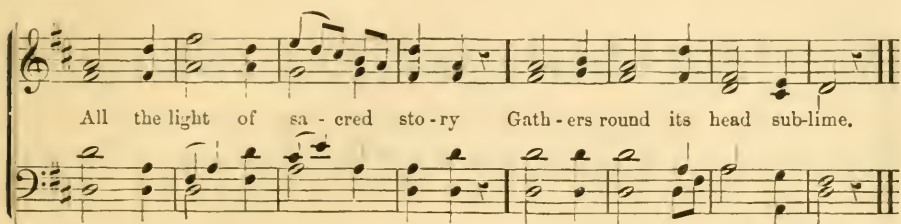
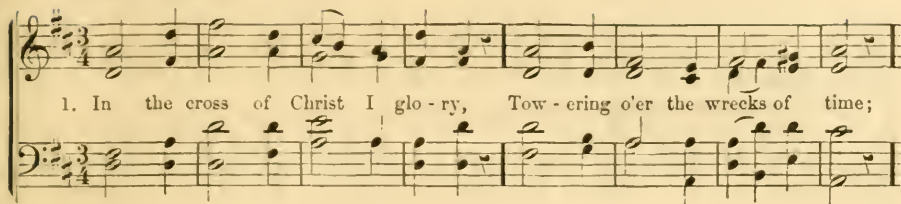
182

Matt. 1 : 21.

C. WESLEY.

- Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'Tis music to my ravished ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.



183

Gal. 6 : 14.

BOWRING.

- In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me :
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified ;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

184

Rom. 10 : 20.

ROBINSON.

- SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to grateful lays ;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
 Sung by raptured saints above ;
 Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
 While I sing redeeming love.

- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 Thou, to save my soul from danger,
 Didst redeem me with thy blood.
- 4 By thy hand restored, defended,
 Safe through life, thus far, I'm come ;
 Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
 Bring me to my heavenly home.

185

Prov. 8 : 17.

GUYON.

- I would love thee, God and Father !
 My Redeemer, and my King !
 I would love thee ; for, without thee,
 Life is but a bitter thing.
- 2 I would love thee ; every blessing
 Flows to me from out thy throne :
 I would love thee—he who loves thee
 Never feels himself alone.
- 3 I would love thee ; look upon me,
 Ever guide me with thine eye :
 I would love thee ; if not nourished
 By thy love, my soul would die.
- 4 I would love thee ; may thy brightness
 Dazzle my rejoicing eyes !
 I would love thee ; may thy goodness
 Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.
- 5 I would love thee, I have vowed it ;
 On thy love my heart is set :
 While I love thee, I can never
 My Redeemer's blood forget.

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.

1. { Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; }
 Je-sus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Jesus reigns, the God of love: } See, he sits on yonder throne;

Je-sus rules the world a-lone. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

I 86

Heb. 1 : 6.

KELLY.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love :
 See, he sits on yonder throne ;
 Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory ! reign forever—
 Thine an everlasting crown ;
 Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine
 own ;—
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour ! hasten thine appearing ;
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away ;—
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—
 "Glory, glory to our King !"

I 87

Rev. 19 : 12.

BAKEWELL.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !
 Crowned in mockery a king !
 Thou didst suffer to release us ;
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame !
 By thy merits we find favor ;
 Life is given through thy name.

2 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide ;

All the heavenly host adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side :
 There for sinners thou art pleading ;
 There thou dost our place prepare :
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Londest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits ;
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

I 88

Heb. 12 : 2.

KELLY.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious !
 See the Man of Sorrows now
 From the fight returned victorious ;
 Every knee to him shall bow.
 Crown the Saviour ! angels, crown him !
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
 In the seat of power enthrone him,
 Crown the Saviour King of kings !

2 Sinners in derision crowned him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
 Saints and angels ! crowd around him,
 Own his title, praise his name.
 Hark, those bursts of acclamation,
 Hark, those loud, triumphant chords !
 Jesus takes the highest station ;
 King of kings, and Lord of lords !

ZEPHYR. L. M.

1. Sure the blest Com - for - ter is nigh, 'Tis he sus - tains my faint - ing heart ;

Else would my hopes for - ev - er die, And ev'ry cheer - ing ray de - part.

189

John 14 : 26.

STEELE.

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart ;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

- 2 When'er, to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,—
Can it be less than power divine,
That animates these strong desires ?
- 3 And, when my cheerful hope can say,—
I love my God and taste his grace,—
Lord ! is it not thy blissful ray,
That brings this dawn of sacred peace ?
- 4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love !
And light and heavenly peace impart,—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

190

Ps. 51 : 11.

C. WESLEY.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay !
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received ;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved ;
- 3 Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest !
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

191

John 14 : 26.

BURDER.

COME, Holy Spirit ! calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God ;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire ?
Oh ! kindle now the sacred flame ;
Make me burn with pure desire.
- 3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see ;
Oh ! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

192

Rom. 8 : 14.

BROWNE.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above :
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide !
O'er every thought and step preside.

- 2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him forever blest ;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy forever there !

STEPHENS. C. M.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven-ly Dove! With all thy quickening powers,
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

193

John 16 : 7.

WATTS.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

194

1 Cor. 2 : 10.

REED.

SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

5 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

195

John 14 : 16.

TATE.

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of thine;
Till every heart which thou hast made
Be filled with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

4 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

HAYDN. S. M.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let thy bright beams a - rise;
Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark - ness from our eyes.

196

John 14 : 26.

HART.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise:
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide!
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

198

1 Cor. 2 : 10.

SIGOURNEY.

BLEST Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And ev'n the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh! fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

197

Acts 2 : 4.

MONTGOMERY.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost
Descend in all thy power!

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

HUMMEL. C. M.

1. Not all the out-ward forms on earth, Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth, Can raise a soul to heaven.

199

John 1 : 12, 13.

WATTS.

Nor all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace ;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death ;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

200

Matt. 7 : 14.

WATTS.

STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high ;
'Tis but a few that find the gate
While crowds mistake and die.

- 2 Belovéd self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.
- 3 Lord ! can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfill a task so hard ?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

201

Rom. 3 : 19.

WATTS.

VAIN are the hopes, the sons of men
On their own works have built ;
Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,
And all their actions, guilt.

- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word ;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 Jesus ! how glorious is thy grace ;—
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness,
That makes the sinner just.

202

Zeck. 9 : 12.

WATTS.

How sad our state by nature is !
Our sin—how deep it stains !
And Satan holds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word :
"Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a pardoning Lord."
- 3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe thy promise, Lord :
Oh, help my unbelief !
- 4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall ;
Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Saviour and my All.

MONSON. C. M.

1. How help - less guilt - y na - ture lies, Un - con - scious of its load!

The heart, unchanged, can nev - er rise To hap - pi - ness and God.

203

Rom. 8 : 8.

STEELE.

How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load !
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue ?
'Tis thine, almighty Spirit ! thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise ;
To make the scales of error fall,
From reason's darkened eyes ;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live ;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 Oh, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine ;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

204

Gal. 2 : 16.

WATTS.

In vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own :
Nothing, O Saviour ! but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threatenings of the broken law
Impress the soul with dread :
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3 But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands ;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are offered by thy hands.

4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord !
'Tis on thy cross we rest :
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blessed.

205

Rom. 7 : 7-13.

WATTS.

LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread !
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

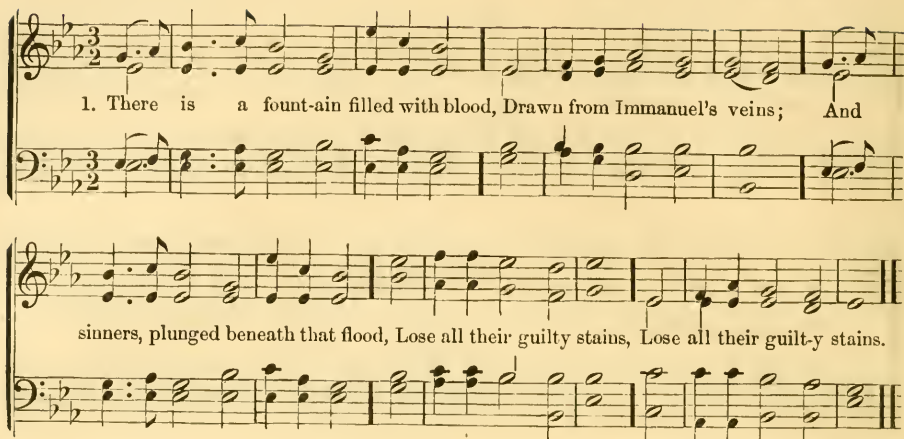
2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright ;
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load ;
My sins revived again :
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

COWPER. C. M.



206

Zech. 13: 1.

COWPER.

- THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering
 tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

207

John 3: 17.

WATTS.

- COME, happy souls, approach your God,
 With new, melodious songs;
 Come, render to almighty grace
 The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love,
 That pitied dying men,
 The Father sent his equal Son
 To give them life again.

- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
 With an avenging rod;
 No hard commission to perform
 The vengeance of a God.

- 4 But all was merciful and mild,
 And wrath forsook the throne,
 When Christ on the kind errand came,
 And brought salvation down.

- 5 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
 Accept thine offered grace;
 We bless the great Redeemer's love,
 And give the Father praise.

208

Ps. 40.

LYTE.

- O LORD, how infinite thy love!
 How wondrous are thy ways!
 Let earth beneath, and heaven above,
 Combine to sing thy praise.
- 2 Man in immortal beauty shone,
 Thy noblest work below;
 Too soon by sin made heir alone
 To death and endless woe.
- 3 Then, "Lo! I come," the Saviour said;
 Oh, be his name adored,
 Who, with his blood, our ransom paid,
 And life and bliss restored!
- 4 O Lord, how infinite thy love!
 How wondrous are thy ways!
 Let earth beneath, and heaven above,
 Combine to sing thy praise.

GLASGOW. C. M.

1. Great God, when I approach thy throne, And all thy glo - ry see ;
This is my stay, and this a - lone, That Je - sus died for me.

209

Gal. 2 : 20.

ANON.

GREAT God, when I approach thy throne,
And all thy glory see ;
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.

211

Ps. 68 : 19.

WATTS.

SALVATION !—oh, the joyful sound !
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 How can a soul condemned to die,
Escape the just decree ?
Helpless, and full of sin am I,
But Jesus died for me.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;—
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
Oh, how can I get free ?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Salvation !—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 And Lord, when I behold thy face,
This must be all my plea ;
Save me by thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

212

Rom. 5 : 8.

STEELE.

JESUS,—and didst thou leave the sky,
To bear our griefs and woes ?
And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,
For thy rebellious foes ?

210 *Luke 15 : 7.* NEEDHAM.

Oh, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns.

2 Well might the heavens with wonderview
A love so strange as thine !
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine !

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control ?
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul.

3 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire ;—
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

4 Oh ! may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway ;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

BERA. L. M.

1. Why will ye waste on tri - fling cares That life which God's com-pas - sion spares ?

While, in the va - rious range of thought, The one thing needful is for - got ?

213

Luke 10 : 42.

DODDRIDGE.

WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares ?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?

2 Shall God invite you from above ?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love ?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain ?
And all these pleas unite in vain ?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue :
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God ! thy grace impart ;
Fix deep conviction on each heart ;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

214

Ps. 88.

DWIGHT.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;
But soon, ah ! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise ;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites—how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

215

Gen. 6 : 3.

HYDE.

SAY, sinner ! hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control ?

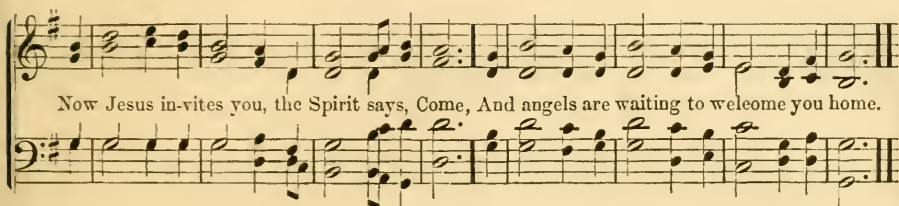
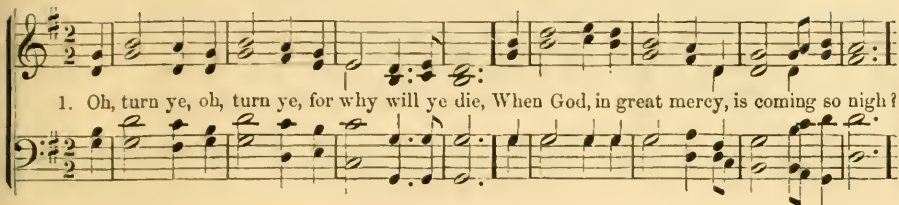
2 Sinner ! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call ;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light ;
Regard, in time, the warning kind ;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man ;
Ye who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner ! perhaps, this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be :
Oh ! shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.



2 I 6 *Ezek. 33 : 11.* ANON.

Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?

Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says,
Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,

Oh! how can you question, if you will believe?

If sin is your burden, why will you not come?

'T is you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

2 I 7 *Ps. 119 : 69.* HASTINGS.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;

No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?

A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:

Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, will lend thee its aid!

2 I 8 *Job 22 : 21.* KNOX.

ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,

And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;

And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head,

And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,

And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;

Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path;

Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death.

BALERMA. C. M.

1. Come, trembling sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re - volve ;

Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re - solve.

219

Est. 4 : 16.

JONES.

COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve :—

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Like mountains round me close
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 "I can but perish if I go ;
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

220

Gen. 6 : 3.

ALEXANDER.

THERE is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

2 To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth ;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

3 Oh ! where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed ;
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost ?

4 How far may we go on to sin ?
How long will God forbear ?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair ?

5 An answer from the skies is sent,—
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart."

221

Luke 18 : 13.

ANON.

O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer,
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee ;
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

3 Oh ! let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.

4 O righteous Judge ! if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

RETURN. C. M.

1. Re-turn, O wan-derer, to thy home, Thy Fath-er calls for thee :

No long-er now an ex-ile roam, In guilt and mis-e-ry. Re-turn, re-turn !

CODA. p

222 Luke 15: 18. HASTINGS.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee :
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Saviour calls for thee :
"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come ;"
Oh, now for refuge flee !

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay :
There are no pardons in the tomb ;
And brief is merey's day !

223 Isa. 55 : 7. COLLYER.

RETURN, O wanderer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face !
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his graec.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return !
He hears thy humble sigh ;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return !
Thy Saviour bids thee live :
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear !
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn :
His love invites thee near.

224 Gen. 7: 1. ANON.

COME to the ark, come to the ark ;
To Jesus come away :
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.

3 Come to the ark ; the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear ;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near !

3 Come to the ark, all, all that weep
Beneath the sense of sin :
Without, deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within.

4 Come to the ark, ere yet the flood
Your lingering steps oppose ;
Come, for the door which open stood
Is now about to close.

225 2 Cor. 5 : 10. ADDISON.

WHEN rising from the bed of death
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face—
Oh ! how shall I appear !

2 Ev'n now, while pardon may be found
And merey may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.

3 Whenthon, O Lord ! shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh ! how shall I appear !

KENTUCKY. S. M.



226

Mark 13 : 37.

C. WESLEY.

- A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill ;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

227

Eph. 4 : 30.

HYDE.

- AND canst thou, sinner ! slight
The call of love divine ?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine ?
- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed ?
- 3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray ;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

228

Luke 19 : 41.

BEDDOME.

- DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see !
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep ;
Each sin demands a tear ;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.
- 229 *Rev. 22 : 17.* ONDERDONK.
- THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come ;"
The bride, the Church of Christ, pro-
claims,
To all his children, "Come !"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come !"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come !
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh ! let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'T is Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come ;"
Lord, even so ; we wait thine hour ;
O blest Redeemer, come !

DETROIT. S. M.

1. Oh! where shall rest be found— Rest for the wea - ry soul?

’Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

230 *Deut. 30 : 19.* MONTGOMERY.

Oh! where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
’Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
’Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun:
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

231 *Matt. 25 : 13.* C. WESLEY.

Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear:—

2 Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
Oh! fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:—

3 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down!

4 Oh, may we all be found
Obedient to thy word,—
Attentive to the trumpet’s sound,
And looking for our Lord!

5 Oh, may we all insure
A home among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

232 *2 Cor. 6 : 2.* DOBELL.

Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
O sinners! come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour’s face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise, in his word,
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels spread their wings,
And bear the news above.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

1. { Sin - ners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Ma - ker, asks you— Why? }
 { God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with him - self to live,— }
 d. c. Why, ye thankless creatures! why, Will ye cross his love, and die?

He the fa - tal cause de - mands, Asks the work of his own hands,— d. c.

233

Ezek. 38 : 11.

C. WESLEY.

- SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Maker, asks you—Why?
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands,—
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love, and die?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?
 He who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself, that ye might live.
 Will ye let him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace, and die?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit asks you—Why?
 He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Urged you to embrace his love:
 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 O ye dying sinners! why,
 Why will ye forever die?

234

Matt. 11 : 28.

CRABBE.

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
 Come the way to Zion's gate;
 There, till mercy speaks within,
 Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait:

Knock—he knows the sinner's cry:

Weep—he loves the mourner's tears;
 Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
 Wait, till heavenly grace appears.

- 2 Hark! it is the Saviour's voice,
 "Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
 Now within the gate rejoice,
 Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest:
 Safe, from all the lures of vice;
 Owned, by joys the contrite know;
 Bought by love, and life the price;
 Blest, the mighty debt to owe.
- 3 Holy pilgrim! what for thee
 In a world like this remains?
 From thy guarded breast shall flee
 Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains:
 Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly,
 Shame, from glory's view retire;
 Doubt, in full belief, shall die,
 Pain, in endless bliss, expire.

235

Eph. 5 : 14.

ANON.

SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep;
 Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
 Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
 Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Be not blind and foolish still;
 Called of Jesus, learn his will;
 Jesus calls from death and night,
 Jesus waits to shed his light.

HORTON. 7s.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home; Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come;

236

Matt. 11 : 28.

BARBAULD.

238

Jas. 4 : 13.

T. SCOTT.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

HASTEN, sinner! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if thou still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn;
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

2 Hasten merey to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound!
Peace, that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

3 Hasten, sinner! to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

237

John 3 : 14.

TOPLADY.

4 Hasten, sinner! to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

WEARY sinner! keep thine eyes
On the atoning Sacrifice;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee.

2 Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne;
Weeping soul, no longer mourn;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

239 *Luke 15 : 18.* CLARKE.
BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother; homeward come.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him;
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay;
Look thy doubts and care away.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save.

4 Lord, come thou with power to heal;
Now thy mighty arm reveal:
At thy feet myself I lay;
Take, oh, take my sins away!

3 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy faintest prayer can hear;
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near.

WILL YOU GO? 8s & 3s.

1. { We're traveling home to heaven a-bove, Will you go? will you go? }
 d. c. And mil-lions more are on the road, Will you go? will you go? } Mil-

lions have reached that blest a-bode A-noint-ed kings and priests to God, D. c.

240

Num. 10 : 29.

ANON.

- We're traveling home to heaven above,
 Will you go?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love,
 Will you go?
 Millions have reached that blest abode,
 Anointed kings and priests to God,
 And millions more are on the road,
 Will you go?
- 2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
 Will you go?
 In rapturous strains to praise his name,
 Will you go?

- The crown of life we there shall wear,
 The conqueror's palms our hands shall
 bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
 Will you go?
- 3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
 Will you go?
 To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
 Will you go?
 There saints and angels gladly sing
 Hosanna to their God and King,
 And make the heavenly arches ring,
 Will you go?

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s. HYMN 24 I MOORE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
 2. Joy of the com-fortless, light of the straying, Hope of the pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure;
 3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish, Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
 Here speaks the Comforter, ten-der-ly say-ing— Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
 Come to the feast of love—come, ev-er know-ing Earth has no sorrow but heaven can re-move.

BELMONT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and wretched, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore,
 . c. He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.

Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power. *D.C.*

242 *Isa. 55 : 1.* HART.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and power.
 He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Ho, ye needy ; come, and welcome ;
 God's free bounty glorify !
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him ;
 This he gives you ;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

243 *2 Cor. 6 : 2.* REED.

HEAR, O sinner ! mercy hails you,
 Now with sweetest voice she ealls ;
 Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
 Ere the hand of justice falls ;
 Hear, O sinner !
 'Tis the voice of mercy ealls.

2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour !
 Seek his mercy while you may .
 Soon the day of grace is over ;
 Soon your life will pass away :
 Haste, O sinner !
 You must perish if you stay.

244 *Luke 15 : 10.* ALLEN

SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
 Coming from the courts above ?
 Mercy beams in every passage ;
 Every line is full of love ;
 Oh ! believe it,
 Every line is full of love.

2 Now the heralds of salvation
 Joyful news from heaven proclaim !
 Sinners freed from condemnation,
 Through the all-atoning Lamb !
 Life receiving
 Through the all-atoning Lamb.

3 O ye angels, hovering round us,
 Waiting spirits, speed your way ;
 Haste ye to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay :
 Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey.

245 *Ps. 51 : 10.* ANON.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer—
 Welcome to this heart of mine ;
 Lord, I make a full surrender,
 Every power and thought be thine.
 Thine entirely,
 Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
 Earth and hell will disappear ;
 Or in vain attempt possession,
 When they find the Lord is near ;
 Shout, O Zion !
 Shout, ye saints ! the Lord is here.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

246

John 1 : 29.

C. ELLIOTT.

- Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

247

Matt. 11 : 28.

C. ELLIOTT.

With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me;"

- 2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"
- 3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; Come to me!"
- 4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me!"

248

Ps. 31 : 5.

ANON.

- God of my life! thy boundless grace
Chose, pardoned, and adopted me;
My rest, my home, my dwelling-place;
Father! I come, I come to thee.
- 2 Jesus, my hope, my rock, my shield!
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into thy hands my soul I yield;
Saviour! I come, I come to thee.
- 3 Spirit of glory and of God!
Long hast thou deigned my guide to be;
Now be thy comfort sweet bestowed;
My God! I come, I come to thee.
- 4 I come to join that countless host
Who praise thy name unceasingly;
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
My God! I come, I come to thee.

AVON. C. M.

1. O thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh;
Whose hand in - dul - gent wipes the tears From sor - row's weep - ing eye;—

249

Hos. 14 : 7.

STEELE.

- O thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;—
- 2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—"Return?"
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!
- 4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
The sense of joy divine.

250

Prov. 23 : 26.

BRIDGES.

- My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine;
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.
- 2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.
- 3 Let every thought, and work, and word
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

251

Prov. 23 : 26.

BOURNE.

- WELCOME, O Saviour! to my heart;
Possess thine humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.
- 2 The world and Satan I forsake—
To thee, I all resign;
My longing heart, O Jesus! take,
And fill with love divine.
- 3 Oh! may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide—
I give it all to thee.

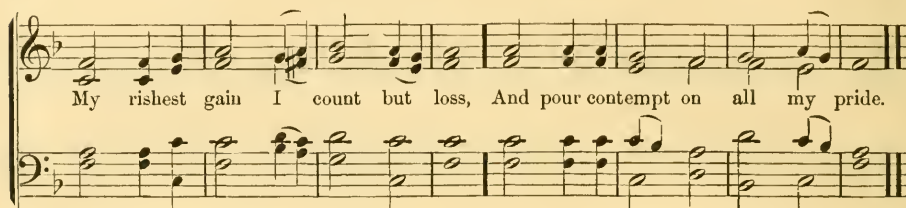
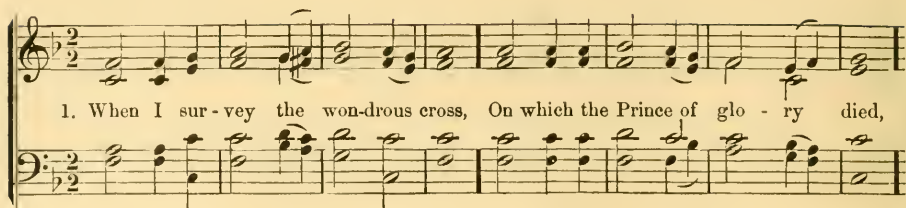
252

Ps. 51.

WATTS.

- O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone:
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul, oppressed with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

HAMBURG. L. M.



253

Gal. 6 : 14.

WATTS.

- WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord ! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.
- 254 *Ps. 51.* WATTS.
- Snow pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean !
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord !
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.
- 255 *Ps. 51.* WATTS.
- A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring :
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace :
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 4 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

EVEN ME. P. M.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scattering full and free; }
Show'rs the thirs - ty soul re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me! }

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drop - pings fall on me.

256

Ps. 55 : 6.

CODNER.

- Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty soul refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me!—*Ref.*
- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Lost and sinful though I be;
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me.—*Ref.*

- 3 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving thee!
Has the world my heart been keeping,
Oh! forgive and rescue me!—*Ref.*
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me.—*Ref.*

PASS ME NOT. 8s & 5s.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers thou art
D.S. While on oth-ers thou art

smil-ing, Do not pass me by. Sav-iour, Sav-iour, hear my hum-ble cry!
call-ing, Do not pass me by.

Fine, Chorus.

257

Gen. 27 : 34.

CROSBY.

- Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.—*Cho.*
- 2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;

- Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.—*Cho.*
- 3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.—*Cho.*

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8s.

1. Je - sus, let thy pit - ying eye Call back a wan - dering sheep ;
 D. s. Turn, and look up - on me, Lord! And break my heart of stone.
 Let me be by grace re - stored, On me be all long - suffering shown, D. S. F

258

Matt. 26 : 75.

C. WESLEY.

259

1 Cor. 2 : 2.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wandering sheep ;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep !
 Let me be by grace restored,
 On me be all long-suffering shown,
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord !
 And break my heart of stone.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good !
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood :
 All thy pleasures I forego ;
 I trample on thy wealth and pride ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus, crucified.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart :
 Give what I have long implored,
 A portion of thy grief unknown ;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord !
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Other knowledge I disdain ;
 'T is all but vanity :
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—
 He tasted death for me.
 Me to save from endless woe,
 The sin-atoning Victim died :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus, crucified.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die ;
 Life, and happiness, and love
 Beam from thy gracious eye :
 If thy mercies now are stirred,
 If now I do myself bemoan,
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord !
 And break my heart of stone.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end :
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend ;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus, crucified.

GAYLORD. 8s & 7s. D. .

1. Full of trem-bling ex - pec - ta - tion, Feel - ing much, and fear - ing more,
 Might - y God of my sal - va - tion! I thy time - ly aid im - plo - re;
 d. s. By thy sor - er griefs to cheer me, By thy more than mor - tal pain,
 Suf - fer - ing Son of Man! be near me, All my sufferings to sus - tain,
 d. s.

260

Heb. 2 : 18.

C. WESLEY.

- FULL of trembling expectation,
 Feeling much, and fearing more,
 Mighty God of my salvation!
 I thy timely aid implore;
 Suffering Son of Man! be near me,
 All my sufferings to sustain,
 By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
 By thy more than mortal pain.
- 2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
 In thy days of flesh below;
 When thy troubled soul did languish
 Under a whole world of woe;
 When thou didst our curse inherit,
 Groan beneath our guilty load,
 Burdened with a wounded spirit,
 Bruised by the wrath of God.
- 3 By thy most severe temptation,
 In that dark, satanic hour;
 By thy last mysterious passion,
 Screen me from the adverse power!
 By thy fainting in the garden,
 By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
 Write upon my heart the pardon,
 Take my sins and fears away.

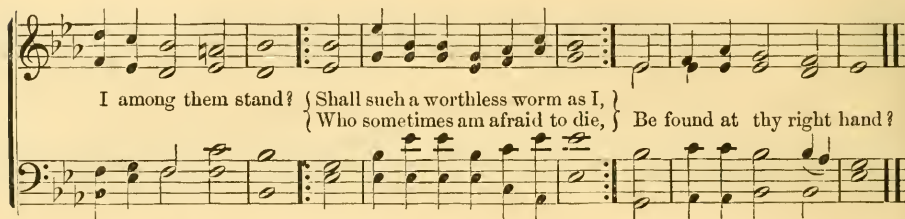
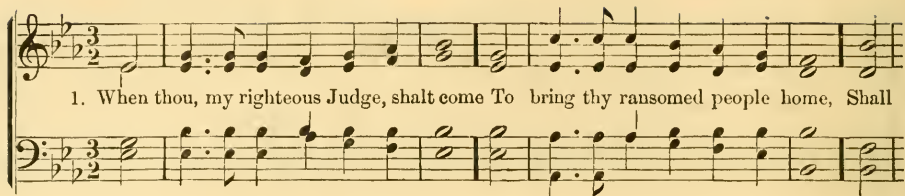
261

Ps. 51 : 10.

RAY PALMER.

- TAKE me, O my Father, take me!
 Take me, save me, through thy Son;
 That which thou wouldst have me,
 make me,
 Let thy will in me be done.
 Long from thee my footsteps straying,
 Thorny proved the way I trod;
 Weary come I now, and praying—
 Take me to thy love, my God!
- 2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
 Humbly I confess my sin;
 At thy feet, O Father, falling,
 To thy household take me in.
 Freely now to thee I proffer
 This relenting heart of mine;
 Freely life and soul I offer—
 Gift unworthy love like thine.
- 3 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
 Bare our sins upon the tree;
 On that sacrifice relying,
 Now I look in hope to thee;
 Father, take me! all forgiving
 Fold me to thy loving breast;
 In thy love forever living,
 I must be forever blest!

MERIBAH. C. P. M.



262

Matt. 25 : 46.

HUNTINGDON.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall
To see thy smiling face; [sound,
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be;
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

264

Gen. 24 : 56.

STEELE.

THE mind was formed to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapors dim her sight,
And hang, with cold oppressive weight,
Upon her drooping wings.

2 Bright scenes of bliss,—unclouded skies,
Invite my soul;—oh, could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below,
I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
And say, to every tempting snare,—
Heaven calls, and I must go:—

3 Heaven calls,—and can I yet delay?
Can aught on earth engage my stay?
Ah! wretched lingering heart!
Come, Lord! with strength, and life,
and light,
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

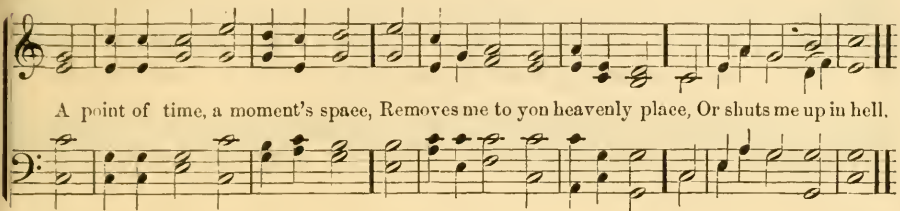
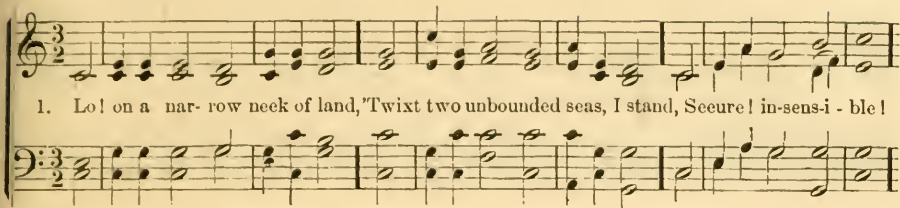
263

2 Cor. 5 : 21.

TOPLADY.

O thou who hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffered once for me.

GANGES. C. P. M.



265

2 Cor. 6 : 2.

C. WESLEY.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure! insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord! shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom!

4 Be this my one great business here,—
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

5 Then Saviour, then my soul receive,
Then bid me in thy presence live,
And reign with thee above;

Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

266

John 3 : 3.

OCKUM.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
One solemn truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.

2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul—
A vast oppressive load;
All creature-aid I saw was vain;
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

3 The saints I heard with rapture tell—
How Jesus conquered death and hell
To bring salvation near;
Yet still I found this truth remain—
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour passed that way,
My bondage to remove;
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

COOLING. C. M.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Sav - iour's pardoning blood

Ap - plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

267

Job 29 : 2.

NEWTON.

- SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue ;
And, when the evening shade prevailed,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;
And when I read his holy word,
I ealled each promise mine.
- 4 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 5 Rise, Saviour ! help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care ;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

268

Rom. 7 : 24.

STENNETT.

- WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here, at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure, never was a heart so base,
So false as mine has been ;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

- 3 Reason, I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve ;
But still I find it hard to obey,
And harder yet to love.
- 4 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast ?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest ?
- 5 Break, sovereign grace, oh, break the
charm,
And set the captive free ;
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

269

Isa. 66 : 2.

C. WESLEY.

- On ! for that tenderness of heart,
That bows before the Lord ;
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word.
- 2 Oh ! for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow ;
That sense of guilt which, trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow !
- 3 Saviour ! to me, in pity give,
For sin, the deep distress ;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace.
- 4 Oh ! fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will ;
Raise my desires and hopes above,—
Thyself to me reveal.

EVAN. C. M.

1. How oft, a - las! this wretch-ed heart Has wan-dered from the Lord!

How oft my rov - ing thoughts de - part, For - get - ful of his word!

270 *Jer. 3 : 22.* STEELE.

How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn:
Oh, take the wanderer home!

3 And canst thou,—wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more!

271 *Psa. 139 : 23.* G. P. MORRIS.

SEARCHER of hearts! from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to thee!

2 Hearer of prayer! oh, guide aright
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory thine.

3 Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost!
Thou glorious Three in One!
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let thy will be done.

272 *Gen. 5 : 24.* COWPER.

OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,—
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

ALETTA. 7s.

1. Depth of mer - cy!—can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me ?

Can my God his wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare ?

273

Hos. 11 : 8.

C. WESLEY.

- DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace;
 Long provoked him to his face;
 Would not hearken to his calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are;
 Me he now delights to spare;
 Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands;
 Shows his wounds and spreads his hands!
 God is love! I know, I feel:
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

274

Matt. 5 : 3.

C. WESLEY.

- WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
 Perfectly resigned to thee?
 Poor and vile in mine own eyes,
 Only in thy wisdom wise?
- 2 Only thee content to know,
 Ignorant of all below?
 Only guided by thy light,
 Only mighty in thy might?
- 3 Fully in my life express
 All the heights of holiness?
 Sweetly let my spirit prove
 All the depths of humble love.

275

Ps. 6 : 1, 2.

LYTR.

- GENTLY, gently, lay the rod
 On my sinful head, O God!
 Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,
 Lest I sink beneath its sway.
- 2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
 Heal me, for thy grace I seek;
 This my only plea I make,—
 Heal me for thy mercy's sake.
- 3 Lo! he comes—he heeds my plea;
 Lo! he comes—the shadows flee;
 Glory round me dawns once more;
 Rise, my spirit! and adore.

276

Isa. 32 : 17.

ANON.

- PRINCE of Peace, control my will;
 Bid this struggling heart be still;
 Bid my fears and doubtings cease;
 Hush my spirit into peace.
- 2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
 Opened wide the gate to God:
 Peace I ask—but peace must be,
 Lord, in being one with thee.
- 3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
 May thy will and mine be one;
 Chase these doubtings from my heart;
 Now thy perfect peace impart.
- 4 Saviour! at thy feet I fall;
 Thou my life, my God, my all!
 Let thy happy servant be
 One forevermore with thee!

TRUSTING. 7s.

1. I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 Cho. — I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Dear... Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Hum - bly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

277 1 John 1 : 7. McDONALD.

- I am coming to the cross;
 I am poor and weak and blind;
 I am counting all but dross;
 I shall full salvation find.—*Cho.*
- 2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
 Long has evil dwelt within;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
 I will cleanse you from all sin.—*Cho.*
- 3 Here I give my all to thee,—
 Friends and time and earthly store;
 Soul and body thine to be—
 Wholly thine forevermore.—*Cho.*
- 4 In the promises I trust;
 Now I feel the blood applied;
 I am prostrate in the dust;
 I with Christ am crucified.—*Cho.*

278 John 21 : 16. NEWTON.

- 'Tis a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought;
 Do I love the Lord, or no?
 Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 Could my heart so hard remain,
 Prayer a task and burden prove,
 Every trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 3 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all?
- 4 Lord, decide the doubtful ease,
 Thou who art thy people's Sun;
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,

Fine. *D. S.*

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;

279 Zech. 13 : 1. COWPER.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God,
 Are saved, to sin no more.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

1. { Je - sus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly... }
 { While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high... }
 d. c. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!..

Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide, Till the storm of life is past; D. C.

280

Ps. 57: 1.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS! lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stayed;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within;

Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

281

Deut. 32: 31.

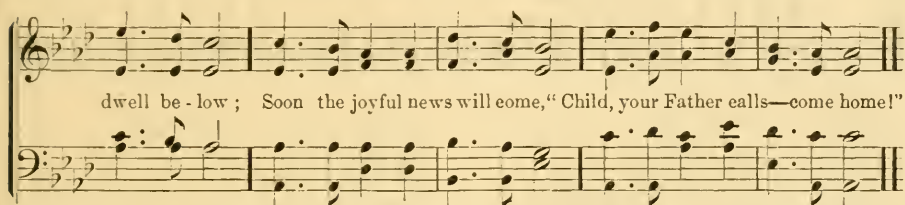
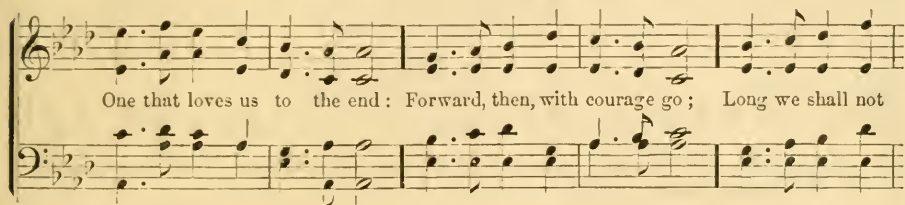
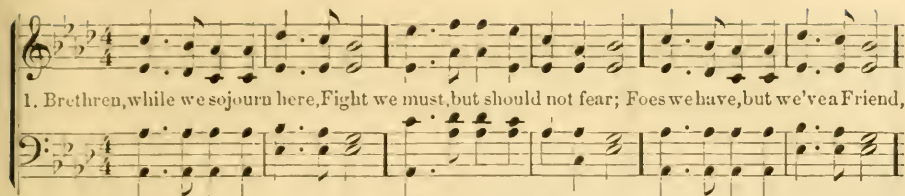
FRANCHE.

LORD, thou art my rock of strength,
 And my home is in thine arms;
 Thou wilt send me help at length,
 And I feel no wild alarms:
 Sin nor death can pierce the shield
 Thy defence has o'er me thrown,
 Up to thee myself I yield,
 And my sorrows are thine own.

2 When my trials tarry long
 Unto thee I look and wait;
 Knowing none, though keen and strong
 Can my trust in thee abate;
 And this faith I long have nursed,
 Comes alone, O God, from thee;
 Thou my heart didst open first,
 Thou didst set this hope in me.

3 Let thy mercy's wings be spread
 O'er me, keep me close to thee;
 In the peace thy love doth shed,
 Let me dwell eternally!
 Be my all: in all I do,
 Let me only seek thy will;
 Let my heart to thee be true
 And thus peaceful, calm, and still.

MESSIAH. 7s. D.



282

2 Cor. 7:5.

ANON.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part:
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

283

1 Cor. 12:27.

ANON.

WHEN along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath the load,
By its cares and sins oppressed,
Finds on earth no peace or rest;
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubt and fear:
Jesus, to thy feet we flee,
Jesus, we will look to thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne
List'nest to thy people's moan;
Thou, the living Head, dost share
Every pang thy members bear:
Full of tenderness thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
Full of power, thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.

3 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave;
Thou the bars of death hast riven,
Opened wide the gates of heaven;
Soon in glory thou shalt come,
Taking thy poor pilgrims home;
Jesus, then we all shall be,
Ever—ever—Lord, with thee.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.

1. Saviour, when in dust, to thee Low we bow th'adoring knee; When, repentant, to the skies
D. S. Bending from thy throne on high,

Scarce we lift our streaming eyes: Oh! by all thy pain and woe, Suffered once for man below,
Hear thy people while they cry! *Fine.*

284

The Litany.

GRANT.

- SAVIOUR, when in dust, to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes:
Oh! by all thy pain and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear thy people while they cry.
- 2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness:
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear thy people while they cry.
- 3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorn;
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries;
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear thy people while they cry.
- 4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save;

Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
Hear thy people while they cry.

285

2 Cor. 7:5.

BONAR.

- Oh, this soul, how dark and blind!
Oh, this foolish, earthly mind!
Oh, this froward, selfish will,
Which refuses to be still!
Oh, these ever-roaming eyes,
Upward that refuse to rise!
Oh, these wayward feet of mine,
Found in every path but thine!
- 2 Oh, this stubborn, prayerless knee,
Hands so seldom clasped to thee,
Longings of the soul, that go
Like the wild wind, to and fro!
To and fro, without an aim,
Turning idly whence they came,
Bringing in no joy, no bliss,
Only adding weariness!
- 3 Giver of the heavenly peace!
Bid, oh, bid these tumults cease;
Minister thy holy balm;
Fill me with thy Spirit's calm:
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Leave me not in sin to stay;
Bearer of the sinner's guilt,
Lead me, lead me, as thou wilt!

ATHENS. C. M. D.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Come un - to me and rest;
 Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast! *Fine.*
d. s. I found in him a rest - ing place, And he hath made me glad.

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad, *D.S. f*

286

Matth. 11 : 28.

BONAR.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,—
 "Come unto me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast!"
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad,
 I found in him a resting-place,
 And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
 "I am this dark world's light;
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
 And all thy day be bright!"
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till all my journey's done.

287

John 21 : 15.

DODDRIDGE.

Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
 Behold my heart, and see;
 And turn the dearest idol out
 That dares to rival thee.
 Is not thy name melodious still
 To mine attentive ear?
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
 My Saviour's voice to hear?

2 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
 I would disdain to feed?
 Hast thou a foe before whose face
 I fear thy cause to plead?
 Thou knowest that I love thee, Lord;
 But oh! I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more.

288

Matth. 18 : 3.

ANON.

On, see how Jesus trusts himself
 Unto our childish love!
 As though by his free ways with us
 Our earnestness to prove.
 His sacred name a common word
 On earth he loves to hear;
 There is no majesty in him
 Which love may not come near.

2 The light of love is round his feet,
 His paths are never dim;
 And he comes nigh to us when we
 Dare not come nigh to him.
 Let us be simple with him then,
 Not backward, stiff, nor cold,
 As though our Bethlehem could be
 What Sinai was of old.

NONE BUT JESUS. P. M.

1. Weeping will not save me— Tho' my face were bath'd in tears, That could not al - lay my fears,
Could not wash the sins of years, Weeping will not save me. CHORUS.
Je - sus wept and died for me;
Je - sus suffered on the tree; Je - sus waits to make me free; He a - lone can save me.

289

Acts 4 : 12.

LOWRY.

WEeping will not save me—
Though my face were bathed in tears,
That could not allay my fears,
Could not wash the sins of years,
Weeping will not save me.—*Cho.*

2 Working will not save me—
Purest deeds that I can do,
Honest thought and feelings too,
Cannot form my soul anew,
Working will not save me.—*Cho.*

3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
In my ear is merey's ery;
If I wait I can but die—
Waiting will not save me.—*Cho.*

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
Let me trust thy weeping Son;
Trust the work that he has done;
To his arms, Lord, help me run—
Faith in Christ will save me.—*Cho.*

NEAR THE CROSS. 7s & 6s.

1. Jesus, keep me near the Cross, There a precious fountain, Free to all, a healing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.
CHORUS.
In the Cross, In the Cross Be my glory ev - er, Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.

290

John 19 : 25.

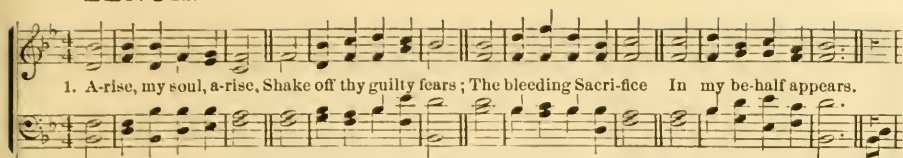
CROSBY.

JESUS, keep me near the cross,
There a preeious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.—*Cho.*

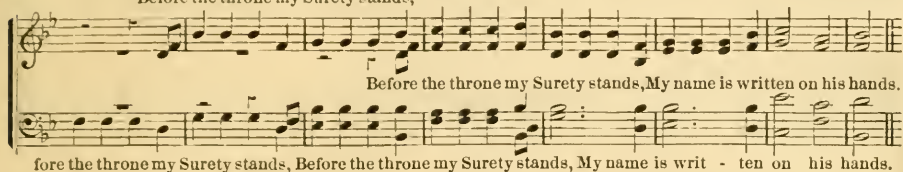
2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and merey found me;

There the bright and morning star
Sheds its beams around me.—*Cho.*
3 Near the Cross! oh, Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.—*Cho.*

LENOX. H. M.



Before the throne my Surety stands,



fore the throne my Surety stands, Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

291 *Heb. 7 : 22.* C. WESLEY.

ARISE, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands:
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

292 *Phil. 4 : 4.* J. RIPPON.

REJOICE! the Lord is King!
Your God and King adore;
Mortals! give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart—lift up the voice—
Rejoice aloud, ye saints! rejoice.

2 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up the heart—lift up the voice—
Rejoice aloud, ye saints! rejoice.

3 He all his foes shall quell—
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell

With pure seraphic joy:

Lift up the heart—lift up the voice—
Rejoice aloud, ye saints! rejoice.

293 *Ps. 118 : 22.* CHANDLER.

CHRIST is our Corner-stone;
On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone

The courts of heaven are filled:
On his great love | Of present grace
Our hopes we place, | And joys above.

2 Oh, then, with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring!
Our voices we will raise,

The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim | Both loud and long,
In joyful song, | That glorious Name.

294 *Luke 4 : 19.* C. WESLEY.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb!
Redemption by his blood,
Through every land, proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos-pel ar - mor on;

March to the gates of end-less joy, Where Je-sus, thy great Captain's gone.

295

Eph. 6 : 14.

WATTS.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

296

Isa. 40 : 28-31.

WATTS.

AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on!

- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint—
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road!

297

Eph. 6 : 12.

BARBAULD.

AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

- 2 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 3 Thou treadest on enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part—
But most the traitor in thy heart.
- 4 The terror and the charm repel,
The powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here:
Why should his faithful followers fear?
- 5 Come then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor, from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly
 race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor-tal crown, And an im - mor-tal crown.

298

Phil. 3 : 14.

DODDRIDGE.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
 That calls thee from on high;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
 Have I my race begun;
 And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
 I'll lay my honors down.

299

2 Tim. 2 : 3.

WATTS.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease?
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord!
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die;
 They view the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

300

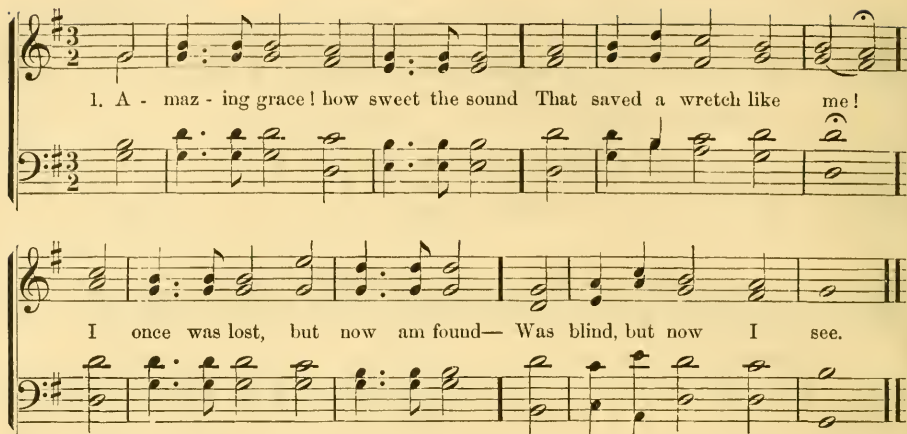
2 Tim. 1 : 12.

WATTS

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause;
 Maintain the honor of his word,
 The glory of his cross.

- 2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
 His name is all my trust;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

ARLINGTON. C. M.



301

Eph. 2 : 8.

NEWTON.

- AMAZING grace ! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed !
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come ;
'T is grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 Yea—when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
- 5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

302

Is. 40 : 28-31.

WATTS.

- WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise,
And where's our courage fled ?
Has restless sin, or raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead ?
- 2 Have we forgot the almighty Name
That formed the earth and sea ?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay ?

3 Treasures of everlasting might

In our Jehovah dwell ;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease ;
But we who wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

303

Heb. 11 : 13.

NEEDHAM.

- Rise, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod ;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.
- 2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live ;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.
- 3 'T was through the Lamb's most precious
blood
They conquered every foe ;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.
- 4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
That led them safe to heaven.

ARCADIA. C. M.

1. In time of fear, when trouble's near, I look to thine a-bode; Tho' helpers fail, and foes prevail, I'll put my trust in God, I'll put my trust in God.

304 *Isa. 26 : 3.* HASTINGS.

In time of fear, when trouble's near,
I look to thine abode;
Though helpers fail, and foes prevail,
I'll put my trust in God.

2 And what is life, 'mid toil and strife?
What terror has the grave?
Thine arm of power, in peril's hour,
The trembling soul will save.

3 In darkest skies, though storms arise,
I will not be dismayed:
O God of light, and boundless might,
My soul on thee is stayed!

305 *Isa. 35 : 8-10.* DODDRIDGE.

SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.

3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye
While laboring up the hill.

306 *Psa. 76 : 10.* BEDDOME.

YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell:
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

307 *Rom. 8 : 31.* FABER

GOD'S glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

2 Oh, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

3 And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

4 Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

5 And right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

OLMUTZ. S. M.

1. Your harps, ye trem - bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take:
Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev - 'ry string a - wake.

308

Rom. 13 : 11.

TOPLADY.

- Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take :
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control ;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O Lord,
Who stays himself on thee ;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

309

Ps. 27 : 14.

GERHARDT.

GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.

- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time ; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 'Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.
- 4 What though thou rulest not !
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

310

Isa. 54 : 8.

GALLAGHER

- THE sun himself shall fade,
The starry worlds shall fall ;
Yet through a vast eternity,
Shall God be all in all.
- 2 Though now his ways are dark,
Concealed from mortal sight,
His counsels are divinely wise,
And all his judgments right.
- 3 In God my trust shall stand,
While waves of sorrow roll ;
In life or death his name shall be
The refuge of my soul.
- 4 Cease, cease my tears to flow,
Cease, cease my heart to moan
Betide what may to me, I'll say,
His holy will be done !

DENNIS. S. M.

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands ! How kind his pre - cepts are !

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

3 I I 1 Pet. 5 : 7. DODDRIDGE.

How gentle God's commands !
 How kind his precepts are !
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
 And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
 His saints securely dwell ;
 That hand which bears creation up
 Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
 Press down your weary mind ?
 Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
 And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
 Unchanged from day to day :
 I'll drop my burden at his feet,
 And bear a song away.

3 I 2 Gen. 22 : 14. SWAIN.

I STAND ON Zion's mount,
 And view my starry crown ;
 No power on earth my hope can shake,
 Nor hell can thrust me down.

2 The lofty hills and towers,
 That lift their heads on high,
 Shall all be leveled low in dust—
 Their very names shall die.

3 The vaulted heavens shall fall,
 Built by Jehovah's hands ;
 But firmer than the heavens, the Rock
 Of my salvation stands !

3 I 3 Ps. 126 : 5. BURGESS.

THE harvest dawn is near,
 The year delays not long ;
 And he who sows with many a tear,
 Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
 His seed with weeping leaves ;
 But he shall come, at twilight's close,
 And bring his golden sheaves.

3 I 4 Rev. 21 : 3, 4. ANON.

THE people of the Lord
 Are on their way to heaven ;
 There they obtain their great reward ;
 The prize will there be given.

2 'Tis conflict here below ;
 'Tis triumph there, and peace :
 On earth we wrestle with the foe ;
 In heaven our conflicts cease.

3 'Tis gloom and darkness here ;
 'Tis light and joy above ;
 There all is pure, and all is clear ;
 There all is peace and love.

4 There rest shall follow toil,
 And ease succeed to care :
 The victors there divide the spoil ;
 They sing and triumph there.

5 Then let us joyful sing ;
 The conflict is not long :
 We hope in heaven to praise our King
 In one eternal song.

YARMOUTH. 7s & 6s. D.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal ban - ner, It
must not suffer loss: From vic'try un-to vic - t'ry His army shall he lead, Till every foe is
vanquished, Till every foe is vanquished, Till every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.

317

Eph. 6 : 13.

DUFFIELD.

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!

Ye soldiers of the cross;

Lift high his royal banner,

It must not suffer loss:

From victory unto victory

His army shall he lead,

Till every foe is vanquished,

And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

The trumpet call obey;

Forth to the mighty conflict,

In this his glorious day:

“Ye that are men, now serve him,”

Against unnumbered foes;

Your courage rise with danger,

And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

Stand in his strength alone;

The arm of flesh will fail you—

Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armor,

And, watching unto prayer,

Where duty calls, or danger,

Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

The strife will not be long;

This day the noise of battle,

The next the victor's song:

To him that overcometh,

A crown of life shall be;

He with the King of Glory

Shall reign eternally!

318

Ps. 27.

MONTGOMERY.

God is my strong salvation;

What foe have I to fear?

In darkness and temptation,

My Light, my Help is near:

Though hosts encamp around me,

Firm in the fight I stand;

What terror can confound me,

With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;

My soul, with courage wait;

His truth be thine affiance,

When faint and desolate:

His might thy heart shall strengthen,

His love thy joy increase;

Mercy thy day shall lengthen;

The Lord will give thee peace!

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his

ex - cel - lent word ; What more can he say, than to you he hath said— To you, who for

ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?

319

Heb. 13 : 5.

KIRKHAM.

- How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,—
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

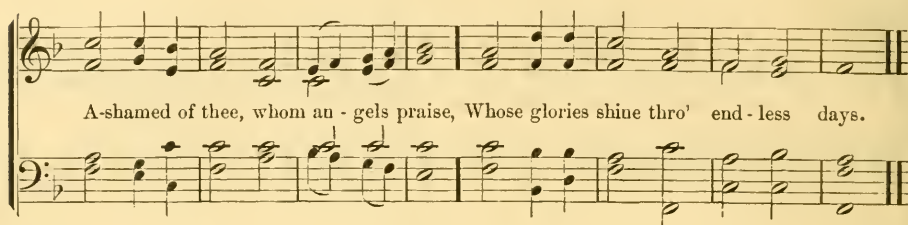
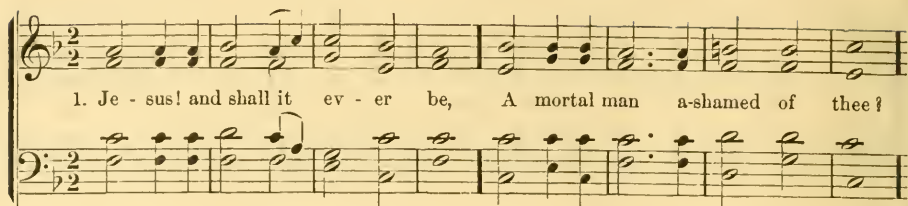
PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1. Chil-dren of the heavenly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing ;

Sing your Sav - iour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.

- 320 *Isa. 35 : 8-10.* CENNICK.
- CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest !
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepared ;
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.
- 321 *Acts 4 : 19, 20.* LOWELL.
- THEY are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, seofling, and abuse,
Rather than, in silence, shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
- 2 They are slaves, who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak ;
They are slaves, who dare not be
In the right with two or three.
- 322 *1 Tim. 6 : 12.* H. K. WHITE.
- MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Fight the fight ; and worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Join the war, and face the foe ;
Faint not : much doth yet remain ;
Dreary is the long campaign.
- 3 Shrink not, Christians—will ye yield ?
Will ye quit the battle-field ?
Fight till all the conflict's o'er,
Nor your foes shall rally more.
- 4 But, when loud the trumpet blown,
Speaks their forces overthrown,
Christ, your Captain, shall bestow
Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow.
- 323 *Eph. 6 : 13.* MAITLAND.
- CHRISTIAN, let your heart be glad !
March, in heavenly armor clad ;
Fight ! nor think the battle long ;
Victory soon will tune your song.
- 2 Let not sorrow dim your eye ;
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impede ;
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 3 Onward then to battle move !
More than conqu'ror you shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldier, onward go !

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



324

Mark 8 : 38.

GRIGG.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here may I build, and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Forever sure the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

326

1 Cor. 6 : 19.

S. F. SMITH.

Oh, not my own these verdant hills,
And fruits, and flowers, and stream, and
wood;
But his who all with glory fills,
Who bought me with his precious blood.

2 Oh, not my own this wondrous frame,
Its curious work, its living soul;
But his who for my ransom came;
Slain for my sake, he claims the whole.

4 Oh, not my own the grace that keeps
My feet from fierce temptations free;
Oh, not my own the thought that leaps,
Adoring, blessed Lord, to thee.

4 Oh, not my own; I'll soar and sing,
When life, with all its toils, is o'er,
And thou thy trembling lamb shalt bring
Safe home, to wander nevermore.

325

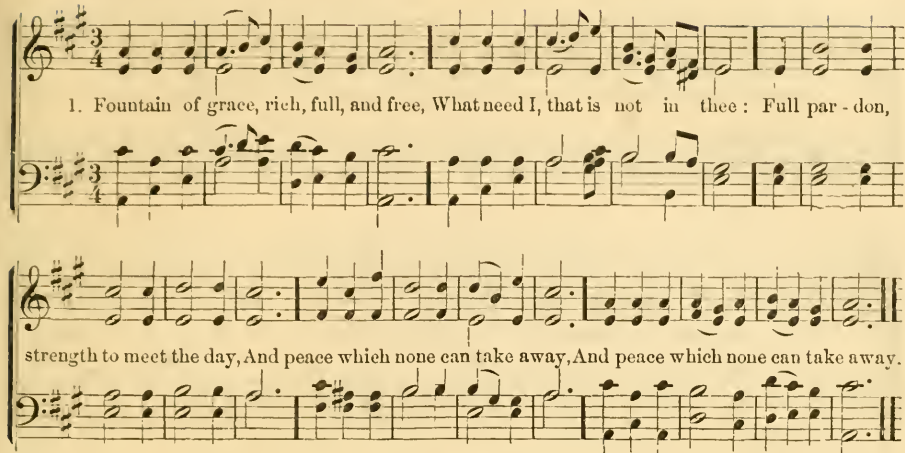
John 14 : 19.

STEELE.

WHEN sins and fears, prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes;
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die?
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word—
That word which built the earth and sky.

PARK STREET. L. M.



- 327 *Col. 1 : 19.* ANON.
 FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
 What need I, that is not in thee :
 Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
 And peace which none can take away.
- 2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear,
 'Tis sweet to know that thou art near ;
 Am I with dread of justice tried,
 'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.
- 3 In life, thy promises of aid
 Forbid my heart to be afraid ;
 In death, peace gently veils the eyes,—
 Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.
- 328 *Heb. 2 : 16.* GIBBORNE.
 SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,
 My soul, adoring, turns to thee ;
 Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
 And wrapped in shades of death for me.
- 2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
 When crimson gleams the east adorn ;
 Thee, Victor of the grave and hell ;
 Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.
- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
 To thee my soul triumphant springs ;
 Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze ;
 Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.
- 4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
 To death and thee my thoughts I give ;
 To death, whose power I soon must feel ;
 To thee, with whom I trust to live.
- 329 *Col. 4 : 12.* MRS. HINSDALE.
 MY soul complete in Jesus stands !
 It fears no more the law's demands ;
 The smile of God is sweet within,
 Where all before was guilt and sin.
- 2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives ;
 Accepts the peace his pardon gives ;
 Receives the grace his death secured,
 And pleads the anguish he endured.
- 3 My soul its every foe defies,
 And cries—'Tis God that justifies !
 Who charges God's elect with sin ?
 Shall Christ, who died their peace to win ?
- 4 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
 To our eternal, glorious King !
 Shall worship humbly at his feet,
 In whom alone it stands complete.
- 330 *Eph. 3 : 10.* ANON.
 LIGHT of the soul ! O Saviour blest !
 Soon as thy presence fills the breast,
 Darkness and guilt are put to flight,
 And all is sweetness and delight.
- 2 Son of the Father ! Lord most high !
 How glad is he who feels thee nigh !
 Come in thy hidden majesty ;
 Fill us with love, fill us with thee.
- 3 Jesus is from the proud concealed,
 But evermore to babes revealed ;
 Through him, unto the Father be
 Glory and praise eternally !

GREENWOOD. S. M.

1. Since Je - sus is my friend, And I to him be - long,
It mat-ters not what foes in - tend, How - ev - er fierce and strong.

331 *John. 14 : 3.* GERHARDT.

- SINCE Jesus is my friend,
And I to him belong,
It matters not what foes intend,
However fierce and strong.
- 2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find him near ;—
- 3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.
- 4 My heart for gladness springs ;
It cannot more be sad ;
For very joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.
- 5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love ;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

332 *Ps. 31.* LYTE.

- My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline,
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.
- 2 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform ;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

- 3 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,—
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

333 *Ps. 23 : 4.* STEELE.

- WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear :
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore ;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

334 *1 Pet. 1 : 8.* WATTS.

- NOR with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord ;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face ;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

SHEPHERD. 11s & 10s.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, he makes me re-pose Where the
pas-tures in beau-ty are grow-ing; He leads me a-far from the
world and its woes, Where in peace the still wa-ters are flow-ing.

335

Ps. 23.

KNOX.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me
repose

Where the pastures in beauty are
growing.

He leads me afar from the world and its
woes,

Where in peace the still waters are
flowing.

2 He strengthens my spirit, he shows me
the path

Where the arms of his love shall
enfold me,

And when I walk through the dark val-
ley of death,

His rod and his staff will uphold me!

336

Cant. 1 : 7, 8.

HASTINGS.

Oh, tell me, thou Life and Delight of
my soul,

Where the flock of thy pasture are
feeding;

I seek thy protection, I need thy control,
I would go where my Shepherd is
leading.

2 Oh, tell me the place where thy flock
are at rest,

Where the noontide will find them
reposing;

The tempest now rages, my soul is dis-
tressed,

And the pathway of peace I am losing.

3 And why should I stray with the flocks
of thy foes,

In the desert where now they are
roving;

Where hunger and thirst, where conten-
tions and woes

And fierce conflicts their ruin are
proving?

4 Ah, when shall my woes and my wan-
dering cease,

And the follies that fill me with weep-
ing?

O Shepherd of Israel, restore me that
peace,

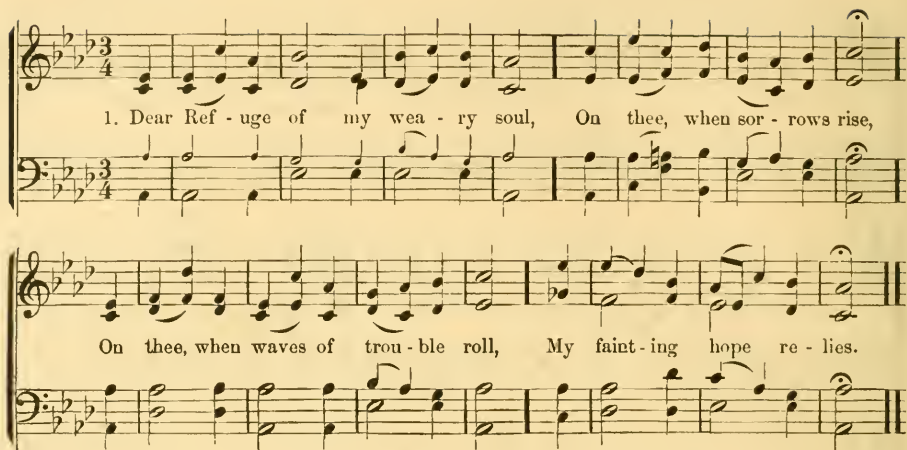
Thou dost give to the flock thou art
keeping!

5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids me
return,

By the way where the footprints are
lying;

No longer to wander, no longer to mourn:
And homeward my spirit is flying.

CHURCH. C. M.



1. Dear Ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, On thee, when sor - rows rise,
On thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.

337

Jer. 16 : 19.

STEELE.

- DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But oh ! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust :
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

338

Ps. 25 : 14.

WESLEY.

- SPEAK to me, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here on earth I rove ;
Speak to my heart, and let me feel
The kindling of thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, I forget
All time and toil and care ;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

- 3 Thou callest me to seek thy face ;
Thy face, O God, I seek,—
Attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee only speak.

- 4 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

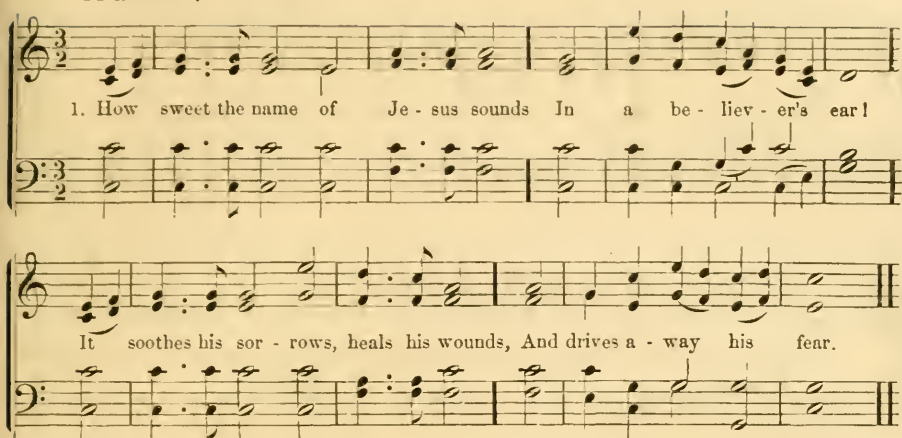
339

1 Cor. 1 : 22-24.

WATTS.

- DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood ?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
Thy Father smiles again ;
'T is by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find :
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin :
His name forbids my slavish fear ;
His grace removes my sin.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

HEBER, C. M.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

340 *1 Pet. 2 : 7.* NEWTON.
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

341 *Matt. 1 : 21.* DODDRIDGE.
Jesus! I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes!—thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

342 *Matt. 17 : 8.* BERNARD.
Jesus, the very thought of thee,
With sweetness fills my breast:
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel,
while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

343

1 Pet. 2 : 7.

MEDLEY.

- Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt,
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:

Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

344

Luke 10 : 42.

C. WESLEY.

- Oh, that I could forever sit,
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice,—
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!
- 2 Oh that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast:
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord! to find in thee
My everlasting rest!
- 3 God only knows the love of God;
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For this I sigh; for thee I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine the better part!

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me: His loving-kindness, oh, how free! Loving-kindness, Loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

345

Ps. 36 : 7.

MEDLEY.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

SING FOR JESUS. P. M.

HYMN 346

P. PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing for Je - sus, With his blood he bought me; And all a - long my
2. Can there o - ver - take me An - y dark dis - as - ter, While I sing for
3. I will sing for Je - sus! His name a - lone pre - vail - ing, Shall be my sweetest
4. Still I'll sing for Je - sus! Oh, how will I a - dore him, A - mong the clouds of

Chorus.

pil - grim way His lov - ing hand has brought me. Oh, help me sing for Je - sus, Help me
Je - sus, My bless - ed, bless - ed Mas - ter!
mu - sic, When heart and flesh are fail - ing.
wit - ness - es, Who cast their crowns before him!

tell the sto - ry Of him who did re - deem us, The Lord of life and glo - ry.

BAYLEY. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing,— Joy of heaven, to earth come down!

Fix in us thy hum - ble dwelling, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown :
D.S. Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.

Je - sus! thou art all compas - sion, Pure, unbound - ed love thou art ;

347

Phil. 1 : 6.

C. WESLEY.

Love divine, all love excell-ing,—
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown :
Jesus ! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast !
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest :
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive !
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave !

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be :
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee !
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place ;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

348

John 15 : 4.

SPITTA.

ALL is dying ; hearts are breaking
Which to ours were closely bound ;
And the lips have ceased from speaking
Which once uttered such sweet sound ;
And the arms are powerless lying,
Which were our support and stay ;
And the eyes are dim and dying,
Which once watched us night and day.

2 Everything we love and cherish
Hastens onward to the grave ;
Earthly joys and pleasures perish,
And whate'er the world e'er gave.
All is fading, all is fleeing ;
Earthly flames must cease to glow,
Earthly beings cease from being,
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.

3 Yet unchanged while all decayeth,
Jesus stands upon the dust ;
Lean on me alone, he saith ;
Hope and love, and firmly trust !
Oh, abide, abide with Jesus,
Who himself forever lives,
Who from death eternal frees us,
Yea, who life eternal gives !

ELLESDIE. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low thee ;

Nak - ed, poor, de - spised, for-sak - en, Thou. from hence, my all shalt be !
d. s. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own !

Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, D. S.

349

Luke 9 : 23.

LYTE.

- Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be !
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own !
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
Oh ! while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest !
Oh ! 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
Oh ! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

- 4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure !
Come disaster, scorn, and pain !
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father !
I have stayed my heart on thee !
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

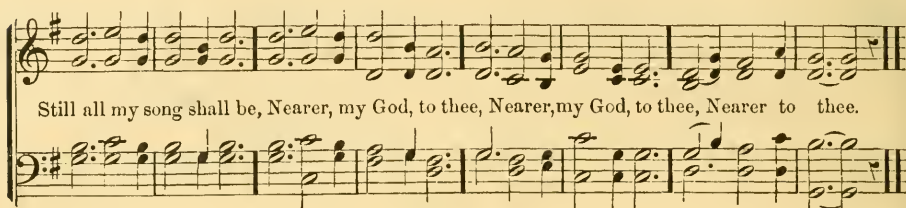
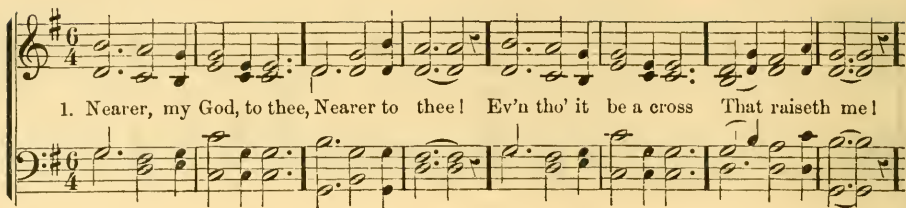
350

1 John 3 : 1.

LYTE.

- Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
Think that Jesus died to win thee ;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer !
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there :
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.



351

Gen. 28 : 10-22.

S. F. ADAMS.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

352

Isa. 42 : 16.

C. S. R.

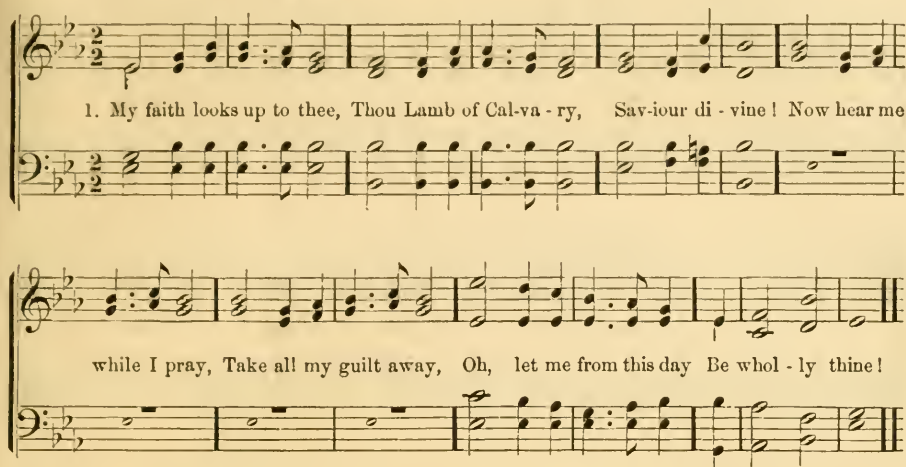
SAVIOUR! I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill,
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

3 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent,
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught.

4 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand,
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me!

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va - ry, Sav-iour di - vine ! Now hear me

while I pray, Take all my guilt away, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly thine !

353

Isa. 45 : 22.

RAY PALMER.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine !

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart ;
My zeal inspire ;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to-day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour ! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul !

354

Heb. 12 : 2.

HASTINGS.

SAVIOUR, I look to thee,
Be not thou far from me,
'Mid storms that lower :
On me thy care bestow,
Thy loving-kindness show,
Thine arms around me throw,
This trying hour.

2 Saviour, I look to thee,
Feeble as infancy,
Gird up my heart :
Author of life and light,
Thou hast an arm of might,
Thine is the sovereign right,
Thy strength impart.

3 Saviour, I look to thee,
Let me thy fullness see,
Save me from fear ;
While at thy cross I kneel,
All my backslidings heal,
And a free pardon seal,
My soul to cheer.

4 Saviour, I look to thee,
Thine shall the glory be,
Hearer of prayer :
Thou art my only aid,
On thee my soul is stayed,
Naught can my heart invade,
While thou art near.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

1. One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of Friend ;

His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.

355

Prov. 18 : 24.

NEWTON.

- ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
- 3 When he lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.
- 4 Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften,
Teach us, Lord, at length, to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

356

Matt. 17 : 8.

NASON.

- JESUS only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread ;
Jesus only, when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.
- 2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll ;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.
- 3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall ;
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.

- 4 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before him bring ;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

357

John 8 : 36.

ANON.

- SAVIOUR, hear us, through thy merit
Lowly bending at thy feet ;
Oh, draw near us by thy Spirit ;
Prostrate at thy mercy-seat.
- 2 For the joys of thy salvation,
Still we raise our cries to thee ;
Hear the voice of supplication,
Set our souls at liberty.


358

Matt. 28 : 20.

NEVIN.

- ALWAYS with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love ;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.
- 2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none ;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.
- 3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear ;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stillling every anxious fear.
- 4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream ;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

FULTON. 7s.



1. Sav-iour! teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les-son to o-bey;
Sweet-er les-son can-not be, Lov-ing him who first loved me.

359

1 John 4 : 19.

ANON.

SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

360

John 14 : 6.

FURNESS.

FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die?
Who, O God! my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

2 Blesséd Father, gracious One!
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die.

4 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Saviour, near.

361

1 Cor. 15 : 10.

KELLY.

BLESSÉD fountain, full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me,
To this source alone I trace
What I am and hope to be.

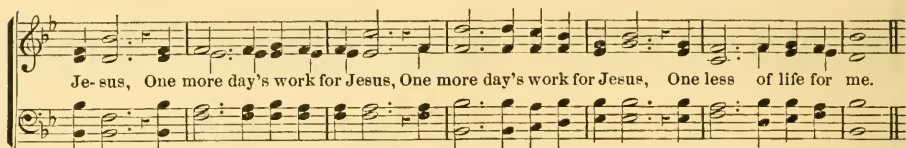
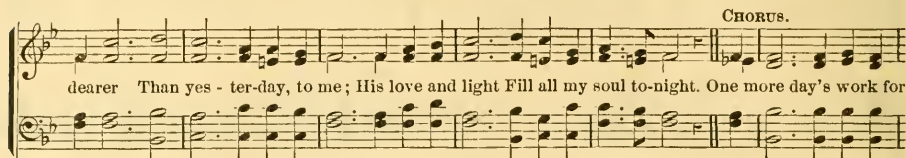
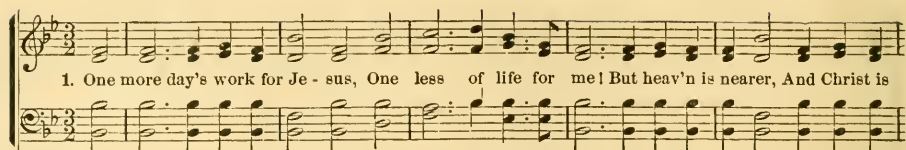
2 What I am, as one redeemed,
Saved and rescued by the Lord;
Hating what I once esteemed,
Loving what I once abhorred.

3 What I hope to be ere long,
When I take my place above;
When I join the heavenly throng;
When I see the God of love.

4 Then I hope like him to be,
Who redeemed his saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Through a veil that stands between.

5 Blesséd fountain, full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me;
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be.

ONE MORE DAY. P. M.



362

Rom. 13 : 11.

ANON.

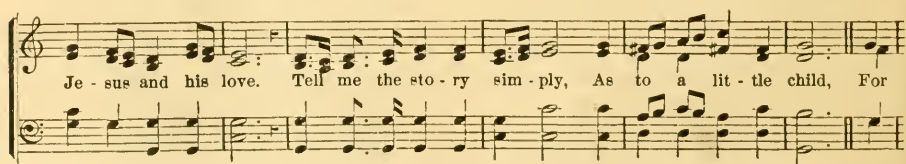
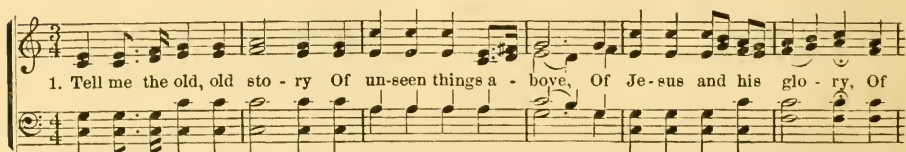
ONE more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!
But heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer
Than yesterday, to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.—*Cho.*

2 One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!—*Cho.*

3 One more day's work for Jesus—
Oh, yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before his face I fall.—*Cho.*

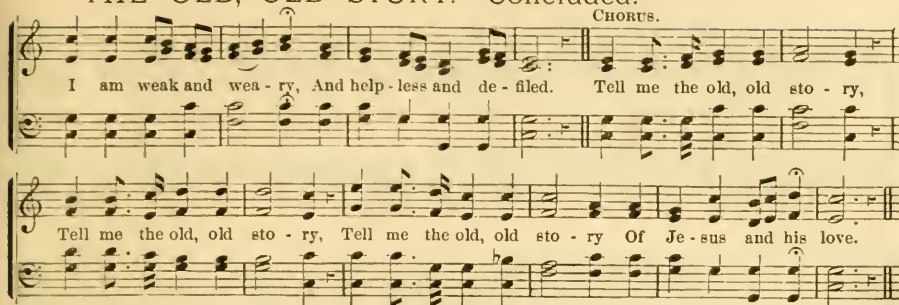
4 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!—*Cho.*

THE OLD, OLD STORY. 7s & 6s. D.



THE OLD, OLD STORY. Concluded.

CHORUS.



I am weak and wea-ry, And help-less and de-filed. Tell me the old, old sto-ry,
Tell me the old, old sto-ry, Tell me the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and his love.

363

John 3 : 16.

ANON.

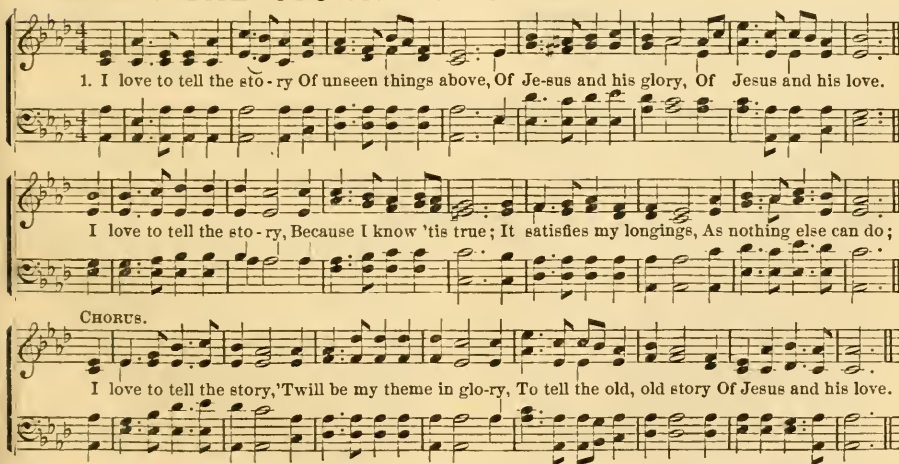
TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.—*Cho.*

2 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave ;
Remember ! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.—*Cho.*

3 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story :
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."—*Cho.*

TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s. D.



1. I love to tell the sto-ry Of unseen things above, Of Je-sus and his glory, Of Je-sus and his love.
I love to tell the sto-ry, Because I know 'tis true ; It satisfies my longings, As nothing else can do ;
CHORUS.
I love to tell the story, 'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old story Of Je-sus and his love.

364

1 Tim. 1 : 15.

ANON.

2 I love to tell the story ;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story ;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—*Cho.*

3 I love to tell the story ;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long !—*Cho.*

DUKE STREET. L. M.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk thro' deserts dark as night ;

Till we ar - rive at heaven, our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

365

Faith.—*Heb. 11 : 8.*

WATTS.

'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night ;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray ;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

366

Self-denial.—*Luke 9 : 23.*

KEBLE.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set, to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

2 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

3 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

4 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

367

Love.—*1 Cor. 13 : 1.*

WATTS.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell—
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor ;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name :

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

368

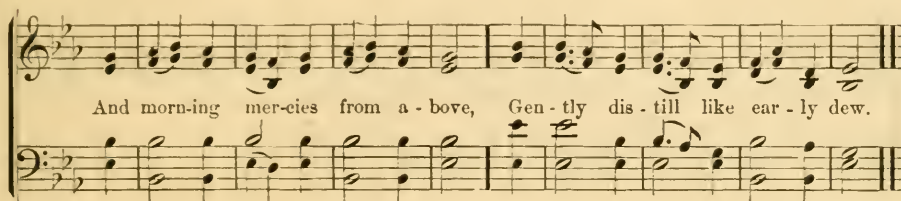
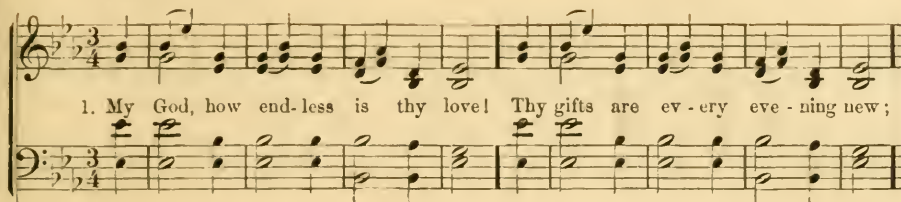
Consistency.—*Titus 2 : 10-13.* WATTS

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God ;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord :
And faith stands leaning on his word.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

369 Gratitude.—*Lam. 3 : 23.* WATTS.

My God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command ;
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

370 Completeness.—*Col. 2 : 10.* A. R. W.

COMPLETE in thee ! no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine ;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

2 Complete in thee—no more shall sin,
Thy grace has conquered, reign within ;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more—complete in thee.

4 Dear Saviour ! when, before thy bar
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among thy chosen may I be
At thy right hand—complete in thee.

371 Contentment.—*Phil. 4 : 11.* GUION.

O LORD, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent !
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time ;
Our country is in every clime :
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with our God to guide our way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

372 Meekness.—*Matt. 5 : 5.* J. SCOTT

HAPPY the meek whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade ;
He rests beneath th' Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild !
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess :
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us as we aim to bless.

VALENTIA. C. M.

1. Oh, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith! My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love, Shouldst give that gift to me?

373

Faith.—*Eph. 2 : 8.*

FABER.

- Oh, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?
- 2 How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!
- 3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.
- 4 The crowd of eares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light—
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.
- 5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death!

374

Godly Sincerity.—*Eph. 5 : 8.*

BARTON.

- WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

- 3 Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

- 4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
Thy path, though thorny, bright,
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

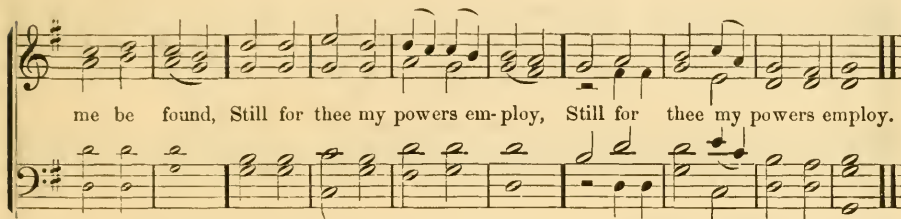
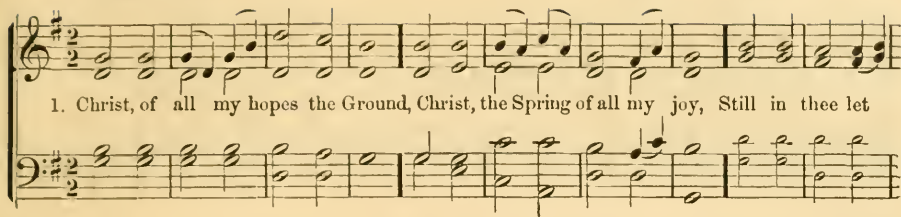
375

Gentleness.—*2 Tim. 2 : 24.*

BATES.

- SPEAK gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.
- 2 Speak gently to the young—for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may
'T is full of anxious care.
- 3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the earworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.
- 4 Speak gently to the erring ones—
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!
- 5 Speak gently—'t is a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

HENDON. 7s.



376

In Christ.—*Phil. 1 : 21.* WARDLAW.

CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,
Christ, the Spring of all my joy,
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace !
Freely from thy fullness give ;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live !"

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound ;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll !
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus,—oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky ;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

377

Likeness to Christ. MONTGOMERY.

FATHER of eternal grace !
Glorify thyself in me ;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown ;
Fix my thoughts on things above,—
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To thy will :—thy will be done
Give me, Lord ! the perfect mind
Of thy well beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod ;
Die with Jesus on the cross,—
Rise with him, to thee, my God !

378

Fellowship.—*Eph. 4 : 5.* WESLEYAN.

FATHER, hear our humble claim ;
We are met in thy great name ;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here.

2 Lord, our fellowship increase ;
Knit us in the bond of peace ;
Join our hearts, O Father ! join
Each to each, and all to thine.

3 Move and actuate and guide,
Diverse gifts to each divide ;
Placed according to thy will,
Let us each his work fulfill.

4 Build us in one spirit up,
Called in one high calling's hope,
One the spirit, one the aim,
One the pure baptismal flame ;—

5 One the faith, and one the Lord,
Whom, by heaven and earth adored,
We our God and Father call ;—
O'er all, through all, with us all.

NAOMI. C. M.

1. Fa-ther! whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-ereign will de-nies,
Ac-cept-ed at thy throne of graee, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:—

379

Humble Devotion.

STEELE.

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of graee,
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

380

Humility.—*Ps. 137.*

WATTS.

Is there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

381

Humility.—*Isa. 57 : 15.*

ANON.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.

2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!

If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
I'll build a house for thee.

3 Who made this breathing heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest!

382

Calmness.—*Isa. 26 : 3.*

BONAR.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,—

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,—

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting
through,
Who hate thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

REMSEN. C. M.

1. Fa-ther of mer-cies! send thy grace, All power-ful from a-bove,
To form, in our o-be-dient souls, The im-age of thy love.

383

Brotherly Kindness. DODDRIDGE.

- FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.
- 2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And mid the embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.
- 3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms,
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
- 5 Peace from the bosom of his God,
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

385

Trivial Efforts.—Ecc. 11: 6. ANON.

- SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.
- 2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.
- 3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.
- 4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

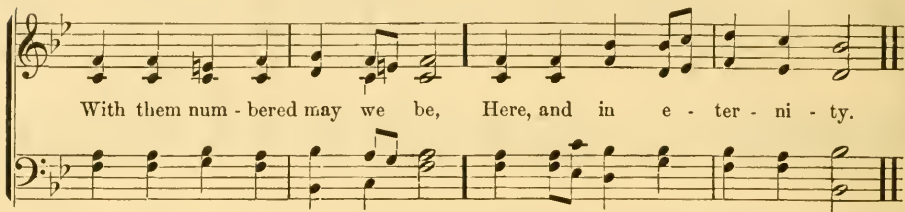
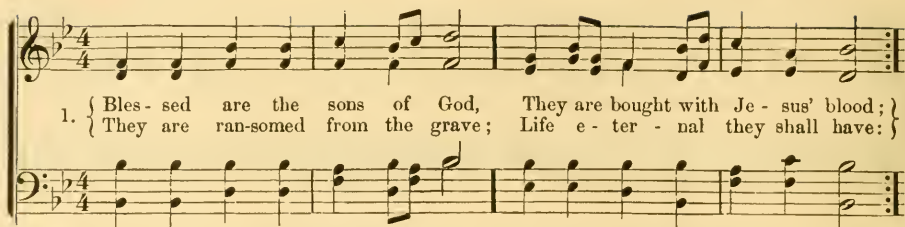
384

Charity.

BARBAULD.

- BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:—
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous
warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.



386

Brotherly love.

HUMPHREYS.

BLESSED are the sons of God,
 They are bought with Jesus' blood ;
 They are ransomed from the grave ;
 Life eternal they shall have :
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,
 They enjoy the Saviour's peace ;
 All their sins are washed away ;
 They shall stand in God's great day :
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,—
 Children of a heavenly birth,—
 One with God, with Jesus one :
 Glory is in them begun :
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

387

Spirituality.—*Rom. 8 : 15.* C. WESLEY.

ABBA, Father, hear thy child,
 Late in Jesus reconciled ;
 Hear, and all the graces shower,
 All the joy, and peace, and power ;
 All my Saviour asks above,
 All the life and heaven of love.

2 Heavenly Father, Life divine,
 Change my nature into thine :
 Move and spread throughout my soul,

Renovate and fill the whole ;
 Lord, I will not let thee go
 Till the blessing thou bestow.

3 Holy Ghost, no more delay ;
 Come, and in thy temple stay :
 Now, thine inward witness bear,
 Strong, and permanent, and clear :
 Spring of life, thyself impart ;
 Rise eternal in my heart.

388

Charity.—*1 Cor. 13 : 1.*

LANGE.

THOUGH I speak with angel tongues
 Bravest words of strength and fire,
 They are but as idle songs,
 If no love my heart inspire ;
 All the eloquence shall pass
 As the noise of sounding brass.

2 Though I lavish all I have
 On the poor in charity,
 Though I shrink not from the grave,
 Or unmoved the stake can see,—
 Till by love the work be crowned,
 All shall profitless be found.

3 Come, thou Spirit of pure love,
 Who didst forth from God proceed,
 Never from my heart remove ;
 Let me all thy impulse heed ;
 Let my heart henceforward be
 Moved, controlled, inspired by thee.

REPOSE. 7s. 6 lines.

1. Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart, Make me teach - a - ble and mild,
Up - right, sim - ple, free from art, Make me as a wean - ed child :
From dis - trust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es thee.

389

Tranquillity.—*Ps. 131.*

NEWTON.

- QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanéd child :
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave :
'Tis enough that thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone ;—
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

390

Trust.—*Isa. 12 : 2.*

NEVINS.

HAPPY, Saviour, would I be,
If I could but trust in thee ;
Trust thy wisdom me to guide ;
Trust thy goodness to provide ;
Trust thy saving love and power ;
Trust thee every day and hour :—

- 2 Trust thee as the only light
In the darkest hour of night ;
Trust in sickness, trust in health ;
Trust in poverty and wealth ;
Trust in joy and trust in grief ;
Trust thy promise for relief :—
- 3 Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul ;
Trust thy grace to make me whole ;
Trust thee living, dying too ;
Trust thee all my journey through ;
Trust thee till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

391

Consecration.—*Ps. 119 : 94.* ANON.

Now, O God, thine own I am !
Now I give thee back thine own :
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone :
Thine I live, thrice happy I !
Happier still if thine I die.

- 2 Take me, Lord, and all my powers ;
Take my mind, and heart, and will ;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do—
Take my soul and make it new !

BOYLSTON. S. M.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love: The
fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.

392

Rom. 12 : 5.

FAWCETT.

- BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love :
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

393

Matt. 18 : 20.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim ;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

- 2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet ;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
- 3 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given ;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.
- 4 Present we know thou art,
But oh, thyself reveal !
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.
- 5 Oh, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove ;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

394

1 Cor. 12 : 13.

BEDDOME.

- LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

EVAN. C. M.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord
In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fill his word!

395 *1 John 4 : 21.* SWAIN.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

396 *1 Cor. 12 : 27.* C. WESLEY.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
And thence our spirits rise;
For he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

397 *John 13 : 1.* RAY PALMER.

LORD, thou on earth didst love thine own,
Didst love them to the end;
Oh, still from thy celestial throne,
Let gifts of love descend.

2 The love the Father bears to thee,
His own eternal Son,
Fill all thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.

3 As thou for us didst stoop so low,
Warmed by love's holy flame,
So let our deeds of kindness flow
To all that bear thy name.

4 One blessed fellowship of love,
Thy living church should stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at thy right hand.

5 Oh, glorious day, when she, the Bride,
With her dear Lord appears!
Then robed in beauty at his side,
She shall forget her tears!

BROWN. C. M.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
I bid fare-well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

398

Assurance.—2 Pet. 1 : 10. WATTS.

- WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!—
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

399

Reconciliation.—2 Cor. 5 : 19. GERMAN.

- FATHER, thy thoughts are peace towards
Safe am I in thy hands; [me,
Could I but firmly build on thee,
For sure thy counsel stands!
- 2 Though mountains crumble into dust,
Thy covenant standeth fast;
Who follows thee in pious trust,
Shall reach the goal at last.
- 3 Tho' strange and winding seems the way
While yet on earth I dwell;
In heaven my heart shall gladly say,
Thou, God, dost all things well!

400

Friends of God. DODDRIDGE.

- UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet:
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.
- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 By all its joys, I charge my heart,
To grieve his love no more;
But charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

401

The Covenant. DODDRIDGE.

- MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;—
- 3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.
- 4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

BOARDMAN. C. M.

1. Why should the chil - dren of a King Go mourning all their days?
Great Com - fort - er! de - scend, and bring Some to - kens of thy grace.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>402 Earnest of the Spirit. WATTS.
 WHY should the children of a King
 Go mourning all their days?
 Great Comforter! descend and bring
 Some token of thy grace.</p> <p>2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
 And seal the heirs of heaven?
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiven?</p> <p>3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood;
 And bear thy witness with my heart
 That I am born of God.</p> <p>4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
 The pledge of joys to come;
 And thy soft wings, celestial Dove!
 Will safe convey me home.</p> <p>403 Adoption.—Rom. 8 : 15. DODDRIDGE.
 My Father, God! how sweet the sound,
 How tender and how dear!
 Not all the melody of heaven
 Could so delight the ear.</p> <p>2 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
 On my expanding heart;
 And show, that in Jehovah's grace
 I share a filial part.</p> <p>3 Cheered by a signal so divine,
 Unwavering I believe;
 My spirit Abba, Father! cries,
 Nor can the sign deceive.</p> | <p>404 Perseverance. WATTS.
 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
 My Lord, my hope, my trust;
 If I am found in Jesus' hands,
 My soul can ne'er be lost.</p> <p>2 His honor is engaged to save
 The meanest of his sheep;
 All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
 His hands securely keep.</p> <p>3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
 His favorites from his breast;
 In the dear bosom of his love
 They must forever rest.</p> <p>405 Adoption.—Heb. 12 : 7. STEELE
 My God, my Father, blissful name!
 Oh, may I call thee mine?
 May I with sweet assurance claim
 A portion so divine?</p> <p>2 What'er thy providence denies
 I calmly would resign,
 For thou art good and just and wise:
 Oh, bend my will to thine!</p> <p>3 What'er thy sacred will ordains,
 Oh, give me strength to bear!
 And let me know my Father reigns,
 And trust his tender care.</p> <p>4 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
 To my weak, erring sight;
 Yet let my soul adoring own
 That all thy ways are right.</p> |
|--|--|

THATCHER. S. M.

1. Thou ver - y pres - ent Aid In suf - fering and dis - tress,

The mind which still on thee is stayed, Is kept in per - fect peace.

406 Peace.—*Ista. 26 : 3.* C. WESLEY.

- Thou very present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The mind which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.
- 3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.
- 4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.
- 5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.
- 6 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one,
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

- 2 His comforts bear me up;
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.

- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing
To our Redeemer's name;
In joy or sorrow—life or death—
His love is still the same.

408 Adoption.—*1 John 3 : 1-2.* WATTS.

- BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour there,
We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And thou the kindred own.

407 Love of God. ANON.

In every trying hour
My soul to Jesus flies;
I trust in his almighty power,
When swelling billows rise.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

1. Here I can firm - ly rest ; I dare to boast of this,
That God, the high - est and the best, My Friend and Fa - ther is.

- 409 *Ps. 37 : 3-7.* GERHARDT. 2 Well when they see his face,
Or sink amidst the flood ;
I dare to boast of this,
Well in affliction's thorny maze
That God, the highest and the best,
Or on the mount with God.
My Friend and Father is.
- 2 Naught have I of my own,
Naught in the life I lead ;
'T is well when joys arise,
'T is well when sorrows flow,
What Christ hath given, that alone
'T is well when darkness veils the skies,
I dare in faith to plead.
And strong temptations grow.
- 3 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and his blood ;
4 'T is well when Jesus calls,—
"From earth and sin arise,
It is through him that I have found
To join the hosts of ransomed souls,
My soul's eternal good.
Made to salvation wise !"
- 4 At eost of all I have,
At eost of life and limb,
4 I I *Grace.—Eph. : 29.* DODDRIDGE.
I eling to God who yet shall save ;—
GRACE ! 't is a charming sound !
I will not turn from him.
Harmonious to the ear !
Heaven with the eecho shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 5 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind he reigns ;
2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man ;
My care and sadness he dispels,
And soothes away my pains.
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 6 He prospers day by day
His work within my heart,
3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
Till I have strength and faith to say,
Thou, God, my Father art !
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
- 4 I O *Kept of God.—Isa. 3 : 10.* KENT. 4 Grace all the work shall erown,
Through everlasting days ;
WHAT cheering words are these ;
Their sweetness who can tell ?
It lays in heaven the topinost stone,
And well deserves the praise.
In time and to eternal days,
" 'T is with the righteous well !"

LABAN. S. M.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise ;
And hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

4 I 2 Watchfulness.—*Matt. 26 : 41.* HEATH.

My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise ;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray !
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down ;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God !
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

4 I 3 Seed-sowing. MONTGOMERY.

Sow in the morn thy seed ;
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;
Broadcast it o'er the land !

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale alike 't is found ;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

4 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full eorn at length.

5 Thon canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

6 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing, " Harvest home !"

4 I 4 Energy.—2 *Pet. 3 : 11, 12.* ANON.

MAKE haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die ;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze ;
How swift its moments fly !

2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
To move in idleness through earth—
This, this is not to live.

3 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done ;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

4 Up, then, with speed, and work ;
Fling ease and self away—
This is no time for thee to sleep—
Up, watch, and work, and pray !

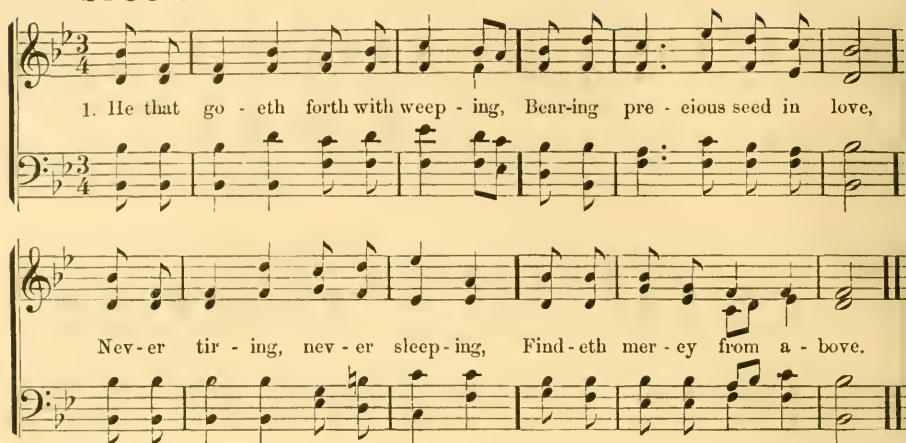
LEIGHTON. S. M.

1. La - b'ers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil!

The dew of prom - ise from the skies Al - rea - dy cheers the soil.

- 415** Active Effort. SIGOURNEY. **417** Trust.—1 Cor. 3 : 6. C. WESLEY.
- LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil!
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.
- 2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.
- 3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.
- 4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.
- 416** Sympathy.—Rom. 12 : 15. BAKER. **418** Reform. ANON.
- On, praise our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.
- 2 Oh, happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love!
- 3 Lord! may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep:—
Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep.
- LORD, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow.
- 2 Now, then, the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy laborers attend.
- 3 On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.
- MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.
- 3 Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall;
And to the refuge flee.
- 4 Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.



1. He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,
Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove.

419 Patience.—*Ps. 126 : 6.* HASTINGS.

- He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.
- 2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.
- 3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
- 4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

420 Success from God.—*1 Cor. 3 : 6.* LYTE.

- VAIN were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without his grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.
- 2 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.
- 3 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
He shall grant us peace and rest:
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who through Christ his prayer ad-
dressed.

421 Progress—*Isa. 40 : 31.* BONAR.

- LIKE the eagle, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne:
Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,
Let my eye unshrinking turn!
- 2 Where the cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be!
- 3 Oh, may I no longer dreaming,
Idly waste my golden day,
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Upward, onward press my way!

422 Self-denial. HASTINGS.

- PILGRIMS in this vale of sorrow,
Pressing onward toward the prize,
Strength and comfort here we borrow
From the Hand that rules the skies.
- 2 'Mid these scenes of self-denial,
We are called the race to run;
We must meet full many a trial
Ere the victor's crown is won.
- 3 Love shall every conflict lighten,
Hope shall urge us swifter on,
Faith shall every prospect brighten,
Till the morn of heaven shall dawn.
- 4 On the Eternal arm reclining,
We at length shall win the day;
All the powers of earth combining,
Shall not snatch our crown away.

SOLNEY. 8s & 7s.

1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Think-ing not 't is thrown a - way ;

God him - self saith, thou shalt gath - er It a - gain some fu - ture day.

423 Benevolent Efforts.—*Ecd. 11 : 1.* ANON.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 't is thrown away ;
God himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed, by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters ;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand ?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

5 Give then freely of thy substance—
O'er this cause the Lord doth reign ;
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
Thou shalt labor not in vain.

424 "Brother's Keeper."—*Gen. 4 : 9.* ANON.

BLESSÉD angels, high in heaven
O'er the penitent rejoice ;
Hast thou for thy brother striven
With an importuning voice ?

2 Art thou not thy brother's keeper ?
Canst thou not his soul obtain ?
He that wakes his brother sleeper
Double light himself shall gain.

3 Then, when ends this life's short fever,
They, who many turn to God,
Like the stars shall shine for ever,
In eternal brotherhood !

425

Courage.

ANON.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer !
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay ;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

3 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings, be our guide ;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side !

426

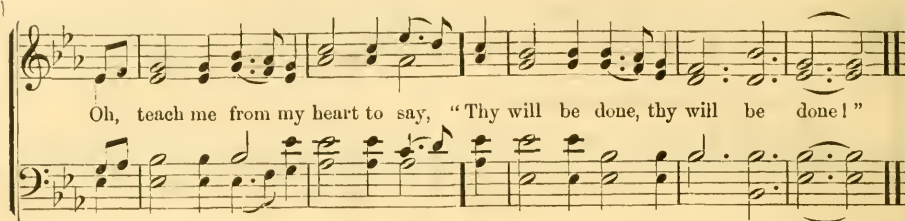
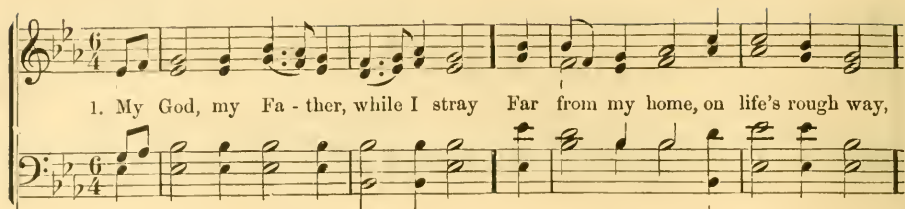
Contribution — *Prov. 3 : 9.* FRANCIS.

WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord ;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.

2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

3 Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know ;
Be my all to him devoted ;
To my Lord my all I owe.

WOODWORTH. L. M.



427

Matt. 6 : 10.

C. ELLIOTT.

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

- 2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"
- 3 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

- 4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

- 5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

- 6 Then when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore:
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

428

Heb. 12 : 11.

ANON.

I BLESS thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break the dream of human power,
For now my shallow cistern's spent,
I find thy fount and thirst no more.

- 2 I take thy hand and fears grow still:
Behold thy face, and doubts remove;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect truth and boundless love!

- 3 That truth gives promise of a dawn,
Beneath whose light I am to see,
When all these blinding veils are drawn,
This was the wisest path for me.

- 4 That love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of thy eternal calm;
And tunes its sad and broken speech,
To sing ev'n now the angels' psalm.

429

Heb. 12 : 6

ANON.

I CANNOT always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love, that God is love.

- 2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love, for God is love.

- 3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love, that God is love.

- 4 Yes, God is love;—a thought like this,
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love, for God is love.

JEWETT. 6s. D.

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt ! Oh ! may thy will be mine ; In - to thy hand of love

I would my all re - sign ; Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me

as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done !

430

Mark 14 : 36.

SCHMOLKE.

MY Jesus, as thou wilt !
Oh ! may thy will be mine ;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign ;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done !

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt !
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear :
Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done !

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt !
All shall be well for me ;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee :
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done !

431

Job 23 : 10.

BONAR.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by thine own hand ;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot :
I would not, if I might ;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine : so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem ;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

SILOAM. C. M.

1. My times of sor - row and of joy, Great God! are in thy hand;
My choic - est com - forts come from thee, And go at thy com - mand.

432

Ps. 31 : 15.

BEDDOME.

My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness,
In thee, and thee alone.

433

Heb. 12 : 11.

EDMESTON.

O THOU whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seems severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here!

2 Oh! may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

CHANT.

Close. Thy will be done!

434

8s & 4s.

Mark 14 : 36.

BOWRING.

"Thy will be | done!" || In devious
way
The hurrying stream of | life may |
run; ||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."

2 "Thy will be | done!" || If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous, |
sun, ||

This prayer will make it more di-
vine — |
"Thy will be | done!"

3 "Thy will be | done!" || Tho' shrouded
o'er
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort
—one
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done."

MAITLAND. C. M.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

435

Luke 9 : 23.

ALLEN.

- Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 This consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercéed feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.
- 4 And palmsshall wave, and harpsshall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.
- 5 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

436

Hos. 5 : 15.

GALLAUDET.

- JESUS, in sickness and in pain,
Be near to suecor me;
My sinking spirit still sustain:
To thee I turn, to thee.
- 2 When eares and sorrows thicken round,
And nothing bright I see,
In thee alone can help be found;
To thee I turn, to thee.

- 3 Should strong temptations fieree assail,
And Satan buffet me,
Then in thy strength will I prevail,
While still I turn to thee.

- 4 Through all my pilgrimage below,
Whate'er my lot may be,
In joy or sadness, weal or woe,
Jesus, I'll turn to thee.

437

2 Cor. 12 : 10.

TOPLADY.

- WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away;—
- 2 Sweet to look forward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;—
- 3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend;—
- 4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
- 5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

FLEMMING. 8s & 6s.

1. O Ho-ly Sav-iour! Friend un - seen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me
lean, Help me, throughout life's chang-ing scene, By faith to cling to thee!

438

John 15 : 5.

C. ELLIOTT.

- 2 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to thee.
- 3 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,

Thy voice of love in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

- 4 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

GUIDE. 7s. D.

1. { When our heads are bowed with woe; When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow; }
{ When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear! }
D. c. Thou hast shed the hu - man tear; Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear!

Thou our fee - ble flesh hast worn; Thou our mor - tal griefs hast borne;

439

Heb. 7 : 14.

HEBER.

- WHEN our heads are bowed with woe;
When our bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou our feeble flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
- 2 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known;
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

- 3 When our eyes grow dim in death;
When we heave the parting breath;
When our solemn doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

WARE. L. M.

1. Pour out thy Spir - it from on high ; Lord ! thine assembled serv - ants bless ;

Gra - ces and gifts to each sup - ply, And clothe thy priests with right - eous - ness.

440 Convocation. MONTGOMERY.

POUR out thy Spirit from on high ;
 Lord ! thine assembled servants bless ;
 Graces and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

2 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
 Firmness with meekness from above,
 To bear thy people on our heart,
 And love the souls whom thou dost love :

3 To watch and pray, and never faint ;
 By day and night strict guard to keep ;
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
 Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep :

4 Then, when our work is finished here,
 In humble hope our charge resign :
 When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
 O God ! may they and we be thine !

441 Seeking a Pastor. DODDRIDGE.

O LORD, thy pitying eye surveys
 Our wandering paths, our trackless ways :
 Send forth, in love, thy truth and light,
 To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

2 In humble faith, behold we wait :
 On thee we call at merey's gate ;
 Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,—
 Shall Israel seek thy face in vain ?

3 O Lord ! in ways of peace return,
 Nor let thy flock neglected mourn ;
 May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
 Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

442 Prayer for Pastor. R. HILL

WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
 Him whom we now to thee commend ;
 Thy faithful messenger secure,
 And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace ;
 Direct his feet in paths of peace ;
 Thy truth and faithfulness fulfill,
 And arm him to obey thy will.

443 Dedication ANON.

OH, bow thine ear, Eternal One !
 On thee our heart adoring calls ;
 To thee the followers of thy Son
 Have raised, and now devote these walls.

2 Here let thy holy days be kept ;
 And be this place to worship given,
 Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
 The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell ; and here,
 As incense, let thy children's prayer,
 From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
 Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung ;
 Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
 As when, of old, thy Spirit hung,
 On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with thy name
 Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
 On others may devotion's flame
 Be kindled here, and purely burn !

DENFIELD. C. M.

1. O God of Be - thel! by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;
Who through this wea - ry pil - grimage Hast all our fa - thers led!

444 *Gen. 28 : 19-22.* DODDRIDGE.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

445 *Mark 10 : 14.* HASTINGS.

"FORBID them not," the Saviour cried,
"But suffer them to come;"
Ah, then maternal tears were dried,
And unbelief was dumb.

4 Lord, we believe, and we obey;
We bring them at thy word;
Be thou our children's strength and stay,
Their portion and reward.

446 *Gen. 17 : 7.* BICKERSTETH.

Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer,
We now devote to thee;
Let them thy covenant mercies share,
And thy salvation see.

2 In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray;
And let them to the end endure
In every righteous way.

3 Grant us before them, Lord, to live
In holy faith and fear;
And then to heaven our souls receive
And bring our children there.

447 *Rom. 6 : 3.* WATTS.

THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good :—
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word,
I set my worthless name;
I seal the engagement of my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

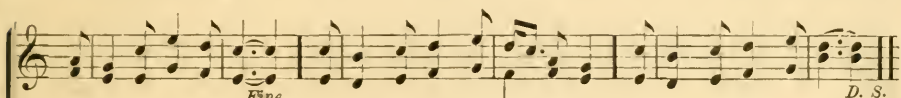
3 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

4 Sweet is the memory of his name,
Who blessed us in his will,
And to his testament of love,
Made his own life the seal.

ORIOLA. C. M. D.



1. Dear Saviour, ev-er at my side, How loving thou must be, To leave thy home in heaven to guard
D. S. The sweetness of thy soft, low voice



A lit-tle child like me! Thy beau-ti-ful and shi-ling face I see not, though so near;
I am too deaf to hear.



448

Mark 10 : 14.

FABER.

DEAR Saviour, ever at my side,
How loving thou must be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me!
Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

- 2 I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother doth,
While I am but a child;
But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.
- 3 And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there;
Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

449

Ecc. 12 : 1.

ANON.

REMEMBER thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow,
And listen to thy praise.

- 2 Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

- 3 Remember thy Creator now;
His willing servant be:
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.
- 4 Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

450

1 Sam. 3 : 10.

ANON.

DEAR Jesus, let thy pitying eye
Look kindly down on me:
A sinful, weak, and helpless child,
I come thy child to be.

2 O blessed Saviour! take my heart,
This sinful heart of mine,
And wash it clean in every part;
Make me a child of thine.

- 3 My sins, though great, thou canst forgive,
For thou hast died for me;
Amazing love! help me, O God,
Thine own dear child to be.
- 4 For thou hast said, "Forbid them not:
Let children come to me:"
I hear thy voice, and now, dear Lord,
I come thy child to be.

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. D.

1. { Sav-iour, like a shep-herd lead us : Much we need thy ten-der care ; }
 { In thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use thy fold pre-pare. }
 D. c. Keep thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray.

We are thine : do thou be-friend us, Be the guard-ian of our way ;

Fine.
D. C.

45 I

John 21 : 15.

ANON.

- SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us :
 Much we need thy tender care ;
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use thy fold prepare :
 We are thine : do thou befriend us,
 Be the guardian of our way ;
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.
- 2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be ;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free :
 Early let us seek thy favor,
 Early help us do thy will ;
 Holy Lord, our only Saviour !
 With thy grace our bosom fill.
- 452 *Rom. 2 : 21.* ANON.
- SAVIOUR King, in hallowed union,
 At thy sacred feet we bow ;
 Heart with heart, in blest communion,
 Join to crave thy favor now !
 Though celestial choirs adore thee,
 Let our prayer as incense rise ;
 And our praise be set before thee,
 Sweet as evening sacrifice.
- 2 Heavenly Fount, thy streams of blessing,
 Oft have cheered us on our way ;
 By thy power and grace unceasing,
 We continue to this day :

Raise we then with glad emotion
 Thankful lays : and while we sing,
 Vow a pure, a full devotion
 To thy work, O Saviour King !

- 3 When we tell the wondrous story
 Of thy rich, exhaustless love,
 Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
 On the youthful heart to move !
 Oh, that he, the ever-living,
 May descend, as fruitful rain ;
 Till the wilderness, reviving,
 Blossoms as the rose again !

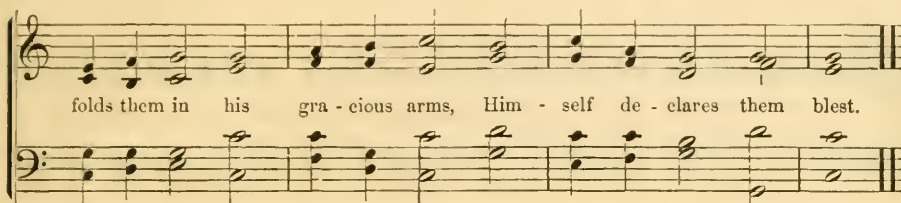
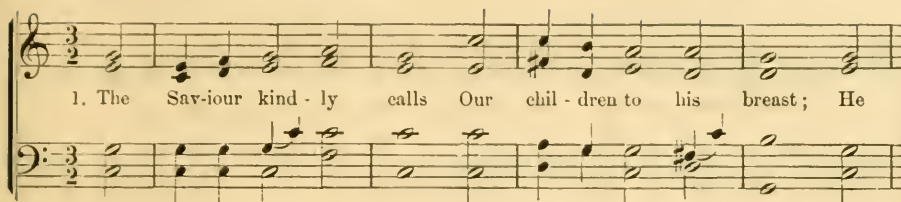
453

Isa. 40 : 11.

MUHLENBERG.

- SAVIOUR ! who thy flock art feeding
 With the Shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs thy bosom share ;
 Now, these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in thy gracious arm ;
 There, we know, thy word believing,
 Only there, secure from harm.
- 2 Never, from thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey ;
 Let thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them all life's dangerous way :
 Then, within thy fold eternal,
 Let them find a resting-place,
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

BOYLSTON. S. M.



454

Mat. 19 : 14.

ONDERDONK.

THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast ;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim ;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

455

Acts 2 : 39.

ANON.

OUR children thou dost claim,
O Lord, our God, as thine :
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine !

2 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore ;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

3 How great thy mercies, Lord !
How plenteous is thy grace !
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

4 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God !
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

456

Mark 10 : 14.

ANON.

THOU God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear ;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.

2 Receive these lambs to-day,
O Shepherd of the flock,
And wash the stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten Rock.

3 To-day in love descend ;
Oh, come, this precious hour ;
In mercy now their spirits bend
By thy resistless power.

4 Low bending at thy feet,
Our offspring we resign :
Thine arm is strong, thy love is great,
And high thy glories shine.

457

Ps. 144 : 12.

FELLOWS

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race ;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 Oh, what a pure delight
Their happiness to see ;
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine ;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

HEBRON. L. M.

1. This child we ded - i - cate to thee, O God of grace and pu - ri - ty !

Shield it from sin and threatening wrong, And let thy love its life pro - long.

458

Luke 1 : 17.

ANON.

460

Acts 2 : 39.

STEELE.

THIS child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity !
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.

- 2 Oh, may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law ;
May virtue, piety, and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.
- 3 We too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.
- 4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

459

John 21 : 15.

BICKERSTETH.

461

Isa. 40 : 11.

HYDE.

WITH thankful hearts our songs we raise,
To celebrate the Saviour's praise ;
Yet who but saints in heaven above,
Can tell the riches of his love ?

- 2 He, the good Shepherd, kindly leads
The wanderer, and the hungry feeds ;
Deigns in his arms the lambs to bear,
And makes them his peculiar care.
- 3 Jesus, to thy protecting wing
Our helpless little ones we bring ;
Oh, grant them grace and strength, that
they
May find and keep the heavenward way.

O LORD ! encouraged by thy grace,
We bring our infant to thy throne ;
Give it within thy heart a place,
Let it be thine, and thine alone.

- 2 Wash it from every stain of guilt,
And let this child be sanctified ;
Lord ! thou canst cleanse it, if thou wilt,
And all its native evils hide.
- 3 We ask not, for it, earthly bliss,
Or earthly honors, wealth or fame ;
The sum of our request is this—
That it may love and fear thy name.

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found ;

- 2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear ;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.
- 3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh ! let them ne'er forgotten be ;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.
- 4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way ;
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

SILOAM. C. M.

1. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill How sweet the lil-y grows;
How sweet the breath, be-neath the hill, Of Sha-ron's dew-y rose!

462

Prov. 8 : 17.

HEBER.

- Br cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

463

Sing HEBRON.

ANON.

- Come, Holy Spirit, from on high;
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.
- 2 Exert thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood;
May Father, Son, and Spirit, join
To seal this child, a child of God.

464

Matt. 19 : 14.

DODDRIDGE.

- SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
It was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, with fervent
prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

465

Gen. 17 : 7.

WATTS.

- How large the promise! how divine
To Abr'ham and his seed:
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."
- 2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure:
The Angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 4 Our God!—how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

WINDHAM. L. M.

1. 'T was on that dark, that doleful night, When powers of earth and hell a - rose

A - gainst the Son of God's de - light, And friends be - trayed him to his foes.

466

Luke 22 : 19.

WATTS.

- 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
"T is the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

467

John 6 : 55. MRS. ALEXANDER.

- O JESUS, bruised and wounded more
Than bursted grape, or bread of wheat,
The Life of life within our souls,
The cup of our salvation sweet!
- 2 We come to show thy dying hour,
Thy streaming vein, thy broken flesh;
And still that blood is warm to save,
And still thy fragrant wounds are fresh.

- 3 O Heart, that with a double tide
Of blood and water, maketh pure!
O Flesh, once offered on the cross,
The gift that makes our pardon sure!
- 4 Let nevermore our sinful souls
The anguish of thy cross renew;
Nor forge again the cruel nails
That pierced thy victim body through!
- 5 Come, Bread of heaven, to feed our souls,
And with thee, Jesus enter in!
Come, Wine of God! and as we drink,
His precious blood wash out our sin!

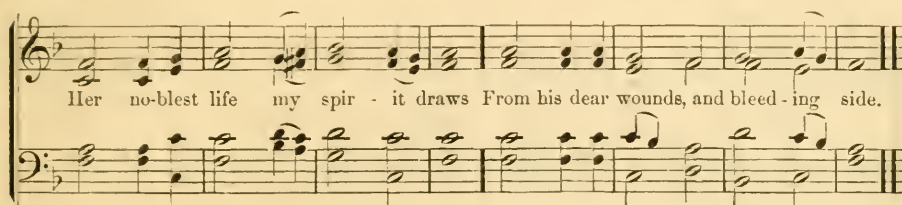
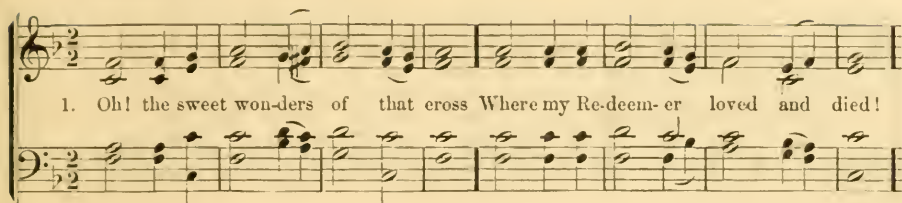
468

1 Cor. 11 : 24.

WATTS.

- At thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

HAMBURG. L. M.



469

Gal. 6 : 14.

WATTS.

Oh! the sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.

2 I would forever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

470

1 Cor. 6 : 20.

DAVIES.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine!
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is passed beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God;
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

471

Phil. 1 : 21.

DODDRIDGE.

My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

472

1 Pet. 1 : 19.

ANON.

WE pray thee, wounded Lamb of God,
Cleanse us in thy atoning blood;
Grant us by faith to view thy cross,
Then life or death is gain to us.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love forever there.

CONSECRATION. L. M.

1. { Oh, hap-py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-iour, and my God! }
 { Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad, }

Chorus. *Fine.*

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way!
 d. s. Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way!

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-ery day;

473

Ps. 56: 12.

DODDRIDGE.

On, happy day that fixed my choice
 On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

Cho. Happy day, happy day,
 When Jesus washed my sins away!
 He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing every day.

2 Oh, happy bond that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.—*Cho.*

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done!
 I am my Lord's and he is mine:
 He drew me, and I followed on, [*Cho.*
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.—

4 Now, rest, my long-divided heart!
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 Here have I found a noble part, [*Cho.*
 Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.—

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear;
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.—*Cho.*

474

Ps. 121: 4.

FABER.

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
 Thy word into our minds instil;
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.

Cho. Through the day, through the night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
 Thro' life's long day, and death's dark
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light. [night,

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
 And thou hast taken count of all,
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.—*Cho.*

3 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
 And simple hearts without alloy
 That only long to be like thee.—*Cho.*

4 Labor is sweet, for thou hast toiled;
 And care is light, for thou hast cared;
 Ah! never let our works be soiled
 With strife, or by deceit ensnared.—*Cho.*

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto thee we call;
 Oh, let thy mercy make us glad:
 Thou art our Jesus, and our All.—*Cho.*

DUNDEE. C. M.

1. How sweet and aw - ful is the place, With Christ with - in the doors,

While ev - er - last - ing love dis - plays The choi - cest of her stores!

475

Jer. 31 : 3.

WATTS.

How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,—
“Lord, why was I a guest?”

3 “Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there’s room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?”

4 ‘Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

476

2 Chron. 30 : 18.

ANON.

PREPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced,
To look on thee, and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice,
And, as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim in faith and hope—
“The Saviour died for me!”

477

John 6 : 34.

ANON.

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessed self impart;
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let us from all our sins be washed
In thy atoning blood;
And let thy Spirit be the seal
That we are born of God.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus’ love,
Prepare us for this feast;
Oh! let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

478

John 15 : 13.

NOEL.

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him, who died our fears to quell—
* Who bore our guilt and woe!

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
“Meet and remember me!”

4 Remember thee—thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!—
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in thee;
D. C. Be of sin the dou-ble cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Let the wa-ter and the blood, From thy wound-ed side that flowed, D. C.

479

John 19 : 34.

TOPLADY.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.

480

John 19 : 30.

HAWEIS.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
“Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinners, come!

2 “Sprinkled now with blood the throne—
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid—
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 “Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

4 “Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!”

481

John 12 : 32.

R. HILL.

YE who in these courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,—
Lost and helpless, as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,—
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bleeding sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven:
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1, Bread of heaven! on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat in - deed :

Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing bread !

482

Matt. 26 : 26.

CONDER.

BREAD of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed :
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread !

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice :
Lord! thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died :
Lord of life! oh, let us be,
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

483

1 Cor. 5 : 7.

CAMPBELL.

At the Lamb's high feast we sing,
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide,
Flowing from his wounded side.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

3 Christ, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,
Holy victim, without stain ;
Death and hell defeated lie,
Heaven unfolds its gates on high.

4 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise ;
Risen Lord, all praise to thee,
With the Spirit ever be.

484

John 17 : 9.

M. F. MAUDE.

THINE forever! God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above !
Thine forever may we be,
Here, and in eternity !

2 Thine forever! oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest !
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end !

3 Thine forever! Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

4 Thine forever! thou our Guide,—
All our wants by thee supplied,—
All our sins by thee forgiven,—
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven !

485

Isa. 53 : 5.

ANON.

JESUS, Master! hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record thy dying love ;
Hear, and help me from above.

2 Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in thy body's stead ;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there—for me !

DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s.

1. Take my heart, O Fa-ther! take it; Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spir - it melt and break it— This proud heart of sin and stone.

486

Ps. 51 : 10.

ANON.

- TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.
- 2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
- 3 Ever let thy grace surround me;
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly thine.
- 4 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

487

Matt. 27 : 36.

SHIRLEY.

- SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion,
Beaming in his gracious eye.
- 3 Love and grief our hearts dividing,
With our tears his feet we bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

- 4 For thy sorrows we adore thee,
For the pains that wrought our peace,
Gracious Saviour! we implore thee
In our souls thy love increase.
- 5 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze;
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.
- 6 Still in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee.
Till we taste thy full salvation,
And, unvailed, thy glories see.

488

Matt. 4 : 19.

ANON.

- JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!
- 2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, Christian, love me more!
- 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
Christian, love me more than these!
- 4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all!

SICILY. 8s & 7s.

1. Je - sus, who on Calvary's mountain Poured thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flow - ing fountain, That my soul may spotless be.

489

Ps. 51 : 2.

ANON.

JESUS, who on Calvary's mountain
Poured thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flowing fountain,
That my soul may spotless be.

2 I have sinned, but oh, restore me !
For unless thou smile on me,
Dark is all the world before me,
Darker yet eternity.

3 In thy word I hear thee saying,
Come and I will give you rest ;
Now the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to thy breast.

4 Grant, oh, grant thy Spirit's teaching,
That I may not go astray,
Till the gate of heaven reaching,
Earth and sin are passed away.

490

Cant. 2 : 4.

R. PARK.

JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food ;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.

2 Precious banquet ; bread of heaven ;
Wine of gladness, flowing free ;
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of thee !

3 In thy trial, and rejection ;
In thy sufferings on the tree ;
In thy glorious resurrection ;
May we, Lord, remember thee.

491

Luke 22 : 19.

E. DENNY.

WHILE in sweet communion feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Saviour, may we see thee bleeding
On the cross, to make us thine.

2 Though unseen, now be thou near us,
With the still small voice of love ;
Whispering words of peace to cheer us—
Every doubt and fear remove.

3 Bring before us all the story,
Of thy life, and death of woe ;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

492

Eph. 2 : 21.

ANON.

FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head !

2 His example while beholding,
May our lives his image bear ;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

4 Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One.

GERHARDT. 7s & 6s. D.

1. O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully sur-
round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown; O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What
bliss, till now was thine! Yet, though despised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

493

John 19 : 2.

GERHARDT

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

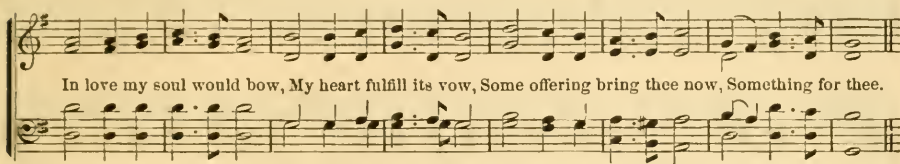
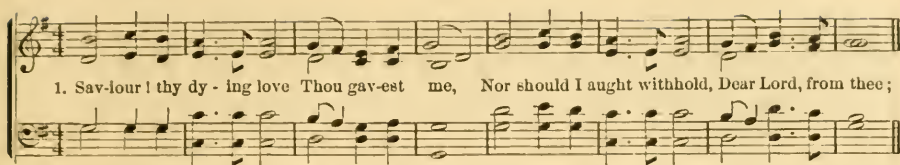
3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide:
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

4 What language shall I borrow,
To praise thee, heavenly Friend:
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove:
Oh! let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.

5 Forbid that I should leave thee;
O Jesus, leave not me!
By faith I would receive thee;
Thy blood can make me free!
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

6 Be near when I am dying,
Oh! show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS. 6s & 4s.



494

Acts. 9 : 6.

S. D. PHELPS.

SAVIOUR! thy dying love
 Thou gavest me,
 Nor should I aught withhold,
 Dear Lord, from thee;
 In love my soul would bow,
 My heart fulfill its vow,
 Some offering bring thee now,
 Something for thee.

- 2 At the blest mercy-seat,
 Pleading for me,
 My feeble faith looks up,
 Jesus, to thee:
 Help me the cross to bear,
 Thy wondrous love declare,
 Some song to raise, or prayer,
 Something for thee.
- 3 Give me a faithful heart—
 Likeness to thee—
 That each departing day
 Henceforth may see
 Some work of love begun,
 Some deed of kindness done,
 Some wanderer sought and won,
 Something for thee.

495

1 Pet. 1 : 3.

HASTINGS.

SAVIOUR! thy gentle voice
 Gladly we hear;
 Author of all our joys,
 Ever be near;
 Our souls would cling to thee,
 Let us thy fullness see,
 Our life to cheer.

- 2 Though to our faith unseen,
 While darkness reigns,

On thee alone we lean
 While life remains;
 By thy free grace restore,
 Our souls shall bless the Lord
 In joyful strains!

496

John 31 : 17.

MRS. PRENTISS

MORE love to thee, O Christ!
 More love to thee!
 Hear thou the prayer I make,
 On bended knee;
 This is my earnest plea,—
 More love, O Christ! to thee,
 More love to thee!

- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest;
 Now thee alone I seek,
 Give what is best:
 This all my prayer shall be,—
 More love, O Christ, to thee,
 More love to thee!
- 3 Let sorrow do its work,
 Send grief and pain;
 Sweet are thy messengers,
 Sweet their refrain,
 When they can sing with me,—
 More love, O Christ, to thee,
 More love to thee!
- 4 Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper thy praise;
 This be the parting cry
 My heart shall raise,—
 This still its prayer shall be,—
 More love, O Christ! to thee,
 More love to thee!

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing! Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; }
 d. c. Praise the mount—I'm fix'd up - on it!—Mount of thy re - deem-ing love.

Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove; D.C.

497

1 Sam. 7: 12.

ROBINSON.

- COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise;
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!—
 Mount of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Eben-ezer;
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it;
 Seal it for thy courts above.

498

Rom. 5: 7, 8.

LEE.

WHEN I view my Saviour bleeding,
 For my sins, upon the tree;
 Oh, how wondrous!—how exceeding
 Great his love appears to me!

Floods of deep distress and anguish,
 To impede his labors, came;
 Yet they all could not extinguish
 Love's eternal, burning flame.

- 2 Now redemption is completed,
 Full salvation is procured;
 Death and Satan are defeated,
 By the sufferings he endured.
 Now the gracious Mediator
 Risen to the courts of bliss,
 Claims for me, a sinful creature,
 Pardon, righteousness, and peace!

- 3 Sure such infinite affection
 Lays the highest claims to mine;
 All my powers, without exception,
 Should in fervent praises join.
 Jesus, fit me for thy service;
 Form me for thyself alone;
 I am thy most costly purchase,—
 Take possession of thine own.

499

1 Cor. 5: 7.

BAKEWELL.

PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid;
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made;
 All thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

GOSHEN. 11s.

1. O thou who hast died to re - deem us from hell, These signs hast thou
d. s. Still speak of thy

left, of thy kindness to tell; The bread we have brok-en, the cup we have blessed,
death, our A - tonement and Priest. *Fine.* *D. S.*

500

1 Cor. 11 : 26.

BACON.

O THOU who hast died to redeem us from
hell,
These signs hast thou left, of thy kind-
ness to tell;
The bread we have broken, the cup we
have blessed,
Still speak of thy death, our Atonement
and Priest.

2 We drink of the wine, remembering thy
blood
Once shed to redeem all the chosen of
God—
Oh, come the blest day, when to us
't will be given,
To drink of it new in the kingdom of
heaven!

501

John 14 : 18.

RAY PALMER.

COME, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with
me;
Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for
thee;
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from
my heart,
And soothe every sorrow though keen
be the smart.

2 Without thee but weakness, with thee
I am strong;
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be
my song;

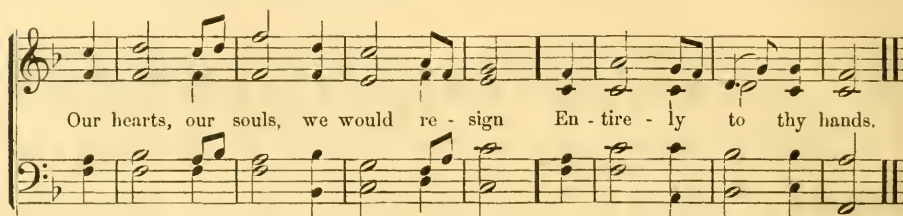
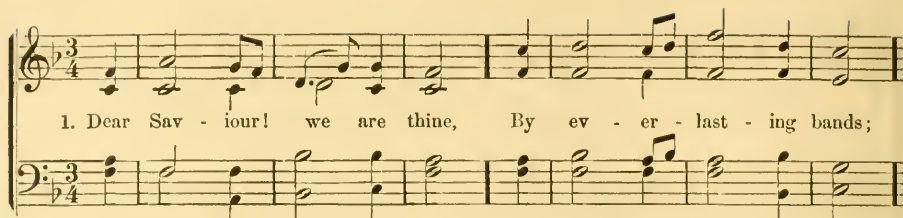
Though dangers surround me, I still
every fear,
Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper,
art near.

3 Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender,
so pure!
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how stead-
fast and sure!
That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold
heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in
the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled,
thy peace:
From restless, vain wishes, bid thou my
heart cease;
In thee all its longings henceforward
shall end,
Till, glad, to thy presence my soul shall
ascend.

5 Oh, then, blessed Jesus, who once for
me died,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed
from thy side,
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall
behold,
And praise thee with raptures forever
untold!

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.



502

1 Cor. 12 : 27.

DODDRIDGE.

- DEAR Saviour! we are thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail!
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form in us thine image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

503

Matt. 26 : 30.

A. R. W.

- A PARTING hymn we sing,
Around thy table, Lord;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.
- 2 Here have we seen thy face,
And felt thy presence here,
So may the savor of thy grace
In word and life appear.

- 3 The purchase of thy blood—
By sin no longer led—

The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

- 4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above,
And know as we are known.

504

John 1 : 29.

WATTS.

- Nor all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

CANA. 11s.

Fine. *D.C.*

1. { O Garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
D. C. The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot; } The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love!

505

Matt. 26 : 36.

DE FLEURY.

O GARDEN of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love!

2 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet:
Oh, give him the glory, the praise that Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!

I tremble no more when I see Jesus near:
I know that his presenee my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are you troubled?" he saith
3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round:
They bear me away in his presenee to be:
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

506

Heb. 12 : 2.

ANON.

O EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore!
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear;

507

Num. 14 : 18.

STOCKER.

Thy merey, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my

2 Great Father of mercies! thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucified All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals merey and pardon and righteous-

PRECIOUS BLOOD. S. M.

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew-ish al-tars slain, Could give the guilt-y conscience peace, Or wash a-way the stain. Oh, the blood, the pre-cious blood! That

Chorus.

Je-sus shed for me, Up-on the cross, in crimson flood, Just now by faith I see.

Je-sus shed for me, Up-on the cross, in crimson flood, Just now by faith I see.

MENDON. L. M.

1. Tho' now the na - tions sit be - neath The darkness of o'er - spreading death,

God will a - rise with light di - vine, On Zi-on's ho - ly towers to shine.

508

Ista. 9 : 2.

BACON.

THROUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

- 2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.
- 3 O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes!
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

509

Ps. 72.

WATTS.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.
- 4 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,

Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

- 5 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

510

Mark 6 : 34.

BRYANT.

Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!
- 3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.
- 4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

WARD. L. M.

1. God is the ref - uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade ;

Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be - hold him pre - sent with his aid.

511

Ps. 46.

WATTS.

- God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

512

Isa. 51 : 3.

MRS. VOKE.

BEHOLD the expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear !
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom !

- 2 Events with prophecies conspire,
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire :
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to the sight.
- 3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow ;
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part ;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.

513

Phil. 2 : 10, 11. MONTGOMERY.

- O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Deseend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion—order, in thy path ;
Souls without strength, inspire with
might ;
Bid merey triumph over wrath.
- 4 Baptize the nations, far and nigh ;
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

ANVERN. L. M.

1. Triumphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead ; Tho' humbled

long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength, And gird thee with thy Saviour's

514

Isa. 52 : 1.

DODDRIDGE.

TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead ;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known :
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear ;
His hand thy ruins shall repair ;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

515

Psa. 102 : 13.

ANON.

SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power ;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour ;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,—
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown,—
And make the nations all thine own.
- 3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice ;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice ;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

516

Rev. 11 : 15.

ANON.

SOON may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's !

- 2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee !
And, over land and stream and main,
Wave thou the sceptre of thy reign !
- 3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns !

517

Isa. 60 : 5.

NOEL.

MARKED as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes,
That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And warm with faith each bosom glow.

- 2 Ev'n now the hallowed scenes appear ;
Ev'n now unfolds the promised year ;
Lo ! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And bear the tidings of thy grace.
- 3 'Mid burning elimes and frozen plains,
Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
Lord ! mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view.
- 4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail ;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge their conquering way.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

1. Ye Christian her-alds! go, proclaim Sal - va-tion thro' Im - man - uel's name;
To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha - ron there.

518

Mark 16 : 5.

ANON.

YE Christian heralds ! go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name ;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breast inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,—
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all !

519

Dan. 7 : 27.

COLLYER.

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand ;
The voice that marshaled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.

- 2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled ;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise ;
Our counsels aid, to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.
- 4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home ;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

520

Mal. 4 : 2.

ANON.

O SUN of righteousness, arise,
With gentle beams on Zion shine ;
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
And souls awake to life divine.

- 2 On all around, let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, or copious showers ;
That we may call our God our friend ;
That we may hail salvation ours.

521

Ps. 72.

WATTS.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head :
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King :
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

DETROIT. S. M.

1. O Lord, thy work re - vive, In Zi - on's gloom - y hour,
And make her dy - ing gra - ces live By thy re - stor - ing power.

522

Hab. 3 : 2.

MRS. BROWN.

- O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And make her dying graces live
By thy restoring power.
- 2 Awake thy chosen few
To fervent, earnest prayer ;
Again may they their vows renew,
Thy blessed presenee share.
- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
And hearts of adamant will break,
And rebels will obey.
- 4 Lord, lend thy graeious ear
Oh, listen to our cry ;
Oh, come and bring salvation here :
Our hopes on thee rely.

523

Lam. 1 : 4.

BETHUNE.

- On, for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.
- 2 We meet, we sing, we pray,
We listen to the word,
In vain ;—we see no cheering ray,
No cheering voice is heard.
- 3 While many crowd thy house,
How few, around thy board,
Meet to recount their solemn vows,
And bless thee as their Lord !

- 4 Thou, thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success ;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

- 5 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love !
Then shall this people all be thine,
This church like that above.

524

Rev. 22 : 20.

BONAR.

- COME, Lord, and tarry not !
Bring the long-looked-for day ;
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay ?
- 2 Come, for thy saints still wait ;
Daily ascends their sigh ;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come !
Dost thou not hear the cry ?
- 3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.
- 4 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise,—
Creation's second birth.
- 5 Come and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace ;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness !

LUTHER. S. M.

1. O thou whom we a-dore! To bless our earth again, As - sume thine own al -
might - y power, And o'er the nations reign, And o'er the na - tions reign.

525

Phil. 2 : 10, 11.

C. WESLEY.

O THOU whom we adore!
To bless our earth again,
Assume thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.

- 2 The world's Desire and Hope,
All power to thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven!
- 3 A gracious Saviour, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
And every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.
- 4 According to thy word,
Now be thy grace revealed;
And with the knowledge of the Lord,
Let all the earth be filled.

526

Isa. 60 : 2.

WARDLAW.

O LORD our God! arise;
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

- 2 Thou Prince of life! arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost! arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And, o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.

- 4 All on the earth! arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

527

Num. 14 : 21.

ANON.

- O GOD of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.
- 2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise.

528

Math. 6 : 10.

JOHNS.

- COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.
 - 3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
 - 4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From In - dia's cor-al strand, Where Afric's sun-ny

fount - ains Roll down their gol-den sand,— From many an an - cient riv - er, From

many a palmy plain, They call us to de-liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

529

Acts 16 : 9.

HEBER.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone !

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation, oh, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign !

530

Ps. 60 : 4.

HASTINGS.

Now be the gospel banner,
In every land, unfurled ;
And be the shout,—“ Hosanna ! ”
Re-echoed through the world ;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes,—thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings !
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings :
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.

1. The morning light is breaking ; The darkness disappears ; The sons of earth are waking
d. s. Of na-tions in com-mo-tion,

To pen- i - ten-tial tears ; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a-far,
Prepared for Zion's war.

Fine. *D. s.* *Fine.*

53 I *Isa. 66: 8.* S. F. SMITH.

- THE morning light is breaking ;
The darkness disappears ;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears ;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above ;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation !
Pursue thine onward way ;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay :
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home :
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come !"

- Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong,
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :
Before him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go :
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever,—
That name to us is—Love.

532 *Ps. 72.* MONTGOMERY.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son !

STOUGHTON. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Sav-iour, vis-it thy plan-ta-tion! Grant us, Lord, a gra-cious rain:

All will come to des-o-la-tion, Un-less thou re-turn a-gain.
d. s. Lest, for want of thine as-sist-ance, Ev-ery plant should droop and die.

Keep no long-er at a dis-tance, Shine up-on us from on high, D. S.

533

Cant. 4: 16.

NEWTON.

- SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation!
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
- 2 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished:
Happy seasons we have seen.
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, thy help is greatly needed:
Help can only come from thee.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent:
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snare.
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

534

Ps. 87.

NEWTON.

- GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion! city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded—
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
He who gives them daily manna,
He who listens when they cry,—
Let him hear the loud hosanna,
Rising to his throne on high.

MIDDLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

Fine.

1. { Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death! }
 { Rise on us, thy love revealing, Dissipate the clouds beneath: }
 d. c. Scattering all the night of nature, Pouring day upon our eyes,

D. C.

Thou of heaven and earth Cre - a - tor, In our deep-est dark-ness rise,—

535

John 1 : 9.

C. WESLEY.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death !
 Rise on us, thy love revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath :
 Thou of heaven and earth Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise,—
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing ;
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart :
 Come and manifest thy favor
 To the ransomed, helpless race ;
 Come, thou glorious God and Saviour !
 Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
 O thou mild, pacific Prince !
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins ;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Every burdened soul release ;
 Every weary, wandering spirit,
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

536

Isa. 54 : 10.

HASTINGS.

ZION, dreary and in anguish,
 'Mid the desert hast thou strayed !
 Oh, thou weary, cease to languish ;
 Jesus shall lift up thy head.

Still lamenting and bemoaning,
 'Mid thy follies and thy woes !
 Soon repenting and returning,
 All thy solitude shall close.

2 Though benighted and forsaken,
 Though afflicted and distressed ;
 His almighty arm shall waken ;
 Zion's King shall give thee rest :
 Cease thy sadness, unbelieving ;
 Soon his glory shalt thou see !
 Joy and gladness, and thanksgiving,
 And the voice of melody !

537

Rev. 22 : 20.

C. WESLEY

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free ;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee :
 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the saints thou art ;
 Dear Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver ;
 Born a child, and yet a King ;
 Born to reign in us forever,
 Now thy precious kingdom bring :
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

NUREMBURG. 7s.

1. Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea!

Now is come the prom-ised hour; Je - sus reigns with glo - rious power!

538

1 Tim. 6 : 15.

BACON.

WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power!

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore—
"Jesus reigns forevermore!"

3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice;
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,—
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

539

Acts 2 : 16.

RAY PALMER.

FOUNT of everlasting love!
Rich thy streams of mercy are,
Flowing purely from above;
Beauty marks their course afar.

2 Lo! thy church, athirst and faint,
Drinks the full, refreshing tide;
Thou hast heard her sad complaint,
Floods of grace are sweeping wide!

3 God of mercy, to thy throne
Now our fervent thanks we bring;
Thine the glory, thine alone,
Joyous praise to thee we sing.

4 While we lift our grateful song,
Let thy Spirit still descend;
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end!

540

Luke 1 : 78.

C. WESLEY.

SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered men aright.

2 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste, to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there!

3 There behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day!

541

1 Kings 18 : 44.

C. WESLEY.

SAW ye not the cloud arise,
Little as the human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.

2 Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the blessings of his love.

3 More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

4 Sons of God! your Saviour praise;
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified!

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. { On the moun-tain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands, }
 { Welome news to Zi-on bear-ing— Zi-on, long in hos-tile lands; } Mourning

captive! God himself shall loose thy bands; Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands.

542

Isa. 52 : 7.

KELLY.

- Ox the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welome news to Zion bearing—
 Zion, long in hostile lands :
 Mourning captive !
 God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
 Cease thy mourning ;
 Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee ;
 He himself appears thy Friend ;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end :
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King will surely send.
- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee ;
 All thy warfare now is past ;
 God thy Saviour will defend thee ;
 Victory is thine at last :
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

543

Psa. 125 : 2.

KELLY.

Zion stands with hills surrounded—
 Zion, kept by power divine ;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine ;
 Happy Zion,
 What a favored lot is thine !

- 2 Every human tie may perish ;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
 Heaven and earth at last remove :
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But ean never cease to love thee ;
 Thou art precious in his sight ;
 God is with thee—
 God, thine everlasting light.

544

Luke 2 : 32.

WILLIAMS.

- O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Cheered by no celestial ray,
 Sun of righteousness ! arising,
 Bring the bright, the glorious day ;
 Send the gospel
 To the earth's remotest bound.
- 2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
 Grant them, Lord ! the glorious light :
 And, from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night ;
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.
- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel !
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting, wide dominion
 Multiply and still increase ;
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour ! all the world around.

BEAUTEOUS DAY. 8s & 7s. D.

1. { We are watching, we are waiting, For the bright prophet-ic day;
When the shadows, wea-ry shadows From the world shall roll [Omit...] a-way. We are waiting
for the morning, When the beauteous day is dawn-ing; We are wait-ing for the morning,
For the gold-en spires of day. Lo! he comes! see the King draw near; Zi-on, shout! the Lord is here.

545

Luke 12 : 37.

ANON.

- We are watching, we are waiting,
For the bright prophetic day :
When the shadows, weary shadows,
From the world shall roll away.—*Cho.*
2 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the star that brings the day :

When the night of sin shall vanish,
And the shadows melt away.—*Cho.*

- 3 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the beauteous King of day :
For the Chiefest of ten-thousand,
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.—*Cho.*

MISSION SONG. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus calling,—Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
D. S. Who will answer, glad-ly saying,
Fine.
Who will bear the sheaves away? Loud and long the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich reward he of-fers free;
“Here am I, O Lord, send me.” *D. S.*

546

Matt. 9 : 37.

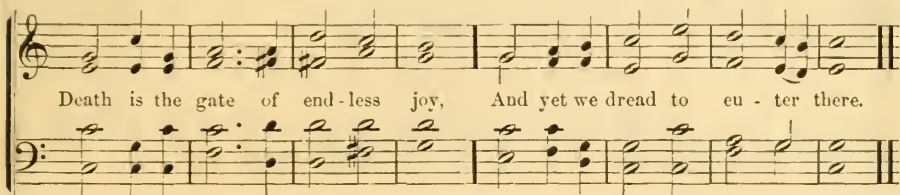
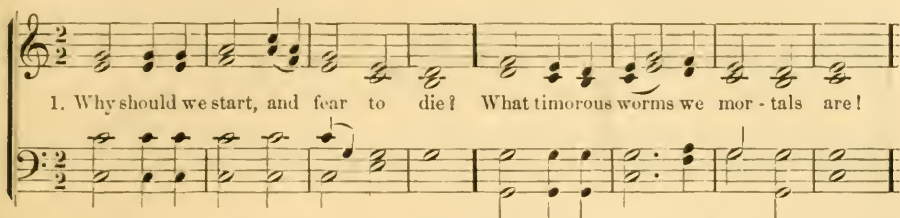
DR. MARCH.

- HARK! the voice of Jesus calling.—
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
“Here am I, O Lord, send me.”
2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.

- 3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
“There is nothing I can do!”
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be :
Answer quickly when he calleth,
“Here am I, O Lord, send me.”

ZEPHYR. L. M.

547 *Ps. 127: 2.* WATTS.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed!

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there!

548 *1 Thess. 4: 14.* MRS. MACKAY.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep.

549 *Rev. 14: 13.* BARBAULD.

How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

CHINA. C. M.

1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms?

'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.

550

2 Cor. 5 : 8.

WATTS.

- WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.
- 4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations underground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

GOD IS NEAR. P. M.

1. God is near thee, Therefore cheer thee, Sad soul! He'll de - fend thee,

When a - round thee Bil - lows roll, When a - round thee Bil - lows roll.

551

God is near thee,
Therefore cheer thee,
Sad soul!
He'll defend thee,
When around thee
Billows roll.

2 Calm thy sadness,
Look in gladness
On high!
Faint and weary,
Pilgrim, cheer thee!
Help is nigh!

3 Hark the sea-bird,
Wildly wheeling
Through the skies;
God defends him,
God attends him,
When he cries!

DORRANCE. 8s & 7s.

1. Je-sus, while our hearts are bleed-ing O'er the spoils that death has won,

We would at this sol-emn meet-ing, Calm-ly say,—thy will be done.

552

Matt. 6 : 10.

HASTINGS.

- JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say,—thy will be done.
- 2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blesséd Lord,—thy will be done.
- 3 Tho' to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing—thy will be done.
- 4 By thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore,—thy will be done!
- 4 "Though as yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let no cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.
- 5 "Yearly in our course appearing,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach in mortal hearing—
Ye, like us, shall pass away."
- 6 On the tree of life eternal,
Oh, let all our hopes be laid!
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

553

Isa. 64 : 6.

HORNE.

- SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:—
- 2 "Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
When like him, ye blighted fell,
Hear the lesson we are reading,
'Tis alas! the truth we tell.
- 3 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.
- 554
- Psa. 116 : 15.* COLLIVER.
- CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain and death, and night and anguish
Enter not the world above.
- 2 While our silent steps are straying
Lonely thro' night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.
- 4 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

SCOTLAND. 12s.

1. The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain, For Adam's lost race Christ hath
opened a fountain; { For sin and uncleanness, and ev - ery trans - gression, His
Halle - lu - jah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon, We'll
blood flows most freely in streams of salvation, His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation. }
praise him again, when we pass over Jordan, We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan. }

Sing the small notes for the 556th hymn.

555

Gen. 19 : 17.

BURDSALL.

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to
the mountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened
a fountain ;
For sin and uncleanness, and every trans-
gression,
His blood flows most freely in streams
of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who
hath purchased our pardon,
We'll praise him again, when
we pass over Jordan !

2 Ye souls that are wounded ! oh, flee to
the Saviour !

He calls you in mercy, 't is infinite favor ;
Your sins are increasing, escape to the
mountain—

His blood can remove them, it flows from
the fountain.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

3 O Jesus ! ride onward, triumphantly
glorious !

O'er sin, death, and hell, thou art more
than victorious ;

Thy name is the theme of the great
congregation,
While angels and men raise the shout
of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped
to the shore ;

With harps in our hands, we'll praise
him the more ;

We'll range the sweet plains on the
banks of the river,

And sing of salvation forever and ever !
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

556

John 11 : 25.

HEBER.

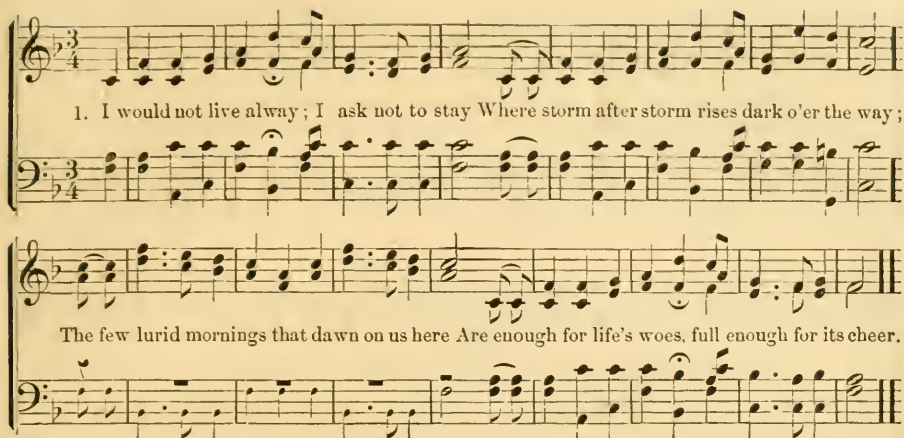
Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will
not deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass
the tomb ;

The Saviour hath passed through its
portals before thee ;

And the lamp of his love is thy guide
through the gloom.

FREDERICK. 11s.



557

Job 7: 16.

MUHLENBERG.

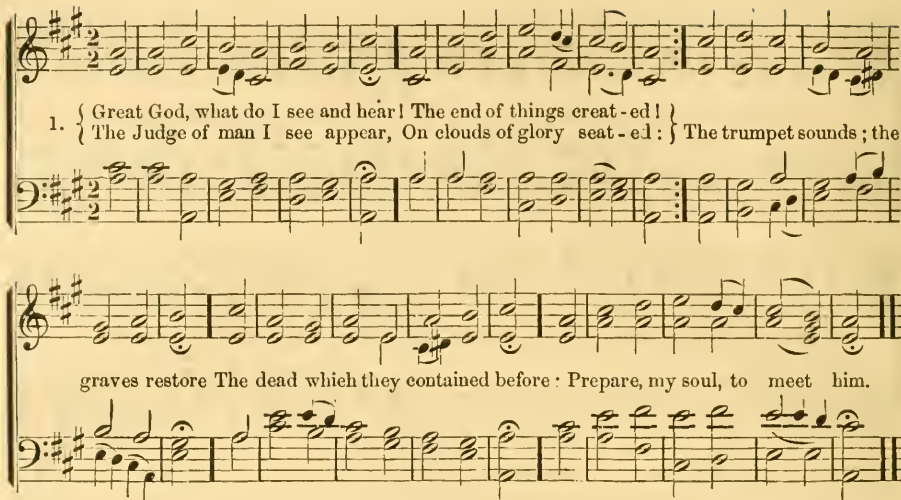
- 2 I would not live away, thus fettered by sin—
Temptation without and corruption within:
Ev'n the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the eup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live away; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live away, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?—
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

556

(Concluded.)

- 2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, for the Sinless hath died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
- But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

JUDGMENT HYMN. L. M. 7 lines.



558

Rev. 20 : 6.

COLLYER.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated :
 The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before ;
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding ;
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold his wrath prevailing ;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing :
 The day of grace is past and gone ;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God ! what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated :
 Beneath his cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet him.

559

Ps. 31 : 5.

GERMAN.

WHEN my last hour is close at hand,
 My last sad journey taken,
 Do thou, Lord Jesus ! by me stand ;
 Let me not be forsaken :
 O Lord ! my spirit I resign
 Into thy loving hands divine ;
 'Tis safe within thy keeping.

2 Countless as sands upon the shore,
 My sins may then appall me ;
 Yet, though my conscience vex me sore,
 Despair shall not enthrall me ;
 For as I draw my latest breath,
 I'll think, Lord Christ ! upon thy death,
 And there find consolation.

3 I shall not in the grave remain,
 Since thou death's bonds hast severed :
 By hope with thee to rise again
 From fear of death delivered,
 I'll come to thee, where'er thou art,
 Live with thee, from thee never part ;
 Therefore I die in rapture.

4 And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,
 My longing arms extending ;
 So fall asleep, in slumber deep,
 Slumber that knows no waking,
 Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
 Opens the gates of bliss, leads on
 To heaven, to life eternal.

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. { See th' e - ter - nal Judge de - scend - ing, View him seat - ed on his throne ! }
 { Now poor sin - ner, now la - ment - ing, Stand and hear thine aw - ful doom ! }

Trum-pets call thee, Trum-pets call thee ; Stand and hear thine aw - ful doom !

560

John 19 : 37.

ANON.

3 "Come, ye blessed of my Father!
 Enter into life and joy :
 Banish all your fears and sorrows ;
 Endless praise be your employ ;
 Hallelujah !—
 Welcome, welcome to the skies !"

SEE the eternal Judge descending !
 View him seated on his throne !
 Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
 Stand and hear thine awful doom ;
 Trumpets call thee,
 Stand and hear thine awful doom !

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
 Filled with dread of fiercer pain ;
 While in anguish thus lamenting
 That he ne'er was born again—
 Greatly mourning
 That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
 With the marks of dying love ;
 Oh, that I had sought his favor
 When I felt his Spirit move—
 Golden moments,
 When I felt his Spirit move !"

561

Matt. 25 : 34.

CENNICK.

Lo ! he cometh,—countless trumpets
 Wake to life the slumbering dead ;
 'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
 See their great exalted Head :
 Hallelujah—
 Welcome, welcome, Son of God !

2 Full of joyful expectation,
 Saints behold the Judge appear :
 Truth and justice go before him—
 Now the joyful sentence hear ;
 Hallelujah !—
 Welcome, welcome, Judge divine !

562

Zech. 12 : 10.

C. WESLEY.

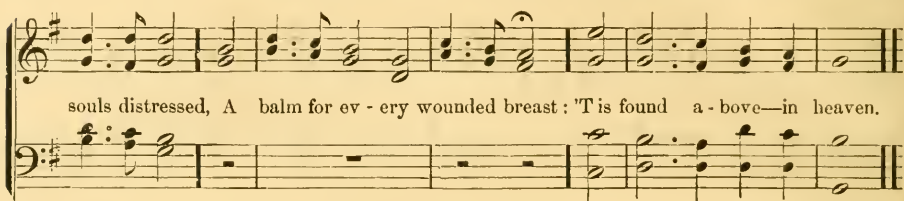
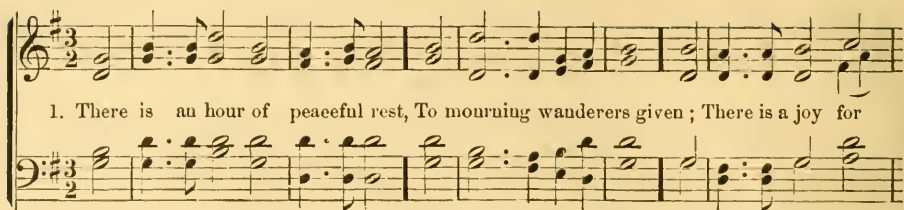
Lo ! he comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favored sinners slain !
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train !
 Hallelujah !
 Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty !
 Those who set at naught and sold him,
 Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see !

3 Lo ! the last long separation,
 As the cleaving crowds divide,
 And one dread adjudication
 Sends each soul to either side !
 Lord of mercy !
 How shall I that day abide ?

4 Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne !
 Saviour, take the power and glory ;
 Make thy righteous sentence known !
 Men and angels
 Kneel and bow to thee alone !

WOODLAND. C. M.



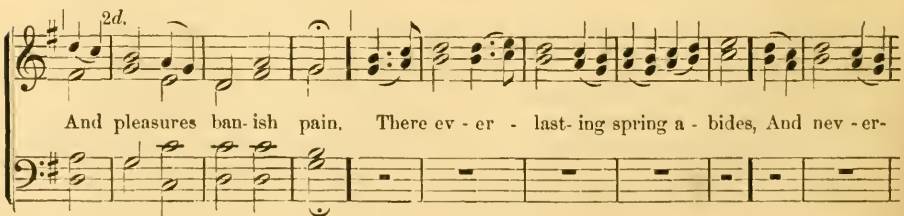
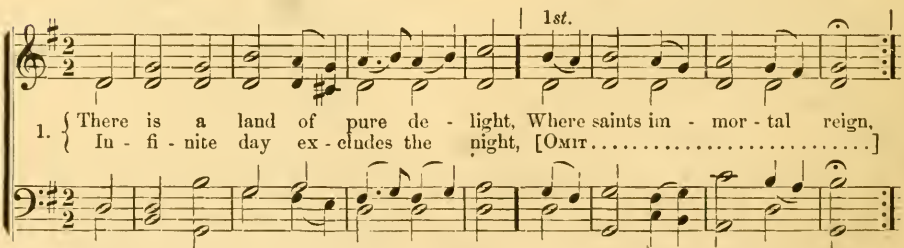
563

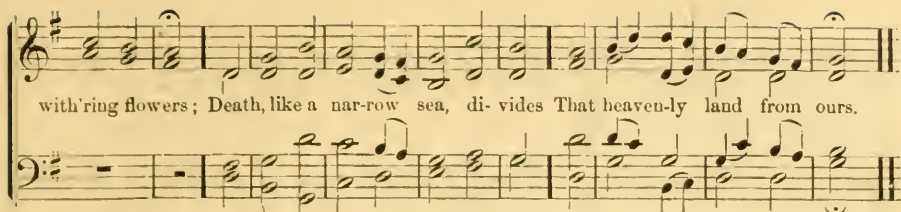
Rev. 21 : 3, 4.

TAPPAN.

- THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast :
'T is found above—in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven !

JORDAN. C. M. D.





564

Deut. 34 : 1.

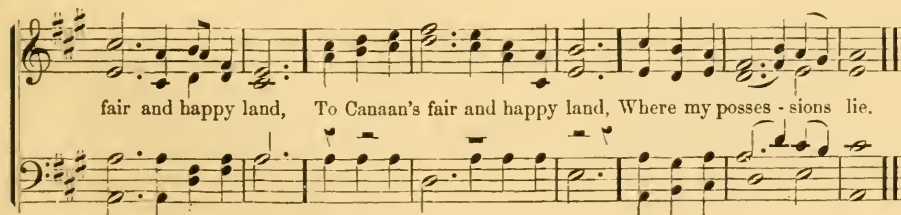
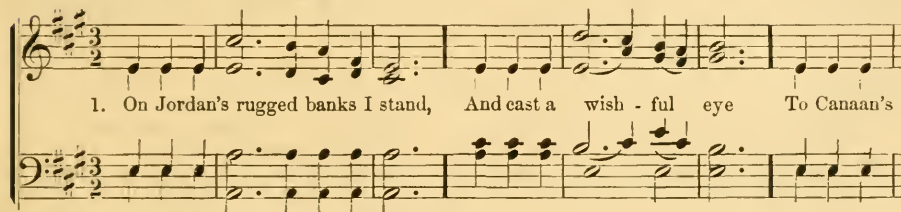
WATTS.

- THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

- 3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

TAPPAN. C. M.



565

Deut. 3 : 25.

STENNETT.

- ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

- 3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

EXHORTATION. C. M.

1. Let God.... the Fa - ther, and.... the Son, And Spir - - it, be..... a-

dored, Where there are works to make him known, Or saints to love the Lord.....

Lord; Where there are works to make him known, Or saints to love the Lord.
saints to love the Lord,.....

..... Where there are works to make him known,

566

Rev. 7:15.

ANON.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p> JERUSALEM ! my happy home !
 Name ever dear to me !
 When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy, and peace, in thee ? </p> <p> 2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths have no end ? </p> <p> 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know :
 Blest seats ! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
 I onward press to you. </p> | <p> 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe ?
 Or feel, at death, dismay ?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day. </p> <p> 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
 Around my Saviour stand !
 And soon my friends in Christ below,
 Will join the glorious band. </p> <p> 6 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see. </p> |
|--|--|

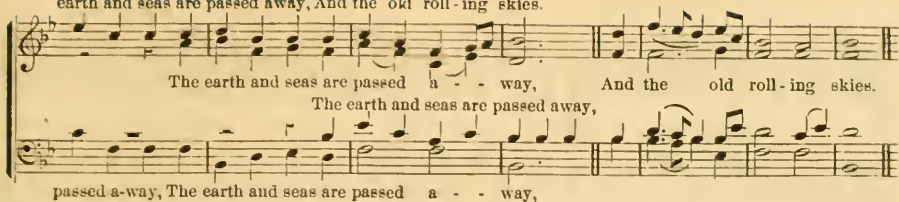
NORTHFIELD. C. M.

The

1. Lo, what a glorious sight ap-pears To our be-liev-ing eyes!

The earth and seas are

earth and seas are passed away, And the old roll-ing skies.



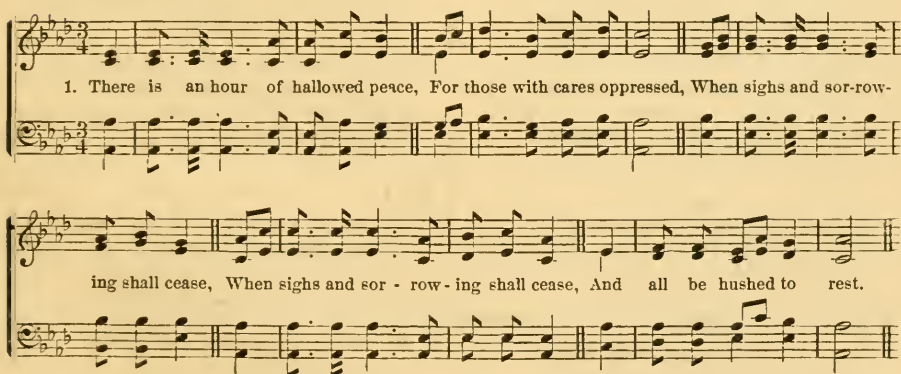
567

Rev. 21 : 2.

WATTS.

- Lo ! what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes !
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heaven where God re-
That holy, happy place,— [sides—
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
“Mortals ! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King :—
- 4 “The God of glory, down to men,
Removes his blest abode ;—
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he their loving God :—
- 5 “His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye ;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
And death itself shall die !” [fears,
- 6 How long, dear Saviour ! oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time !
And bring the welcome day.

NAUMANN. C. M.



568

Ps. 126 : 5.

TAPPAN.

- THERE is an hour of hallowed peace,
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest :—
- 2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts, which here annoy ;
Then they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.
- 3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more ;
The stream of endless pleasure flows,
On that celestial shore :
- 4 There, purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy ;
There, they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

RHINE. C. M.

1. O mother dear, Je-ru - salem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? Thy joys when shall I see?

569

Rev. 21 : 10.

DICKSON.

- O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
- 3 No dimly eloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.
- 4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

570

Rev. 3 : 11.

ALEXANDER.

- THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
- 2 Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!
- 3 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How soon they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!

- 4 Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!
- 5 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
- 6 Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor fail to reach our crown!

571

Heb. 11 : 16.

ANON.

- My feet are weary with the march
Over the steep hill-side;
City of God! I fain would see
Thy peaceful waters glide!
- 2 My hands are weary, toiling on
For perishable meat;
City of God! I fain would reach
Thy glorious mercy-seat!
- 3 Patience, poor heart! His feet were worn,
His hands were weary too;
His garments stained, and travel-torn,
His head wet with the dew.
- 4 Love thou the path thy Saviour trod,
And patient wait thy rest;
His holy city thou shalt see,
Home of the loved and blest!

SHINING SHORE. P. M.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly,
D. S. just before, the Shining Shore,

Fine.
Those hours of toil and danger. For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over; And
We may almost dis-cov-er! *D. S.*

572

Josh. 1 : 11.

NELSON.

- My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly
Those hours of toil and danger.
For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the Shining Shore
We may almost discover!
- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.—*Ref.*

- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.—*Ref.*
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our
home,
Forever, oh, forever!
For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the Shining Shore
We may almost discover!

LAND OF REST. C. M.

HYMN 573

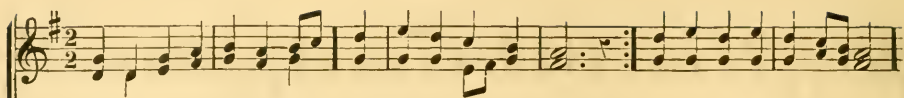
ANON.

1. Sweet Land of rest! for thee I sigh, When will the moment come When I shall lay my armor by,
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, sheltering dome; This world's a wilderness of woe,
3. Weary of wandering round and round This vale of sin and gloom, I long to leave th'unhallowed ground,

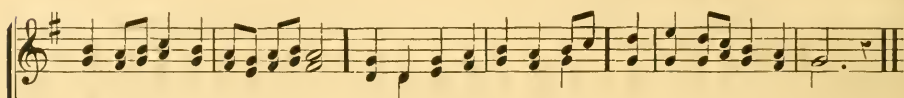
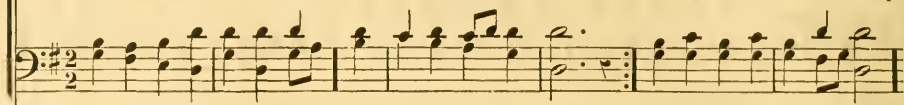
REFRAIN. | 1st. | 2d.

And dwell with Christ at home! { Home, home, sweet, sweet home, With Christ shall be my home.
This world is not my home. { Home, home, sweet, sweet home, With Christ shall be my - - home!
And dwell with Christ at home.

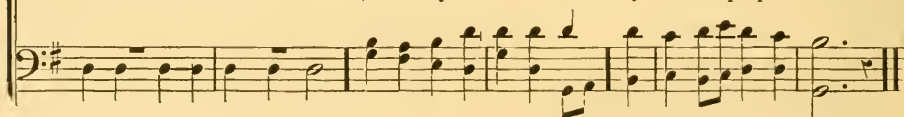
AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.



1. { Rise, my soul and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace ; }
 { Rise from transitory things Toward heaven, thy native place : } Sun and moon and stars decay,



Time shall soon this earth remove ; Rise, my soul ! and haste away To seats prepared a-bove.



574

1 John 3 : 2.

SEAGRAVE.

Rise, my soul ! and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Toward heaven, thy native place :
 Sun and moon and stars decay ;
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul ! and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source ;
 So a soul, that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Fly me, riches ! fly me, cares !
 While I that coast explore ;
 Flattering world ! with all thy snares,
 Solicit me no more :
 Pilgrims fix not here their home ;
 Strangers tarry but a night ;
 When the last dear morn is come,
 They'll rise to joyful light.

4 Cease, ye pilgrims ! cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies !
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

575

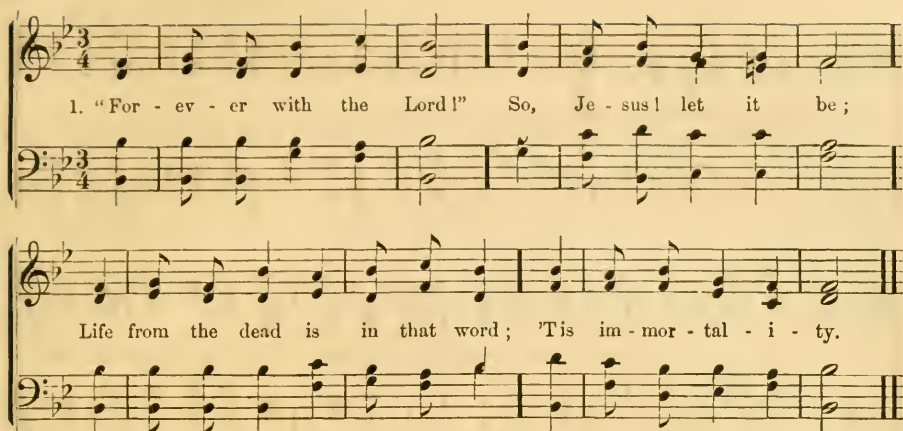
2 Cor. 5 : 1.

BURTON

Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a winter's day—
 A journey to the tomb ;
 Youth and vigor soon will flee,
 Blooming beauty lose its charms ;
 All that's mortal soon shall be
 Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a winter's day—
 A journey to the tomb ;
 But the Christian shall enjoy
 Health and beauty, soon, above,
 Far beyond the world's alloy,
 Secure in Jesus' love.

OLMUTZ. S. M.



1. "For - ev - er with the Lord !" So, Je - sus ! let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word ; 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.

576

1 *Thess. 4 : 17.* MONTGOMERY.

"FOREVER with the Lord !"
So, Jesus ! let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word ;
'Tis immortality.

2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam :
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul ! how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear !

4 "Forever with the Lord !"
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of thy gracious word
Ev'n here to me fulfill.

5 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

6 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord !"

577

Num. 23 : 10.

ANON.

OH, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord !
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward !

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

578

Zech. 1 : 5.

DODDRIDGE.

How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea !
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity !

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own ?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor gone !

3 God of our fathers hear,
Thou everlasting Friend !
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.

LOOKING HOME. P. M.

1st. 2d. REFRAIN.

1. { Ah, this heart is void and chill, 'Mid earth's noisy thronging ; }
 { For my Father's mansions still Earnestly is - - longing ; } Looking home! Looking home!

Toward the heavenly mansions Jesus hath prepared for me In his Fa-ther's kingdom!

579

John 14 : 2.

GERMAN.

- Ah, this heart is void and chill,
 'Mid earth's noisy thronging ;
 For my Father's mansions still
 Earnestly is longing ;
 Looking home ! looking home
 Toward the heavenly mansions
 Jesus hath prepared for me
 In his Father's kingdom !
- 2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
 Heavenly pleasures bringing ;
 Night will be exchanged for morn,
 Sighs give place to singing.

Looking home ! looking home !
 Toward the heavenly mansions
 Jesus hath prepared for me
 In his Father's kingdom !

- 3 With this load of sin and care,
 Then no longer bending,
 But with waiting angels there
 On our soul attending :—
 Blesséd home ! blesséd home !
 All for which we're sighing ;
 Soon our Lord will bid us come
 To our Father's kingdom !

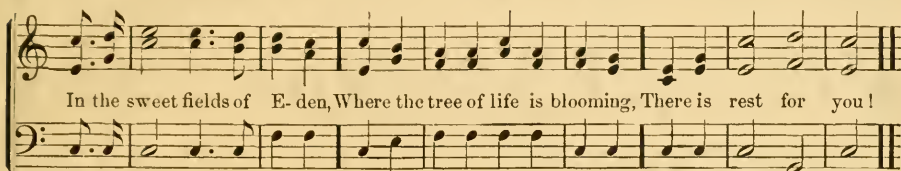
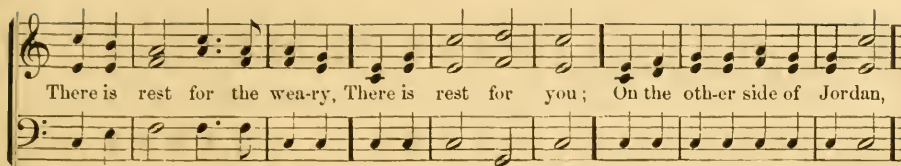
REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s. D.

1. In the Christian's home in glory There remains a land of rest ; There my Saviour's gone before me,

CHORUS.

To fulfill my soul's request. There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary,

REST FOR THE WEARY. Concluded.



580

Heb. 4 : 9.

HUNTER.

- In the Christian's home in glory
 There remains a land of rest,
 There my Saviour's gone before me,
 To fulfill my soul's request.
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary ;
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you !
- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand ;

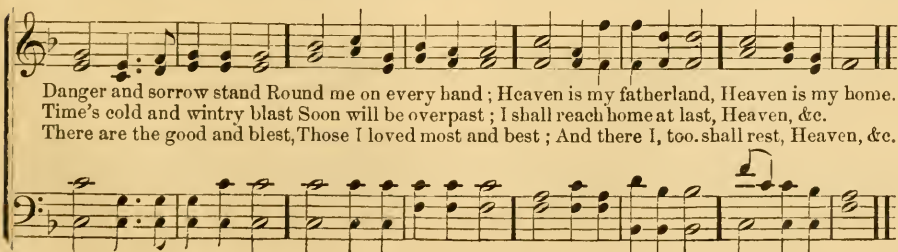
For my stay shall not be transient
 In that holy, happy land.
 There is rest, etc.

- 3 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
 And his sting shall be withdrawn ;
 Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed !
 Hail with joy the rising morn.
 There is rest, etc.
- 4 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory !
 Shout your triumphs as you go ;
 Zion's gates will open for you,
 You shall find an entrance through.
 There is rest, etc.

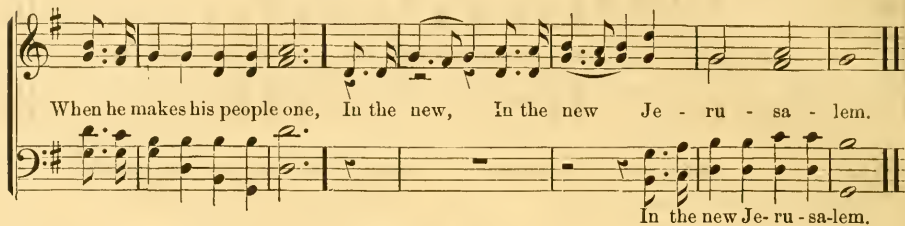
FATHERLAND. 6s & 4s.

HYMN 581

TAYLOR.



MT. BLANC. P. M.



582

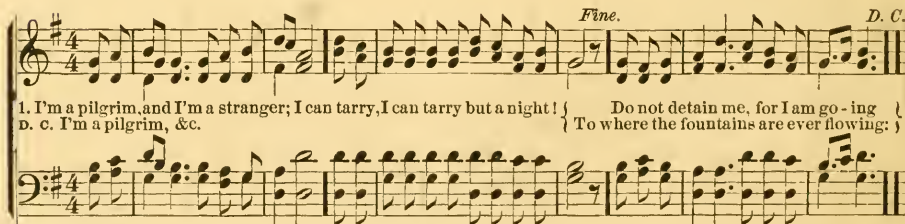
Rev. 21 : 2.

C. BEECHER.

- WE are on our journey home,
Where Christ our Lord is gone ;
We shall meet around his throne,
When he makes his people one,
In the new Jerusalem.
- 2 We can see that distant home,
Though clouds rise dark between ;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a lustre flashes keen
From the new Jerusalem.

- 3 Oh, holy, heavenly home !
Oh, rest eternal there !
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care,
In the new Jerusalem !
- 4 Our hearts are breaking now
Those mansions fair to see ;
O Lord ! thy heavens bow,
And raise us up with thee,
To the new Jerusalem.

I'M A PILGRIM.



583

Heb. 11 : 13.

ANON.

- I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night !
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing :
I'm a pilgrim, etc.
- 2 There the glory is ever shining !
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart
is there !
- 3 There's the city to which I journey ;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light !
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying !
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

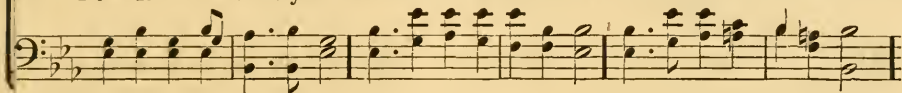
BEULAH. 7s. D.



1. Who are these in bright array, This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng, Round the altar, night and day,
D. S. Wisdom, riches, to ob - tain,



Hymning one triumphant song?—"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, honor, glory, power,
New do - min - ion ev - ery hour."



584

Rev. 7 : 13. MONTGOMERY.

Who are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great affliction came :
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb, amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispel all fears ;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

585

Isa. 60 : 20.

RAFFLES.

High in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above ;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love :
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe.

2 But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more—
Never, never weep again :
'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark, their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love !

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose :
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows :
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

MIRIAM. 7s & 6s. D.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the glo - rious! The glo - ry of th' e - lect,— O dear and future vis - ion
D.S. To thee my thoughts are kindled,

Fine. That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Ev'n now by faith I see thee, Ev'n here thy walls discern;
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

D.S.

586

Heb. 11 : 14.

BERNARD.

- JERUSALEM, the glorious!
The glory of the elect,—
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn!
- 2 The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified, thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise;—
Jerusalem! exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
- 3 O sweet and blessed Country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?—
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

587

Matt. 25 : 6.

BORTHWICK.

- REJOICE, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The shades of eve are thickening,
And darker night is near;

The Bridegroom is advancing;
Each hour he draws more nigh;
Up! watch and pray, nor slumber;
At midnight comes the cry.

- 2 See that your lamps are burning,
Your vessels filled with oil;
Wait calmly your deliverance
From earthly pain and toil.
The watchers on the mountains
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go, meet him, as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.
- 3 The saints, who here in patience
Their cross and sufferings bore,
With him shall reign forever,
When sorrow is no more:
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb shall they behold,
Adoring cast before him
Their diadems of gold.
- 4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, thou Sun so looked-for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with thee.

GOLDEN. 7s & 8s. D.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the golden! With milk and hon - ey blest, Be - neath thy con - tem -
pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, oh, I know not What
joys a - wait me there; What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.

588

Rev. 21 : 18.

BERNARD.

JERUSALEM the golden!

With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiance of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

- 2 O sweet and blessed Country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed Country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us,
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

- 2 Thy ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up the fabric,
The corner-stone is CHRIST!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

- 3 They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song;
And bright with many an angel,
With many a martyr-throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene,
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

589

Rev. 21 : 10.

BERNARD.

FOR thee, O dear, dear Country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep:
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;—
O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And bliss hath no alloy.

- 4 There is the throne of David;
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, beneath their Leader,
Who conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white!

RUSSELL. 7s & 6s. D.

1. There is a land im - mor-tal, The beau-ti - ful of lands ; Beside its ancient
por - tal A si - lent sen - try stands ; He on - ly can un - do it, And
o - pen wide the door ; And mortals who pass through it, Are mortal nev-er more.

590

Heb. 2 : 14.

MCKELLAR.

- THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands ;
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands ;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door ;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortal nevermore.
- 2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait ;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.
- 3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears ;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears :
Death like an angel seemeth ;
"We welcome thee," they cry ;
Their face with glory beameth—
'Tis life for them to die !

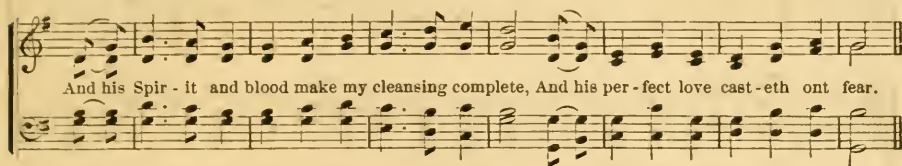
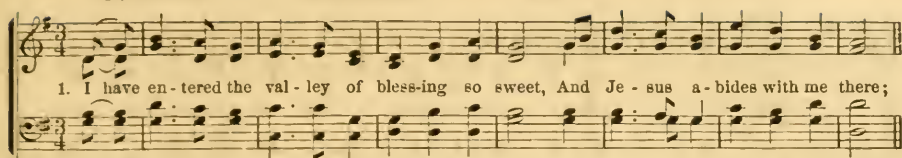
591

1 John 2 : 17.

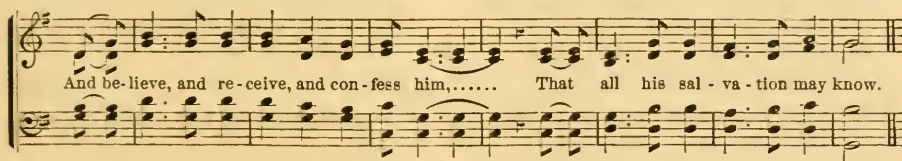
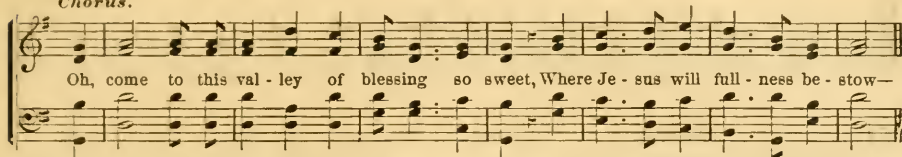
BERNARD.

- BRIEF life is here our portion ;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life, that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there :
Oh, happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals, and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest !
- 2 And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow ;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow ;
The light, that hath no evening,
The health, that hath no sore,
The life, that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.
- 3 There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced,—
That spirit's food and sunshine,
Whence earthly love is chased :
Yes ! God, my King and Portion,
In fullness of his grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

VALLEY OF BLESSING. P. M.



Chorus.



592

Ezek. 34 : 26. MRS. WITTEMEYER.

- 2 There is peace in the valley of blessing
so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
There is rest for the weary-worn travel-
er's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart. *Cho.*

- 3 There is love in the valley of blessing
so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed
may feel;
When heaven comes down redeemed
spirits to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal. *Cho.*

- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing,
so sweet
That angels would fain join the
strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at
his feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was
slain."—*Cho.*

593

Cant. 1 : 78.

ANON.

- O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes
delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in
the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!
Where dost thou, at noon-tide, resort
with thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should
I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?
- 2 Oh, why should I wander an alien from
thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows
they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Dear Shepherd! I hear, and will follow
thy call;
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for thou art my
And in thee I will ever rejoice. [all,

GLASGOW. C. M.

1. Lord! while for all man-kind we pray, Of ev - ery clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our na - tive land— The land we love the most.

594

National

WELFORD.

LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

- 2 Oh, guard our shore from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
- 4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.
- 5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

595

A Marriage Hymn.

BERRIDGE.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

- 3 Oh, may each soul assembled here,
Be married, Lord, to thee!
Clad in thy robes, made white and fair,
To spend eternity!

596

Fast.

STEELE.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

- 2 Alarming judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.
- 3 Oh, bid us turn, Almighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

597

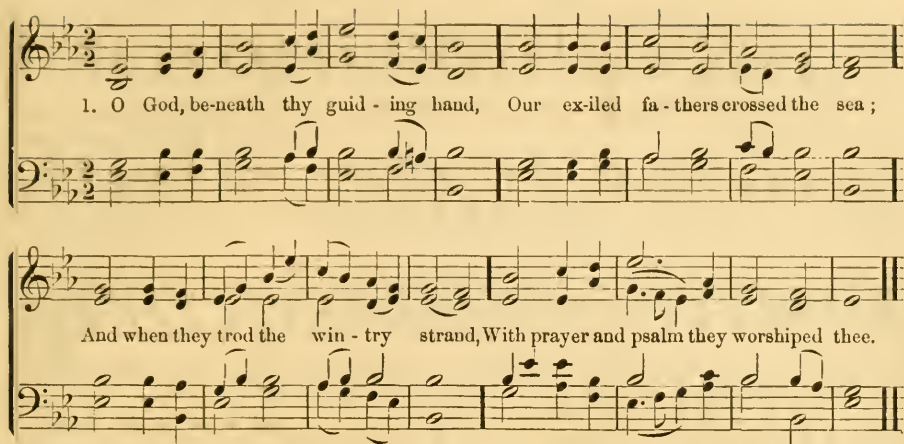
Seamen.

ANON.

WE come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united plea,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the sea.

- 2 Oh, may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow,
Like rain-drops in the sea!
- 3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

DUKE STREET. L. M.



598

National.

BACON.

- O God, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea ;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.
- 2 Thou heard'st, well-pleased, the song,
the prayer ;
Thy blessing came ; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.
- 3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves ;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.
- 4 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future—all to us unknown—
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal, in silence, mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

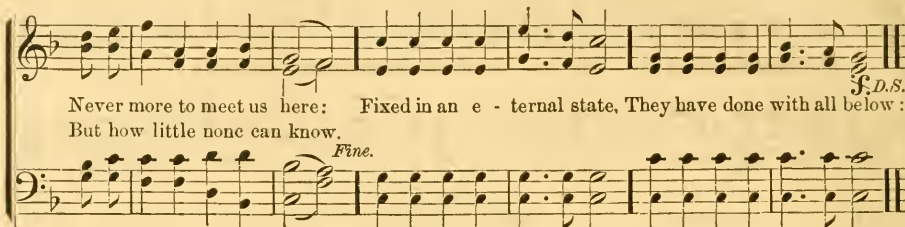
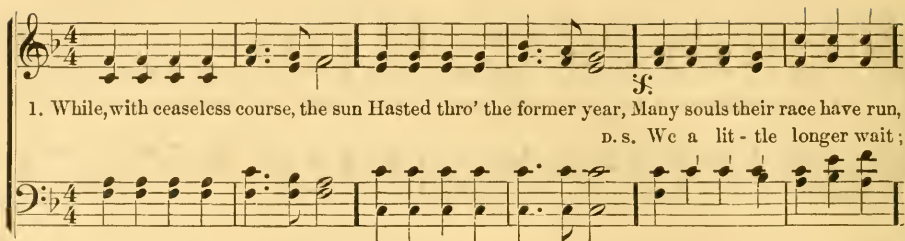
599

New Year.

DODDRIDGE.

- GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand :
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night—at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 600
- Seamen. BURGESS.
- WHILE o'er the deep thy servants sail,
Send thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale ;
And on their hearts where'er they go,
Oh, let thy heavenly breezes blow !
- 2 If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond thine eye ;
The wanderer's prayer thou bend'st to
hear,
And faith exults to know thee near.
- 3 When tempests rock the groaning bark,
Oh, hide them safe in Jesus' ark !
When in the tempting port they ride,
Oh, keep them safe at Jesus' side !
- 4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore ;
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.



601

New Year.

NEWTON.

- WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait;
But how little none can know.
- 2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to old and young;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

602

Harvest.

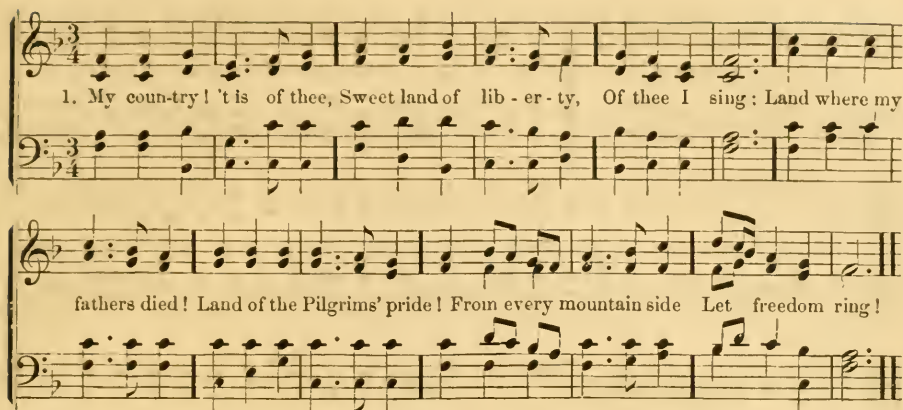
ALFORD.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:

God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!

- 2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield:
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home:
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away:
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast:
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.
- 4 Then, thou Church Triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin:
There, forever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest Home!

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



603

National.

S. F. SMITH.

- My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

The valleys laugh and sing;
Forests and mountains ring;
The plains their tribute bring;
The streams rejoice.

- 2 The God of harvest praise,
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord!

605

The Poor.

NICOLL.

- LORD, from thy blesséd throne,
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the poor!
Teach them true liberty,
Make them from tyrants free,
Let their homes happy be!
God save the poor!
- 2 The arms of wicked men
Do thou with might restrain—
God save the poor!
Raise thou their lowliness,
Succor thou their distress,
Thou whom the meanest bless!
God save the poor!
- 3 Give them stanch honesty,
Let their pride manly be—
God save the poor!
Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light!
God save the poor!

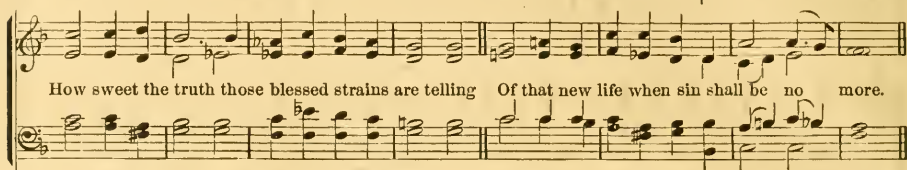
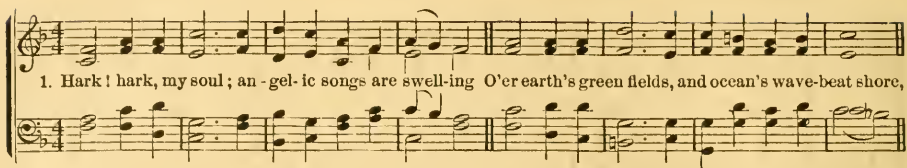
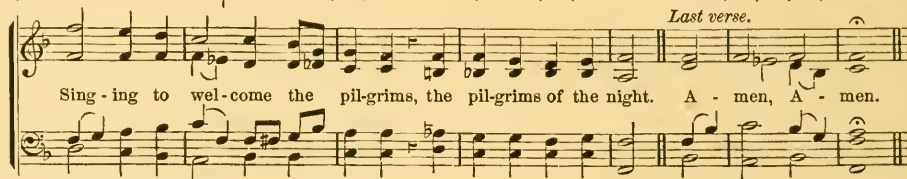
604

Harvest.

MONTGOMERY.

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice!

ANGELS' SONG. P. M.

*Chorus.*

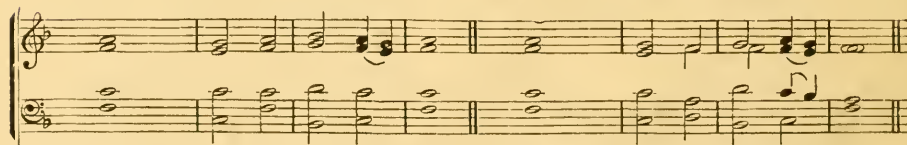
606

Heb. 1 : 14.

FABER.

- 2 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.—*Cho.*
- 3 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Cho.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



607

Matt. 6 : 9-13.

- 1 OUR Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; || thy kingdom
come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;
- 2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we
forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liv-er | us from | evil; || for thine is
the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for- | ever. A- | men.

DOXOLOGIES.

I **L. M.**
 PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow !
 Praise him, all creatures here below !
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host !
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

2 **C. M.**
 LET God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, be adored,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

3 **S. M.**
 YE angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,
 And bless the Spirit, too.

4 **H. M.**
 To God the Father's throne
 Your highest honors raise ;
 Glory to God the Son ;
 To God, the Spirit, praise ;
 With all our powers, Eternal King,
 Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

5 **7s.**
 SING we to our God above
 Praise eternal as his love ;
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

6 **8s & 7s.**
 PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
 As it was, and is, be given
 Glory through eternal days.

7 **8s, 7s & 4s.**
 GREAT Jehovah ! we adore thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, joined in glory
 On the same eternal throne ;
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, Three in One.

8 **11s.**
 O FATHER Almighty, to thee be addressed,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever
 blest,
 All glory and worship, from earth and from
 heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

9 **6s & 4s.**
 To God—the Father, Son,
 And Spirit—Three in One,
 All praise be given !
 Crown him in every song ;
 To him your hearts belong ;
 Let all his praise prolong—
 On earth, in heaven.

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PAGE		PAGE	
Aletta.....21, 88	7s..... <i>W. B. Bradbury.</i>	Glasgow.....67, 202	C. M..... <i>G. F. Root.</i>
America.....205	6s & 4s..... <i>Henry Carey.</i>	God is near.....180	P. M..... <i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Amsterdam.....192	7s & 6s, D..... <i>Jas. Naves.</i>	Golden.....199	7s & 6s, D..... <i>Alex. Erving.</i>
Angels' Song.....206	P. M..... <i>J. B. Dykes.</i>	Golden Hill.....164	S. M..... <i>Aaron Chapin.</i>
Antioch.....49	C. M..... <i>Dr. Mason, arr.</i>	Goshen.....163	11s..... <i>German.</i>
Anvern.....168	L. M..... <i>Dr. Mason, arr.</i>	Gratitude.....123	L. M..... <i>Dr. Hastings.</i>
Arcadia.....99	C. M..... <i>Dr. Hastings.</i>	Greenville.....38	8s, 7s & 4s..... <i>J. J. Rousseau.</i>
Ariel.....112	C. P. M..... <i>Dr. Mason.</i>	Greenwood.....108	S. M..... <i>J. E. Sweetser.</i>
Arlington.....98	C. M..... <i>Thos. A. Arne.</i>	Guide.....144	7s, D..... <i>American Songster.</i>
Athens.....93	C. M. D..... <i>Giardini.</i>	Halle.....20	7s, 6 l..... <i>Dr. Hastings, arr.</i>
Autumn.....22	8s & 7s, D..... <i>G. F. Root.</i>	Hamburg.....80, 153	L. M..... <i>Dr. Mason, arr.</i>
Avon.....54, 79	C. M..... <i>Hugh Wilson.</i>	Harwell.....60	6s & 7s, D..... <i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Ayrshire.....51	L. M. D..... <i>Scotch Air.</i>	Hastings.....17	C. L. M..... <i>Dr. Hastings.</i>
Balerna.....70	C. M..... <i>Scottish</i>	Haydn.....63	S. M..... <i>Geo. Kingsley, arr.</i>
Bavaria.....148	8s & 7s, D..... <i>German.</i>	Heber.....111	C. M..... <i>Geo. Kingsley.</i>
Bayley.....114	8s & 7s, D. <i>J. P. Holbrook, arr.</i>	Hebron.....32, 150	L. M..... <i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Beauteous Day.....178	P. M..... <i>G. F. Root.</i>	Helena.....53	C. M..... <i>W. B. Bradbury.</i>
Belmont.....77	8s, 7s & 4s..... <i>Anon.</i>	Hendon.....18, 125	7s..... <i>Cæsar Malan.</i>
Bemerton.....11	C. M..... <i>H. W. Greatorex.</i>	Holley.....37	7s..... <i>Geo. Hews.</i>
Benevento.....92, 204	7s, D..... <i>Samuel Webbe.</i>	Horton.....19, 75	7s, X. <i>Schnyder v. Wartensee.</i>
Bera.....68	L. M..... <i>John E. Gould.</i>	Hummel.....64	C. M..... <i>Chas. Zeuner.</i>
Bethany.....116	6s & 4s..... <i>Dr. Mason.</i>	Hursley.....6, 26	L. M..... <i>W. H. Monk, arr.</i>
Beulah.....197	7s, D..... <i>E. Ives.</i>	I'm a Pilgrim.....196	P. M..... <i>Anon.</i>
Boardman.....133	C. M..... <i>Geo. Kingsley, arr.</i>	Italian Hymn.....31	6s & 4s..... <i>Giardini.</i>
Boylston.....130, 149	S. M..... <i>Dr. Mason.</i>	Jewett.....141	6s, D..... <i>J. P. Holbrook, arr.</i>
Braden.....34	S. M..... <i>W. B. Bradbury.</i>	Jordan.....186	C. M. D..... <i>Wm. Billings.</i>
Brattle Street.....44	C. M. D..... <i>Peyel.</i>	Judgment Hymn.....184	L. M., 7 l..... <i>Joseph King.</i>
Brown.....132	C. M..... <i>W. B. Bradbury.</i>	Kentucky.....72	S. M..... <i>Aaron Chapin.</i>
Byefield.....10	C. M..... <i>Dr. Hastings.</i>	Knox.....43	C. M..... <i>Temple Melodies.</i>
Cana.....165	11s..... <i>Geo. Kingsley, arr.</i>	Laban.....136	S. M..... <i>Dr. Mason.</i>
China.....180	C. M..... <i>Timothy Swan.</i>	Land of Rest.....191	P. M..... <i>W. B. Bradbury.</i>
Christmas.....50, 97	C. M..... <i>Handel.</i>	Last Beam.....41	P. M..... <i>Anon.</i>
Church.....7, 110	C. M..... <i>J. P. Holbrook.</i>	Leighton.....137	S. M..... <i>H. W. Greatorex.</i>
Come, ye Disconsol.....76	P. M..... <i>Samuel Webbe.</i>	Lenox.....95	H. M..... <i>J. Edison.</i>
Consecration.....154	L. M..... <i>Anon.</i>	Lisbon.....15	S. M..... <i>Daniel Read.</i>
Cooling.....86	C. M..... <i>A. J. Abbey.</i>	Looking Home.....194	P. M..... <i>W. B. Bradbury.</i>
Coronation.....56	C. M..... <i>Oliver Holden.</i>	Lord's Prayer.....206	Chant..... <i>Gregorian.</i>
Cowper.....66	C. M..... <i>Dr. Mason.</i>	Louvan.....45	L. M..... <i>V. C. Taylor.</i>
Denfield.....57, 146	C. M..... <i>Dr. Mason, arr.</i>	Loving-kindness.....113	L. M..... <i>Western Air.</i>
Dennis.....101	S. M..... <i>H. G. Nageli.</i>	Lowry.....4	L. M..... <i>Root & Sweetser's Coll.</i>
Detroit.....73, 170	S. M..... <i>E. P. Hastings.</i>	Luther.....171	S. M..... <i>Dr. Hastings.</i>
Dornance.....158, 181	8s & 7s..... <i>I. B. Woodbury.</i>	Lyons.....30	10s & 11s..... <i>Haydn.</i>
Downs.....48	C. M..... <i>Dr. Mason.</i>	Maitland.....143	C. M..... <i>Western Air.</i>
Duke St.....122, 203	L. M..... <i>J. Hatton.</i>	Manoah.....47, 55	C. M..... <i>G. Rossini.</i>
Dumdee.....155	C. M..... <i>Scottish.</i>	Martyn.....74, 90	7s, D..... <i>S. B. Marsh.</i>
Dwight.....27	L. M..... <i>J. P. Holbrook, arr.</i>	Mendebras.....24	7s & 6s, D..... <i>Dr. Mason, arr.</i>
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Evan.....87, 131	C. M..... <i>W. H. Havergal.</i>	Meribah.....84	C. P. M..... <i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Evening Hymn.....33	L. M..... <i>Thos. Tallis.</i>	Messiah.....91	7s, D..... <i>Geo. Kingsley, arr.</i>
Even Me.....81	P. M..... <i>W. B. Bradbury.</i>	Middleton.....175	8s & 7s, D..... <i>English Air.</i>
Eventide.....35	10s..... <i>W. H. Monk.</i>	Migdol.....3	L. M..... <i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Exhortation.....188	C. M..... <i>Hibbard.</i>	Miriam.....198	7s & 6s, D..... <i>J. P. Holbrook.</i>
Expostulation.....69	11s..... <i>Josiah Hopkins.</i>	Missionary Ch.....96, 169	L. M..... <i>Chas. Zeuner.</i>
Fatherland.....195	6s & 4s..... <i>Geo. Kingsley.</i>	Missionary Hymn.....172	7s & 6s, D..... <i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Federal St.....106	L. M..... <i>H. K. Oliver.</i>	Mission Song.....178	8s & 7s, D..... <i>Van Arsdale.</i>
Flemming.....144	8s & 6s..... <i>Flemming.</i>	Monson.....65	C. M..... <i>Brown.</i>
Fountain.....89	C. M..... <i>Western Air.</i>	Mt. Blanc.....196	P. M..... <i>C. Becher.</i>
Frederick.....183	11s..... <i>Geo. Kingsley.</i>	Naomi.....126	C. M..... <i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Fulton.....119	7s..... <i>W. B. Bradbury.</i>	Naumann.....189	C. M..... <i>Naumann.</i>
Ganges.....85	C. P. M..... <i>Anon.</i>	Near the Cross.....94	P. M..... <i>W. H. Doane.</i>
Gaylord.....83	8s & 7s, D. <i>J. P. Holbrook, arr.</i>	Nelson.....25	8s, 7s & 4s..... <i>J. P. Holbrook.</i>
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	PAGE		PAGE
Nettleton	162	8s & 7s, D.....	<i>Anon.</i>
None but Jesus	94	P. M.....	<i>R. Lowry.</i>
Northfield	188	C. M.....	<i>Ingalls.</i>
Nuremburg	176	7s.....	<i>J. R. Ahle.</i>
Old Hundred.....	28	L. M.....	<i>Wm. Franc.</i>
Olivet.....	117	6s & 4s.....	<i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Olmütz.....	100, 193	S. M.....	<i>Dr. Mason, arr.</i>
One more Day.....	120	P. M.....	<i>R. Lowry.</i>
Oriola.....	147	C. M. D.....	<i>W. B. Bradbury.</i>
Ortonville.....	58	C. M.....	<i>Dr. Hastings.</i>
Park Street.....	107	L. M.....	<i>F. M. A. Venua.</i>
Pass me not.....	81	P. M.....	<i>W. H. Doane.</i>
Penitence.....	82	7s, 6s & 8s.....	<i>Oakley.</i>
Pleyel's Hymn.....	105, 157	7s.....	<i>Pleyel.</i>
Portuguese Hymn.....	104	11s.....	<i>John Reading.</i>
Precious Blood.....	165	P. M.....	<i>J. H. Stockton.</i>
Rathbun	59	8s & 7s.....	<i>I. Conkey.</i>
Remsen.....	127	C. M.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook.</i>
Repose.....	129	7s, 6 l.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook, arr.</i>
Rest for the Weary.....	194	8s & 7s, D.....	<i>J. W. Dadmun.</i>
Retreat.....	5	L. M.....	<i>Dr. Hastings.</i>
Return.....	71	C. M.....	<i>Dr. Hastings.</i>
Rhine.....	190	C. M.....	<i>German.</i>
Rockingham.....	52	L. M.....	<i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Rock of Ages.....	156	7s, 6 l.....	<i>Dr. Hastings.</i>
Rosefield.....	128	7s, 6 l.....	<i>Cæsar Malan.</i>
Russel.....	200	7s & 6s, D. G. A.	<i>Russel, arr.</i>
Scotland.....	182	12s.....	<i>John Clarke.</i>
Segur.....	39	8s, 7s & 4s.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook.</i>
Seymour.....	36	7s.....	<i>Greatorex Coll.</i>
Shepherd.....	109	11s & 10s.....	<i>Spiritual Songs.</i>
Shining Shore.....	191	7s & 8s, D.....	<i>G. F. Root.</i>
Shirland.....	16	S. M.....	<i>Samuel Stanley.</i>
Sicily.....	159	8s & 7s.....	<i>Sicilian Air.</i>
Siloam.....	142, 151	C. M.....	<i>I. B. Woodbury.</i>
Silver Street.....	12, 135	S. M.....	<i>Isaac Smith.</i>
Sing for Jesus.....	113	P. M.....	<i>Philip Phillips.</i>
Solney.....	139	8s & 7s.....	<i>Schultz.</i>
Something for Jesus.....	161	6s & 4s.....	<i>R. Lowry.</i>
Southport.....	8	C. M.....	<i>Geo. Kingsley.</i>
Spohr.....	2	L. M.....	<i>Spohr.</i>
St. Ann's.....	46	C. M.....	<i>Wm. Croft.</i>
St. Thomas.....	14	S. M.....	<i>Wm. Tansur.</i>
State Street.....	13, 23	S. M.....	<i>J. C. Woodman.</i>
Stephens.....	62	C. M.....	<i>Wm. Jones.</i>
Stockwell.....	40, 138	8s & 7s.....	<i>D. E. Jones.</i>
Stoughton.....	174	8s & 7s, D.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook.</i>
Sweet Hour.....	1	L. M. D.....	<i>W. B. Bradbury.</i>
Tamworth.....	185	8s, 7s & 4s.....	<i>Chas. Lockhart.</i>
Tappan.....	197	C. M.....	<i>Geo. Kingsley.</i>
Tell the Story.....	121	8s & 7s, D.....	<i>Wm. G. Fischer.</i>
Thatcher.....	134	S. M.....	<i>Handel.</i>
The Old Story.....	121	8s & 7s, D.....	<i>W. H. Doane.</i>
Thy Will be done.....	142	Chant.....	<i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Trusting.....	89	7s.....	<i>Wm. G. Fischer.</i>
Uxbridge.....	42	L. M.....	<i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Valentia.....	124	C. M.....	<i>Geo. Kingsley, arr.</i>
Valley of Blessing.....	201	11s & 10s.....	<i>Wm. G. Fischer.</i>
Ward.....	167	L. M.....	<i>Dr. Mason, arr.</i>
Ware.....	29, 145	L. M.....	<i>Geo. Kingsley.</i>
Webb.....	102, 173	7s & 6s, D.....	<i>Geo. J. Webb.</i>
Will you go.....	76	P. M.....	<i>Anon.</i>
Wilmot.....	118	8s & 7s.....	<i>Dr. Mason, arr.</i>
Windham.....	152	L. M.....	<i>Daniel Read.</i>
Woodland.....	186	C. M.....	<i>N. D. Gould.</i>
Woodstock.....	9	C. M.....	<i>D. Dutton.</i>
Woodworth.....	78, 140	L. M.....	<i>W. B. Bradbury.</i>
Yarmouth.....	103	7s & 6s, D.....	<i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Zephyr.....	61, 179	L. M.....	<i>W. B. Bradbury.</i>
Zion.....	177	8s, 7s & 4s.....	<i>Dr. Hastings.</i>

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

[The Figures refer to the Numbers of the Hymns.]

- ABBA FATHER**, 403, 408, 349.
Abiding, Christ, with Believers, 110, 108, 78.
Abrahamic Covenant, 461, 455, 465.
Absence from God, 258, 272, 291.
Accepted Time, 232, 237, 257.
Access to God, 12, 49—51, 63, 78.
Activity, 412—426, 295—323.
Adoption, 386, 387, 403, 405, 408.
Advent of Christ :—
 At Birth, 154—160.
 To Judgment, 555—562.
 To Kingdom—See *Millennium*.
Advocate, Christ our, 49, 409, 160, 13, 50.
Afflictions, 427—439, 241, 81.
Almost Christian, 231, 215, 292.
Angels, 156, 153, 94, 127, 590.
Ascension of Christ, 179, 56—188.
Ashamed of Jesus, 300, 324, 317.
Asleep in Jesus, 547, 559, 548.
Assurance :—
 Expressed, 409, 257, 312, 329, 346, 350, 316.
 Prayed for, 278, 285, 353, 402, 379.
 Urged, 303, 320, 319, 305, 295.
Atonement :—
 Necessary, 199—295, 479, 239.
 Completed, 290, 206—212, 555, 363.
 Sufficient, 253, 504, 480, 498, 354.
Autumn, 553, 602, 604.
Backsliding, 258, 267, 273, 261, 257.
Baptism, 444—465.
Benevolence, 416, 426, 383, 384.
Bible, 133—139.
Brotherly Love, 378, 383, 386, 392—397.
Burial—See *Death and Heaven*.
Calmness, 332, 379, 389.
Calvary, 439, 253.
Cares, 311, 315, 332, 350, 373, 398.
Charity. See *Brotherly Love*.
Cheerfulness. See *Joy*.
Children, 444—465.
Child-like Spirit, 339, 330, 391, 359.
Christ :—
 Advent at Birth, 154—160.
 Advocate, 409, 160, 13, 50.
 Ascension, 56—183, 179.
 Captain of Salvation, 295, 305, 317, 322.
 Character, 161—167.
 Crucifixion, 168—173, 253. See *Lord's Supper*.
 Desire of Nations, 525, 537.
 Divinity, 67, 68, 153, 89, 95, 174, 178, 181.
 Example, 161—167, 376, 377.
 Friend, 355, 362, 331, 409, 400.
 Humanity, 13, 125, 158, 161—167, 439.
 Immanuel, 339, 174, 180, 187, 182.
 King, 174, 179, 186, 188.
Christ :—
 Lamb, 483, 494, 499, 504, 353.
 Life, Incidents of, 161—167.
 Lord, our Righteousness, 152, 163, 253, 206, 209, 289.
 Love, 59, 316, 331, 345, 344, 347, 355, 364, 181, 498.
 Mediator, 207, 208, 212. See *Advocate*.
 Priest, 13, 500, 504.
 Prince of Glory, 253, 179, 176.
 Prince of Peace, 276, 158.
 Prophet, 161—167.
 Refuge, 280—283, 286, 337, 354.
 Resurrection, 174—188.
 Rock of Ages, 479, 534, 312.
 Shepherd, 55, 316, 320, 333, 335, 336.
 Sufferings, 165, 168—173. See *Lord's Supper*.
 Sun of Righteousness, 135, 520, 144.
 Way, Truth, and Life, 167, 160.
 Word, 158, 107.
Christians :—
 Conflicts, 253—294.
 Duties, 412—426.
 Encouragements, 295—323.
 Fellowship, 383—386, 392—397.
 Graces, 365—391.
 Love for the Saviour, 324—364.
 Privileges, 398—411.
Church :—
 Afflicted, 522, 523, 533, 536, 542, 545.
 Beloved of God, 36, 534, 536, 543, 70.
 Institutions of, 440—443.
 Ordinances of, 444—507.
 Missions and Progress of, 508—546.
 Revival of, 522, 523, 514, 520, 541, 529.
 Triumph of, 514, 512, 521, 530, 526, 545.
 Unity of, 383—386, 392—397.
 Uniting with—See *Lord's Supper*.
Close of Worship, 98—132.
Comforter—See *Holy Spirit*.
Communion of Christians :—
 With each other—See *Fellowship*.
 With God, 12, 78—80, 15—20, 22—27, 251, 338, 358, 344, 347.
Communion of Saints, 378, 386, 392—397.
Completeness in Christ, 329, 370.
Confession—See *Repentance and Conflict*.
Confidence—See *Assurance*. 316, 318, 308.
Conflict with Sin, 253—294.
Conformity to Christ, 161—167, 376, 377.
Conscience, 205, 504.
Consecration :—
 Of Possessions, 426, 253, 423, 383.
 Of Self to God, 391, 473, 253, 470, 471, 484, 245—261.
Consistency, 368, 376.
Consolations—See *Afflictions*.
Constancy, 321, 295, 304, 317, 307.
Contentment, 371, 373, 379, 380.
Conversion—See *Regeneration*.
Conviction—See *Law*.
Courage, 295—323, 425.
Covenant, 401, 319, 409, 399.
Creation, 35, 134.
Cross :—
 Bearing, 435, 349, 166, 299.
 Glorifying in, 183, 178, 457, 469, 290.
 Salvation by, 163, 173, 160, 181, 253, 237, 498, 504.
Crucifixion of Christ, 168—173, 253, 493, 498.
Death, 547—559, 577, 578.
Decrees of God, 148, 475, 142.
Dedication :—
 Of Church—See *Sanctuary*.
 Of Self to God.—See *Consecration*.
Delay of Repentance, 213, 214, 217, 232, 238, 555.
Dependence :—
 On Providence, 141, 136, 110, 93, 150, 369.
 On Grace, 289, 301, 409, 411, 277, 504.
Depravity—See *Lost State of Man*.
Despondency—See *Conflict and Encouragement*.
Devotion—See *Consecration or Prayer*.
Diligence—See *Activity*.
Doubt—See *Conflict and Encouragement*.
Doxologies, 87, 95, 99, 104, 107, 109, 115, 128, 130. See pp. 206, 207.
Earnestness—See *Activity*.
Earnest of the Spirit, 189, 402.
Election—See *Decrees*.
Encouragements, 295—323.
Energy—See *Activity*.
Eternity—See *Immortality*.
Evening, 22, 24, 25, 60, 78, 98, 103, 106, 110, 112, 127, 132.
Exaltation of Christ, 174—185.
Example :—
 Of Christ, 377, 161—167.
 Of Christians, 374, 368, 386.
Faint-heartedness, 302, 308, 320, 319.
Faith :—See *Confidence and Trust*.
Gift of God, 373, 281.
Instrument in Justification, 504, 202, 204, 257, 289, 479.
Power of, 365, 303, 299, 295, 425.
Prayer for, 433, 21, 390, 353, 289.

- Faithfulness of God, 148, 300, 308, 310, 312, 318, 319.
 Fall of Man—See *Lost State of Man*.
 Family, 444, 461. See *Children*.
 Fasting, 596, 593, 536, 522.
 Father, God our—See *God*.
 Fearfulness—See *Conflict and Encouragements*.
 Fellowship, 378, 383, 386, 392—397.
 Fidelity, 414, 366, 368, 349.
 Forbearance;—
 Divine, 270, 230, 273.
 Christian, 166, 382, 395, 397, 385, 375.
 Forgiveness;—
 Of Sin, 202, 204, 209, 273. See *Repentance*.
 Of Injuries, 166, 382, 395, 397, 385, 375.
 Formality, 31, 291, 193, 374, 288.
 Funeral—See *Burial and Death*.
 Friend, Christ our, 355, 392, 331, 409, 400.
 Friends in heaven, 550, 554, 556, 572, 585.
 Future Punishment, 214, 230, 558, 560.
 Gentleness, 372, 375, 384.
 Glory of God—See *God*.
 Glorifying in the Cross—See *Cross*.
 God;—
 Attributes, 140—153, 85—97.
 Being, 134, 147.
 Benevolence, 90, 92, 93, 143, 141, 152.
 Compassion, 182, 173, 163, 212.
 Condescension, 212, 454, 146, 181, 86.
 Eternity, 147, 87, 91.
 Faithfulness, 148, 300, 308, 310, 312, 318, 319.
 Father, 86, 401, 387, 403, 408, 409.
 Forbearance, 270, 220, 273.
 Glory, 144, 91, 93, 146.
 Goodness, 90, 93, 143, 141, 152.
 Grace, 152, 89, 411, 408, 301.
 Holiness, 39, 86, 144, 209.
 Infinity, 142, 147, 67, 90.
 Justice, 204, 201, 262, 266, 143, 90.
 Love, 89, 151, 153, 40, 53, 81.
 Majesty, 35, 67, 88, 86, 91.
 Mercy, 89, 153, 163, 173, 212.
 Mystery, 67, 90, 142, 147.
 Omnipotence, 93, 145, 146, 148.
 Omnipresence, 63, 81, 144, 147.
 Omniscience, 75, 96, 140, 149.
 Patience—See *God's Forbearance*.
 Pity—See *God's Compassion*.
 Providence, 140, 141, 147, 237.
 Saviour, 63, 78, 89, 153, 160, 168.
 Sovereignty, 148, 142, 475.
 Supremacy, 67, 39, 91, 85, 93, 95.
 Trinity, 95, 137, 130.
 Truth, 146, 143, 87, 90, 47, 319.
 Unchangeableness, 310, 312, 316, 318, 319, 148.
 Unsearchableness, 67, 90, 142, 147.
 Wisdom, 149, 75, 96, 140.
 Gospel—See *Atonement and Way of Salvation*.
 Grace, 411, 301, 89, 408, 152.
 Graces, Christian, 365—391.
 Gratitude, 369, 391, 42, 49, 68, 140, 141.
 Grave, 550, 554, 556, 575.
 Grieving the Holy Spirit—See *Holy Spirit*.
 Growth in Grace, 421, 377, 166, 161, 368, 574.
 Guidance, Divine, 124, 352, 129, 371, 444, 316.
 Happiness, 345, 331, 316, 373.
 Harvest, 602, 604.
 Hearing the Word, 100, 115, 121, 126, 128, 139.
 Heart;—
 Change of—See *Regeneration*.
 Deceitfulness of, 268, 270, 232, 203.
 Searching of, 250, 271, 268, 285.
 Surrender of, 250, 251, 255, 486, 484, 257, 258.
 Heaven;—
 Christ there, 559, 582, 576, 584, 592, 589.
 Friends there, 550, 554, 556, 572, 585.
 Rest there, 573, 576, 580, 582, 585, 589.
 Hell, 214, 230, 558, 560.
 Heirship with Christ—See *Adoption*.
 Hiding-place—See *Christ*.
 Holiness;—
 Of Christians—See *Purity and Conformity to Christ*.
 Of God—See *God*.
 Holy Scriptures—See *Bible*.
 Holy Spirit;—189—198.
 Divine, 189, 194, 197, 198.
 Grieved, 190, 215, 217, 227.
 Striving, 215, 229, 242.
 Witnessing, 189, 402, 191, 193.
 Home—See *Family or Heaven*.
 Hope;—
 Under Affliction, 241, 435, 490.
 Under Conviction, 273, 270, 256, 247.
 Under Despondency, 295, 302, 316, 301, 398.
 In Death, 556, 559, 549, 554, 572, 577.
 Humiliation—See *Fasting*.
 Humility, 379—381, 389, 377.
 Immanuel—See *Christ*.
 Immortality, 230, 550, 554, 557, 559, 572, 576.
 Importunity, 14, 31, 51, 54, 58.
 Imputation, 504, 499, 168, 172, 493.
 Incarnation—See *Advent*.
 Infants—See *Children*.
 Ingratitude, 237, 233, 268, 270.
 Inspiration, 137, 133.
 Installation—See *Ministry*.
 Intercession of Christ, 498, 13, 51, 187.
 Invitations of the Gospel, 213—244.
 Jehovah—See *God*.
 Jews, 508, 532.
 Joining the Church—See *Lord's Supper*.
 Joy, 331, 373, 345.
 Jubilee, 538, 516, 545.
 Judgment-day, 484, 490, 558—562.
 Justice—See *God*.
 Justification—See *Atonement and Faith*.
 Kindness—See *Brotherly Love*.
 Kingdom of Christ;—See *Millennium*.
 Prayer for, 515, 524, 525, 528, 537.
 Progress of, 508, 512, 517, 521, 531, 541.
 Knowledge, 133, 137, 142, 147.
 Labor—See *Activity*.
 Lamb of God—See *Christ*.
 Law of God;—
 And Gospel, 171, 504, 199, 202, 205.
 Conviction under, 201, 205, 204, 171. See *Repentance*.
 Liberality, 388, 383, 367, 426, 423.
 Life;—
 Brevity, 553, 578, 575, 238, 348.
 Object of, 264, 230, 226.
 Solemnity, 265, 226, 230, 231, 225, 414.
 Uncertainty, 414, 238, 265, 547, 572, 575.
 Little Things, 385, 366.
 Likeness to Christ—See *Conformity*.
 Longing;—
 For God, 371, 351, 1, 27, 37, 272.
 For Christ, 138, 280, 352, 349, 336, 334.
 For Heaven, 556, 579, 574, 569—571, 573.
 Long-suffering—See *Forbearance*.
 Looking to Jesus, 257, 289, 353, 354, 356.
 Lord's Day—See *Sabbath*.
 Lord's Supper, 466—507.
 Lord our Righteousness, 152, 163, 181.
 Lost State of Man, 199—205.
 Love;—
 Of God—See *God*.
 Of Christ—See *Christ*.
 Of Holy Spirit, 189, 193, 195.
 For God, 185, 409, 403, 408, 81, 37.
 For the Saviour, 324—364, 495.
 For the Saints, 378, 383, 386, 392—397.
 For Souls, 228, 415, 424, 362, 546.
 For the Church, 70, 36, 502, 534.
 Loving-Kindness, 345, 308.
 Lukewarmness—See *Formality*.
 Majesty of God—See *God*.
 Man, Fallen—See *Lost State*.
 Martyr-faith, 303, 299, 295, 425, 365.
 Mediator—See *Christ*.
 Mediatorial Reign—See *Kingdom*.
 Meditation, 1, 5, 20, 25, 22, 84, 80, 83.
 Meekness, 359, 372, 375, 377, 250, 359.
 Mercifulness, 383, 375, 384, 424.
 Mercy—See *God*.
 Mercy-seat, 12, 15, 24, 45.
 Millennium, 524, 528, 530, 537, 545.
 Ministry, 440—442.
 Missions, 508—546.
 Missionaries, 546, 518, 542, 442.
 Morning, 9, 4, 62, 69.
 Mortality—See *Death and Life*.
 Mystery of Providence, 142, 149, 147, 310, 315, 429, 431.
 National, 603, 598, 594, 596, 36.
 Nature, Light of, 124, 136, 138, 146.
 Nearness to God, 81, 78, 944, 351, 272, 144, 551.
 Nearness to Heaven, 559, 565, 572, 578, 582, 587.
 Needful, One Thing, 213, 289.
 New Song of Heaven, 44, 177, 187, 584.
 New Year, 601, 599.
 Night—See *Evening*.
 Old Age, 110, 319, 547, 559, 557, 572.
 Omnipotence—See *God*.
 Omnipresence—See *God*.
 Omniscience—See *God*.
 Opening of Service, 1—84.
 Oppressed, 321, 605, 383, 384.
 Ordinances—See *Church*.
 Ordination—See *Ministry*.
 Orphans, 406, 572, 550, 552, 438, 451.
 Pardon—See *Forgiveness*.
 Parting, 392, 474, 99, 109, 113.
 Pastor;—See *Ministry*.
 Patience, 401, 389, 380, 571, 142, 149.
 Peace;—
 Christian, 399, 386, 403, 406, 359.

- Paces;—
 National, 603, 594, 596, 36.
 Peace-makers, 395, 392, 386, 388, 382, 381.
 Penitence—See *Repentance*.
 Pentecost, 194, 197, 32.
 Perseverance, 502, 409, 404, 401.
 Pestilence, 596.
 "Pilgrim Fathers," 598, 603.
 Pilgrim-spirit, 308, 320, 572, 581, 583.
 Pity of God—See *God*.
 Pleasures, worldly, 259, 488, 213, 251, 253, 264.
 Poor, 384, 415, 605.
 Praise, 6, 11, 35, 42, 85—97.
 Prayer, 1, 12, 18, 25, 28, 57, 63, 69, 79.
 Preaching—See *Ministry*.
 Predestination—See *Decrees*.
 Pride—See *Humility*.
 Procrastination—See *Delay*.
 Prodigal Son, 210, 222, 223, 239.
 Profession of Religion—See *Lord's Supper*.
 Progress—See *Growth in Grace*.
 Promises, 148, 319, 318, 300.
 Providence—See *God*.
 Purity, 408, 386, 152, 206, 486.
 Punishment of Wicked—See *Future Punishment*.
 Race, Christian, 296, 298, 314.
 Receiving Christ, 246—261.
 Redemption—See *Atonement*.
 Refuge—See *Christ*.
 Regeneration;—
 Necessary, 199, 202, 203, 266.
 Prayed for, 194, 196, 249, 250, 486.
 Wrought by God, 196, 486, 195, 199, 203, 204.
 Renunciation of the World, 259, 488, 213, 251, 253, 277.
 Repentance, 246—277.
 Resignation, 427—439.
 Rest, 580, 573, 571, 568, 563.
 Resurrection;—
 Of Christ—See *Christ*.
 Of Believers, 230, 550, 554, 557, 559, 572, 578.
 Retirement—See *Meditation and Prayer*.
 Return to God, 222, 223, 239, 249.
 Revival, 522, 523, 526, 533, 535, 536, 539, 256.
 Riches, 253, 287, 391, 426.
 Righteousness, Robe of, 152, 252, 329, 263.
 Rock of Ages, 479, 534, 312.
 Sabbath, 2, 5, 8, 43, 52, 61, 72, 105, 116.
 Sabbath-School—See *Children*.
 Sacraments, 444—507.
 Sailors, 597, 600.
 Salvation—See *Atonement*.
 Sanctification—See *Growth in Grace*.
 Sanctuary;—
 Dedication, 443, 19, 36, 41, 45.
 Love for, 45, 70, 7, 19, 17, 56.
 Satan, 282, 297, 412.
 Saviour—See *God*.
 Science and Revelation—See *Knowledge*.
 Scriptures—See *Bible*.
 Seamen—See *Sailors*.
 Self-deception, 268, 270, 201, 205, 285.
 Self-dedication—See *Consecration*.
 Self-denial, 362, 366, 371, 377, 380, 291, 200, 166, 422.
 Self-examination, 271, 250, 269, 272, 274, 285.
 Self-renunciation—See *Consecration*.
 Self-righteousness—See *Self-deception*.
 Sensibility—See *Weeping*.
 Shepherd—See *Christ*.
 Sickness, 428, 431, 433, 436, 437.
 Sin;—
 Indwelling—See *Heart and Conscience*.
 Original—See *Lost State of Man*.
 Conviction of—See *Repentance*.
 Sincerity, 221, 31, 192, 193, 374.
 Soldier, Christian, 295, 299, 317, 322, 282, 412.
 Soul of Man—See *Immortality*.
 Souls, Love for—See *Love and Weeping*.
 Sovereignty—See *God*.
 Spirit—See *Holy Spirit*.
 Star of Bethlehem, 159.
 Steadfastness, 295, 300, 303, 318, 322, 363.
 Storm, 93, 145, 146, 149.
 Strength, As our Days, 82.
 Submission—See *Resignation*.
 Sun of Righteousness—See *Christ*.
 Sympathy—See *Brotherly Love*.
 Temperance, 368, 418, 239.
 Temptation—See *Conflict*.
 Thanksgiving, 602, 604. See *Praise*.
 Time—See *Life*.
 To-day, 232, 220, 214, 238.
 To-morrow, 238, 217, 232.
 Trials, 432, 431, 439, 304, 314, 319.
 Trinity—See *God*.
 Trust;—
 In Christ, 289, 277, 259, 304, 329, 349, 363, 504, 300, 301.
 In Providence, 369, 372, 390, 389, 319, 318, 148, 149.
 Unbelief—See *Faith or Conflict*.
 Union of Saints;—
 To Christ, 502, 409, 370, 329, 289, 277.
 To each other, 392—397, 378, 383, 386.
 In Heaven and on Earth, 396, 550, 557, 564, 565, 572.
 Waiting—See *Patience*.
 Wandering—See *Backsliding*.
 War—See *Peace*.
 Warfare, Christian—See *Soldier*.
 Warnings—See *Invitations*.
 Watchfulness, 422, 412, 414, 587, 297, 29, 231.
 Way of Salvation, 206—257.
 Wealth—See *Riches*.
 Weeping, 228, 313, 419.
 Wisdom—See *God*.
 Witness—See *Holy Spirit*.
 Word of God—See *Bible*.
 Worldliness—See *Pleasures*.
 Wrath of God—See *Future Punishment*.
 Year, Opening and Closing, 599, 601.
 Zeal—See *Activity*.
 Zion—See *Church*.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

[The numbers refer to the Hymns.]

	HYMN		HYMN
Abba, Father, hear thy child.....	387	Brother, hast thou wandered far.....	239
Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide.	110	By cool Siloam's shady rill.....	462
A broken heart, my God, my King.....	255		
A charge to keep I have.....	226	Calm me, my God, and keep me calm...	382
Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner!....	218	Cast thy bread upon the waters.....	423
Ah, this heart is void and chill.....	579	Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish...	554
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.....	168	Children of the heavenly King.....	320
All hail the power of Jesus' name.....	174	Christian, let your heart be glad.....	323
All is dying; hearts are breaking.....	348	Christ is our corner-stone.....	293
All people that on earth do dwell.....	88	Christ, of all my hopes the ground.....	376
Always with us, always with us.....	353	Christ, whose glory fills the skies.....	62
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound...	301	Come at the morning hour.....	71
Am I a soldier of the cross.....	299	Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell.	3
And canst thou, sinner! slight.....	227	Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove...	192
And dost thou say, "Ask what thou,"...	14	Come, happy souls, approach your God..	207
Another six days' work is done.....	8	Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come.....	195
A parting hymn we sing.....	503	Come, Holy Spirit! calm my mind.....	191
Arise, my soul, arise.....	291	Come, Holy Spirit, come.....	196
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep.....	543	Come, Holy Spirit, from on high.....	463
Assembled at thy great command.....	519	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.....	193
At the Lamb's high feast we sing.....	483	Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou....	501
At thy command, our dearest Lord.....	463	Come, kingdom of our God.....	528
Awake, and sing the song.....	44	Come, let us join our cheerful songs...	177
Awake, awake the sacred song.....	153	Come, let us lift our joyful eyes.....	33
Awaked by Sinai's awful sound.....	266	Come, Lord, and tarry not.....	524
Awake, my heart! arise, my tongue....	152	Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.....	57
Awake, my soul! and with the sun....	9	Come, said Jesus' sacred voice.....	236
Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes....	297	Come, sound his praise abroad.....	35
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve...	298	Come, Spirit, source of light.....	46
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays.....	345	Come, thou Almighty King.....	95
Awake, our souls! away our fears.....	296	Come, thou Fount of every blessing....	497
Away from earth my spirit turns.....	84	Come, thou long-expected Jesus.....	537
		Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit...	121
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme	143	Come to the ark, come to the ark.....	224
Behold, the expected time draws near...	512	Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast	219
Behold the glories of the Lamb.....	175	Come, we who love the Lord.....	42
Behold the Saviour of mankind.....	169	Come, ye disconsolate, where'er.....	241
Behold the throne of grace!.....	50	Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched...	242
Behold what wondrous grace.....	408	Come, ye thankful people, come.....	602
Blesséd angels, high in heaven.....	424	Come, ye that know and fear the Lord..	151
Blesséd are the sons of God.....	386	Complete in thee, no work of mine....	370
Blesséd fountain, full of grace.....	361	Crown his head with endless blessing...	68
Blest be the tie that binds.....	392		
Blest Comforter divine.....	198	Dearest of all the names above.....	339
Blest is the man whose softening heart.	384	Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat.....	27
Blow ye the trumpet! blow.....	294	Dear Jesus, let thy pitying eye.....	450
Bread of heaven! on thee we feed.....	482	Dear Refuge of my weary soul.....	337
Brethren, while we sojourn here.....	282	Dear Saviour, ever at my side.....	448
Brief life is here our portion.....	591	Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray	461

	HYMN		HYMN
Dear Saviour! we are thine.....	502	Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews..	367
Delay not, delay not, O sinner.....	217	Hail, thou bright and sacred morn.....	61
Depth of mercy! can there be.....	273	Hail, thou once despised Jesus.....	187
Did Christ o'er sinners weep.....	228	Hail to the Lord's Anointed.....	532
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord....	100	Hail, tranquil hour of closing day!....	22
Lo not I love thee, O my Lord.....	287	Happy, Saviour, would I be.....	390
Ere to the world again we go.....	102	Happy the meek, whose gentle breast...	372
Eternal God, celestial King.....	11	Happy the souls to Jesus.....	396
Fading, still fading, the last beam is...	132	Hark! hark! my soul, angelic songs...	606
Far from my thoughts, vain world.....	83	Hark! ten thousand harps and voices...	186
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee.....	20	Hark! the voice of Jesus calling.....	546
Father, bless thy word to all.....	115	Hasten, sinner! to be wise.....	238
Father, hear our humble claim.....	378	Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you.....	243
Father, hear the prayer we offer.....	425	Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord.....	59
Father of eternal grace.....	377	Heavenly Shepherd, guide us.....	129
Father of mercies! send thy grace.....	383	Heavenly Spirit! may each heart.....	65
Father of our spirits! hear.....	117	Here I can firmly rest.....	409
Father! whate'er of earthly bliss.....	379	He that goeth forth with weeping.....	419
Feeble, helpless, how shall I.....	360	High in the heavens, eternal God!....	90
Firm as the earth thy gospel stands....	404	High in yonder realms of light.....	585
For a season called to part.....	113	Hosanna to the Prince of light.....	176
"Forbid them not," the Saviour cried..	445	How blest the righteous when he dies...	549
Forever with the Lord.....	576	How calm and beautiful the morn.....	52
For thee, O dear, dear country.....	589	How charming is the place.....	45
For the mercies of the day.....	119	How condescending and how kind.....	173
Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free...	327	How firm a foundation, ye saints.....	319
Fount of everlasting love.....	539	How gentle God's commands.....	311
Frequent the day of God returns.....	21	How helpless guilty nature lies.....	203
From all that dwell below the skies....	87	How large the promise! how divine....	465
From every earthly pleasure.....	74	How oft, alas! this wretched heart....	270
From every stormy wind that blows....	12	How pleasant, how divinely fair.....	7
From Greenland's icy mountains.....	529	How precious is the book divine.....	137
From the cross uplifted high.....	480	How sad our state by nature is.....	202
From the table now retiring.....	492	How shall the young secure their hearts.	139
Full of trembling expectation.....	260	How sweet and awful is the place.....	475
Gently, gently lay the rod.....	275	How sweetly flowed the gospel sound...	164
Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us.....	123	How sweet, how heavenly is the sight...	395
Give to the winds thy fears.....	309	How sweet the melting lay.....	69
Glorious things of thee are spoken.....	534	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds...	340
Glory to thee, my God, this night.....	103	How sweet to leave the world awhile...	17
God Almighty and All-seeing!.....	75	How swift the torrent rolls.....	578
God, in the gospel of his Son.....	133	I am coming to the cross.....	277
God is my strong salvation.....	318	I bless thee, Lord, for sorrows sent.....	428
God is near thee.....	551	I cannot always trace the way.....	429
God is the refuge of his saints.....	511	If human kindness meets return.....	478
God moves in a mysterious way.....	149	If on our daily course our mind.....	366
God of my life, thy boundless grace....	248	I have entered the valley of blessing ..	592
God of our salvation, hear us.....	122	I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	286
God of the morning ray.....	96	I love thy kingdom, Lord.....	70
God of the sunlight hours, how sad....	34	I love to steal awhile away.....	25
God's glory is a wondrous thing.....	307	I love to tell the story.....	364
Grace! 'tis a charming sound!.....	411	I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger.....	583
Great God, attend while Zion sings....	10	I'm but a stranger here.....	581
Great God, now condescend.....	457	I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.....	300
Great God, we sing that mighty hand...	599	In every trying hour.....	407
Great God, what do I see and hear.....	558	In heavenly love abiding.....	316
Great God, when I approach thy throne.	209	In the Christian's home in glory.....	580
Great God, whose universal sway.....	509	In the cross of Christ I glory.....	183
Great is the Lord our God.....	36	In thy name, O Lord, assembling.....	76
Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!....	135	In time of fear, when trouble's near. .	304
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.....	124	In vain we seek for peace with God...	204
		I saw One hanging on a tree.....	171
		I stand on Zion's mount.....	312

	HYMN		HYMN
Is there ambition in my heart?.....	380	Lord, now we part in thy blest name....	99
I will sing for Jesus	346	Lord of all being; throned afar.....	144
I would love thee, God and Father.....	185	Lord of my life, whose tender care.....	53
I would not live alway: I ask.....	557	Lord, thou art my rock of strength.....	281
Jehovah reigns; his throne is high.....	86	Lord, thou on earth didst love thine....	397
Jerusalem! my happy home.....	566	Lord, we come before thee now.....	54
Jerusalem, the glorious.....	586	Lord! when we bend before thy throne..	31
Jerusalem, the golden.....	588	Lord, while for all mankind we pray....	594
Jesus, and didst thou leave the sky.....	212	Love divine, all love excelling.....	347
Jesus! and shall it ever be.....	324	Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.....	180
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.....	488	Make haste, O man, to live.....	414
Jesus! I love thy charming name.....	341	Make us, by thy transforming grace....	162
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	349	Marked as the purpose of the skies.....	517
Jesus, in sickness and in pain.....	436	May the grace of Christ, our Saviour....	130
Jesus, keep me near the cross.....	290	Messiah! at thy glad approach.....	157
Jesus, let thy pitying eye.....	258	Mighty God! while angels bless thee..	67
Jesus! lover of my soul.....	280	Millions within thy courts.....	105
Jesus, Master! hear me now.....	485	More love to thee, O Christ	496
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.....	160	Mourn for the thousands slain.....	418
Jesus only, when the morning	356	Much in sorrow, oft in woe.....	322
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	521	Must Jesus bear the cross alone.....	435
Jesus spreads his banner o'er us.....	490	My country! 't is of thee.....	608
Jesus, the very thought of thee.....	342	My days are gliding swiftly by.....	572
Jesus! thy love shall we forget.....	165	My dear Redeemer, and my Lord.....	161
Jesus, we look to thee.....	393	My faith looks up to thee.....	353
Jesus, where'er thy people meet.....	15	My Father, God! how sweet the sound..	403
Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding....	552	My feet are weary with the march.....	571
Jesus, who knows full well.....	51	My God, accept my heart this day.....	250
Jesus, who on Calvary's mountain.....	489	My God, how endless is thy love.....	369
Joy to the world, the Lord is come.....	154	My God, is any hour so sweet.....	79
Just as I am, without one plea.....	246	My God, my Father, blissful name!....	405
Keep silence, all created things!.....	147	My God, my Father, while I stray.....	427
Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us ever.....	126	My God, permit my tongue.....	37
Laborers of Christ, arise.....	415	My God, the covenant of thy love.....	401
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.....	125	My gracious Lord, I own thy right....	471
Let me but hear my Saviour say.....	82	My Jesus, as thou wilt.....	430
Let party names no more.....	394	My opening eyes with rapture see.....	4
Light of the soul! O Saviour blest.....	330	My soul, be on thy guard.....	412
Light of those whose dreary dwelling....	535	My soul complete in Jesus stands.....	329
Like the eagle, upward, onward.....	421	My soul, how lovely is the place.....	19
Lo! he comes with clouds descending..	532	My spirit on thy care.....	332
Lo, he cometh! countless trumpets....	561	My times of sorrow and of joy.....	432
Look from thy sphere of endless day....	510	Nearer, my God, to thee.....	351
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious....	188	Not all the blood of beasts.....	504
Lo! on a narrow neck of land.....	265	Not all the outward forms on earth....	199
Lo! the day of rest declineth.....	131	Not to condemn the sons of men.....	163
Lo! what a glorious sight appears.....	567	Not with our mortal eyes.....	334
Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee	166	Now be the gospel banner.....	530
Lord, at this closing hour	109	Now, from labor and from care.....	60
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid..	128	Now is the accepted time.....	232
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill..	128	Now let our voices join.....	38
Lord, from thy blessed throne.....	605	Now may he, who from the dead.....	118
Lord God of Hosts, by all adored!.....	91	Now, O God, thine own I am!.....	391
Lord God, the Holy Ghost!.....	197	Now to the Lord a noble song.....	89
Lord, how mysterious are thy ways.....	142	O, bow thine ear, Eternal One.....	443
Lord, how secure my conscience was....	205	O, could I speak the matchless worth..	343
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine.....	470	O day of rest and gladness.....	72
Lord, I cannot let thee go.....	58	O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.....	544
Lord, if at thy command.....	417	O eyes that are weary, and hearts that..	506
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.....	256	O! for a closer walk with God.....	272
Lord, in this sacred hour.....	41	O, for a shout of sacred joy.....	179

	HYMN		HYMN
O! for a thousand tongues to sing.....	182	Prince of Peace, control my will.....	276
O! for that tenderness of heart.....	269	Quiet, Lord, my froward heart.....	389
O, for the death of those.....	577	Rejoice, rejoice, believers.....	587
O, for the happy hour.....	523	Rejoice! the Lord is King.....	292
O Garden of Olives, thou dear honored..	505	Remember thy Creator now.....	449
O, gift of gifts! O, grace of faith!.....	373	Return, O wanderer, now return.....	223
O God, beneath thy guiding hand.....	598	Return, O wanderer, to thy home.....	222
O God of Bethel, by whose hand.....	444	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings... 574	
O God of mercy! hear my call.....	252	Rise, O my soul, pursue the path.....	303
O God of sovereign grace.....	527	Rock of Ages, cleft for me.....	479
O, happy day that fixed my choice.....	473	Salvation! oh, the joyful sound.....	211
O holy Saviour! Friend unseen.....	438	Saviour, again to thy dear name.....	111
O, how divine, how sweet the joy.....	210	Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.... 127	
O! if my soul were formed for woe.....	170	Saviour, hear us, through thy merit.... 357	
O Jesus, bruised and wounded more....	467	Saviour, I follow on.....	352
O Lord, another day is flown.....	24	Saviour, I look to thee.....	354
O Lord! encouraged by thy grace.....	460	Saviour, King, in hallowed union.....	452
O Lord, how full of sweet content.....	371	Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.....	451
O Lord, how infinite thy love!.....	208	Saviour, source of every blessing.....	184
O Lord our God! arise.....	526	Saviour! teach me, day by day.....	359
O Lord, thy pitying eye.....	441	Saviour, thy dying love.....	494
O Lord, thy work revive.....	522	Saviour! thy gentle voice.....	495
O Love Divine! that stooped to share... 81		Saviour, visit thy plantation.....	533
O mother dear, Jerusalem.....	569	Saviour, when in dust to thee.....	284
One more day's work for Jesus.....	362	Saviour, when night involves the skies.. 328	
One there is, above all others.....	355	Saviour! who thy flock art feeding.... 453	
On Jordan's rugged banks I stand.....	565	Saw ye not the cloud arise.....	541
O, not my own these verdant hills	326	Say, sinner! hath a voice within.....	215
On the mountain's top appearing.....	542	Scorn not the slightest word or deed.... 385	
O, praise our God to-day.....	416	Searcher of hearts! from mine erase.... 271	
O, praise ye the Lord! prepare your.... 92		See, gracious God, before thy throne.... 596	
O sacred Head, now wounded.....	493	See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand.... 464	
O, see how Jesus trusts himself.....	288	See the eternal Judge descending.....	560
O sinner, bring not tears alone.....	221	See the leaves around us falling.....	553
O Spirit of the living God.....	513	Show pity, Lord: O Lord, forgive.....	254
O Sun of righteousness, arise.....	520	Since Jesus freely did appear.....	595
O, tell me, thou Life and Delight of my.. 336		Since Jesus is my friend.....	331
O, that I could forever sit.....	344	Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord.....	365
O! the sweet wonders of that cross.... 469		Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands.....	155
O! this soul, how dark and blind.... 285		Sinner! rouse thee from thy sleep.....	235
O thou above all praise.....	39	Sinners, turn, why will ye die?.....	233
O thou, in whose presence my soul.....	593	Sinners, will you scorn the message.... 244	
O thou who hast died to redeem us.... 500		Soft and holy is the place.....	64
O thou who hear'st the prayer of faith.. 263		Softly fades the twilight ray.....	116
O thou whom we adore.....	525	Softly now the light of day.....	112
O thou whose mercy guides my way.... 433		So let our lips and lives express.....	368
O thou, whose tender mercy hears 249		Sometimes a light surprises.....	315
O, turn ye, O, turn ye, for why.....	216	Sons of men, behold from far.....	540
Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer.. 446		Soon may the last glad song arise.....	516
Our children thou dost claim.....	455	Soul, then know thy full salvation 350	
Our Father, which art in heaven.....	607	Sovereign of worlds! display thy power. 515	
Our heavenly Father calls.....	49	Sow in the morn thy seed.....	413
O, where shall rest be found.....	230	Speak gently—it is better far 375	
O, worship the King all-glorious above.. 93		Speak to me, Lord! thyself reveal..... 338	
Paschal Lamb, by God appointed.....	499	Spirit Divine! attend our prayer.....	194
Pass me not, O gentle Saviour.....	257	Spirit of truth! on this thy day.....	32
Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin.....	234	Stand up, my soul! shake off thy fears.. 295	
Pilgrims in this vale of sorrow.....	422	Stand up!—stand up for Jesus.....	317
Pour out thy Spirit from on high.....	440	Stay, thou insulted Spirit! stay.....	190
Praise ye Jehovah's name.....	97	Stealing from the world away.....	66
Prayer is the breath of God in man.... 30		Strait is the way, the door is strait..... 200	
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire..... 28			
Prepare us, Lord, to view thy cross..... 476			

	HYMN		HYMN
Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear....	78	Thy mercy, my God, is the theme.....	507
Sure the blest Comforter is nigh.....	189	Thy name, Almighty Lord.....	47
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour.....	1	Thy way, not mine, O Lord.....	431
Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve.....	5	"Thy will be done!" In devious way...	434
Sweet is the work, my God, my King...	6	Time is winging us away.....	575
Sweet is the work, O Lord.....	48	'Tis a point I long to know.....	278
Sweet Land of rest! for thee I sigh....	573	'Tis by the faith of joys to come.....	365
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.....	474	To God, the only wise.....	107
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing....	487	To thy pastures fair and large.....	55
Sweet was the time when first I felt....	267	To thy temple we repair.....	56
Take me, O my Father, take me.....	261	Together with these symbols, Lord....	477
Take my heart, O Father! take it.....	486	Triumphant Zion, lift thy head.....	514
Tell me the old, old story.....	363	'T was on that dark, that doleful night..	466
The day, O Lord, is spent.....	108	Unite, my roving thoughts, unite.....	400
The God of harvest praise.....	604	Vain are the hopes, the sons of men....	201
The harvest dawn is near.....	313	Vain, delusive world, adieu.....	259
The head that once was crowned with..	178	Vain were all our toil and labor.....	420
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord....	134	Wake the song of jubilee.....	538
The Lord, how fearful is his name.....	146	Walk in the light! so shalt thou know..	374
The Lord! how wondrous are his ways..	143	We are on our journey home.....	582
The Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me	335	We are watching, we are waiting....	545
The Lord, our God, is full of might....	145	Weary sinner! keep thine eyes.....	237
The Lord our God is Lord of all.....	150	We come, O Lord, before thy throne ...	591
The mind was formed to mount sublime	264	Weeping will not save me.....	289
The morning light is breaking.....	531	Welcome, days of solemn meeting.....	77
The peace which God alone reveals....	104	Welcome, O Saviour, to my heart.....	251
The people of the Lord.....	314	Welcome, sweet day of rest.....	43
The promise of my Father's love.....	447	Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer.....	245
The roseate hues of early dawn.....	570	We pray thee, wounded Lamb of God... 472	
The Saviour bids thee watch and pray..	29	We're traveling home to heaven above..	240
The Saviour kindly calls.....	454	What cheering words are these.....	410
The Saviour! oh, what endless charms..	181	What shall I render to my God.....	153
The Spirit in our hearts.....	229	What various hindrances we meet.....	18
The starry firmament on high.....	136	When all thy mercies, O my God.....	141
The sun himself shall fade.....	310	When along life's thorny road.....	283
The swift declining day.....	106	When I can read my title clear.....	398
The voice of free grace cries, Escape....	555	When I survey the wondrous cross....	253
There is a fountain filled with blood..	206, 279	When I view my Saviour bleeding.....	498
There is a land immortal.....	590	When languor and disease invade.....	437
There is a land of pure delight.....	564	When, marshaled on the nightly plain..	159
There is an eye that never sleeps.....	26	When my last hour is close at hand....	559
There is an hour of hallowed peace....	568	When, my Saviour, shall I be.....	274
There is an hour of peaceful rest.....	563	When our heads are bowed with woe... 439	
There is a line by us unseen.....	220	When rising from the bed of death ... 225	
They are slaves who will not choose....	321	When sins and fears prevailing rise....	325
They who seek the throne of grace.....	63	When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt..	262
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love..	2	Whence do our mournful thoughts arise	302
Thine forever! God of love.....	484	Wherever two or three may meet.....	23
Thine holy day's returning.....	73	Where high the heavenly temple stands	13
This child we dedicate to thee.....	458	Where two or three, with sweet accord..	16
Thou art gone to the grave! but we will	556	While in sweet communion feeding....	491
Thou art the Way: to thee alone.....	167	While life prolongs its precious light..	214
Thou, from whom we never part.....	114	While my Redeemer's near.....	333
Thou God of sovereign grace.....	456	While now upon this Sabbath eve.....	101
Thou Judge of quick and dead.....	231	While o'er the deep thy servants sail... 600	
Thou lovely Source of true delight....	138	While shepherds watched their flocks..	156
Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me.....	172	While thee I seek, protecting Power... 140	
Thou, Saviour, from thy throne on high.	80	While with ceaseless course the sun... 601	
Thou very present Aid.....	406	Who are these in bright array.....	584
Though I speak with angel tongues....	388	Why do we mourn departing friends....	550
Though now the nations sit beneath....	508		
Thus far the Lord has led me on.....	93		
Thy home is with the humble, Lord....	381		

	HYMN		HYMN
Why should the children of a King.....	402	Ye Christian heralds! go, proclaim.....	518
Why should we start, and fear to die...	547	Ye nations round the earth, rejoice.....	85
Why will ye waste on trifling cares.....	213	Ye servants of God, your Master.....	94
With heavenly power, O Lord, defend...	442	Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears..	306
With joy we lift our eyes.....	40	Ye who in these courts are found.....	481
With my substance I will honor.....	426	Your harps, ye trembling saints.....	308
With tearful eyes I look around.....	247		
With tears of anguish I lament.....	268	Zion, dreary and in anguish.....	536
With thankful hearts our songs we raise	459	Zion stands with hills surrounded.....	543

